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THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

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OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

ACCURATELY PRINTED FROM

THE TEXT OF MR. STEEVENS'S LAST EDITION,

WITH

A SELECTION OF THE MOST IMPORTANT NOTES.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

VOLUME II.

CONTAINING

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING;
A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM;
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST;
MERCHANT OF VENICE;
AS YOU LIKE IT.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. LONGMAN, B. LAW, C. DILLY, J. JOHNSON, G. G. AND J. ROBINSON, R. BALDWIN, H. L. GARDNER, J. SEWELL, W. RICHARDSON, J. NICHOLS, F. AND C. RIVINGTON, T. PAYNE, JUN. R. FAULDER, W. LOWNDES, B. AND J. WHITE, G. AND T. WILKIE, J. AND J. TAYLOR, J. SCATCHERD, T. EGERTON, E. NEWBERY, W. BENT, J. WALKER, W. CLARKE AND SON, J. BARKER, J. EDWARDS, D. OGILVY AND SON, J. CUTHELL, J. NUNN, J. ANDERSON, J. LACKINGTON AND CO. T. KAY, J. DEIGHTON, W. MILLER, VERNOR AND HOOD, CADELL AND DAVIES, MURRAY AND HIGHLEY, AND LEE AND HURST.

1797.

MUCH ADO

ABOUT

NOTHING.

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München

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Don Pedro, *Prince of* Arragon.
Don John, *his baſtard brother.*
Claudio, *a young lord of* Florence, *favourite to Don Pedro.*
Benedick, *a young lord of* Padua, *favoured likewiſe by* Don Pedro.
Leonato, *governor of* Meſſina.
Antonio, *his brother.*
Balthazar, *ſervant to Don* Pedro.
Borachio, Conrade, } *followers of Don* John.
Dogberry, Verges, } *two fooliſh officers.*
A Sexton.
A Friar.
A Boy.

Hero, *daughter to* Leonato.
Beatrice, *niece to* Leonato.
Margaret, Urſula, } *gentlewomen attending on* Hero.

Meſſengers, Watch, and Attendants.

SCENE, Meſſina.

* * Much ado about Nothing.] The ſtory is taken from Arioſto, Orl. Fur. B. V. Pope.

It is true, as Mr. Pope has obſerved, that ſomewhat reſembling the ſtory of this play is to be found in the fifth book of the Orlando Furioſo. In Spencer's Faery Queen, B. II. c. iv. as remote an original may be traced. A novel, however, of Belleforeſt, copied from another of Bandello, ſeems to have furniſhed Shakſpeare with his fable, as it approaches nearer in all its particulars to the play before us, than any other performance known to be extant. I have ſeen ſo many verſions from this once popular collection, that I entertain no doubt but that a great majority of the tales it comprehends, have made their appearance in an Engliſh dreſs. Of that particular ſtory which I have juſt mentioned. viz. the 18th hiſtory in the third volume, no tranſlation has hitherto been met with.

This play was entered at Stationers' Hall, Aug. 23, 1600.

Steevens.

Arioſto is continually quoted for the fable of *Much ado about Nothing*; but I ſuſpect out poet to have been ſatisfied with the *Geneura* of Turberville. "The tale (ſays Harrington) is a pretie comical matter, and hath bin written in *Engliſh* verſe ſome few years paſt, learnedly and with good grace, by M. George Turbervil." *Arioſto*, fol. 1591, p. 39. Farmer.

I ſuppoſe this comedy to have been written in 1600, in which year it was printed. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the Order of Shakſpeare's Plays*, Vol. I. Malone.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Before LEONATO'S *Houſe.*

Enter LEONATO, HERO, BEATRICE, *and Others, with a* Meſſenger.

Leon. I learn in this letter, that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Meſſina.

Meſſ. He is very near by this; he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you loſt in this action?

Meſſ. But few of any ſort,[2] and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice itſelf, when the atchiever brings home full numbers. I find here, that Don Pedro hath beſtowed much honour on a young Florentine, called Claudio.

Meſſ. Much deſerved on his part, and equally remember'd by Don Pedro: He hath borne himſelf beyond the promiſe of his age: doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, better better'd expectation, than you muſt expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Meſſina will be very much glad of it.

Meſſ. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even ſo much, that joy could not ſhow itſelf modeſt enough, without a badge of bitterneſs.[3]

2 *Sort* is rank, diſtinction. I incline, however, to Mr. M. Maſon's eaſier explanation. Of any *ſort*, ſays he, means of any kind whatſoever.

STEEVENS.

3 This is judiciouſly expreſſed. Of all the tranſports of joy, that which is attended with tears is leaſt offenſive; becauſe, carrying with it this mark of pain, it allays the envy that uſually attends another's happineſs. This he finely calls a *modeſt* joy, ſuch a one as did not inſult the obſerver by an indication of happineſs unmixed with pain.

WARBURTON.

A *badge* being the diſtinguiſhing *mark* worn in our author's time by the ſervants of noblemen, &c. on the ſleeve of their liveries, with his uſual licence he employs the words to ſignify a *mark* or *token* in general.

MALONE.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Meſſ. In great meaſure.[4]

Leon. A kind overflow of kindneſs: There are no faces truer[5] than thoſe that are ſo waſhed. How much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping?

Beat. I pray you, is ſignior Montanto returned[6] from the wars, or no?

Meſſ. I know none of that name, lady; there was none ſuch in the army of any ſort.[7]

Leon. What is he that you aſk for, niece?

Hero. My couſin means ſignior Benedick of Padua.

Meſſ. O, he is returned; and as pleaſant as ever he was.

Beat. He ſet up his bills here in Meſſina,[8] and challenged Cupid at the flight:[9] and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, ſubſcribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt.[2]—I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in theſe

4 i. e. in abundance. STEEVENS.

5 That is, none *honeſter*, none *more ſincere*. JOHNSON.

6 ——*is ſignior* Montanto *returned*—] *Montante*, in Spaniſh, is a *huge two-handed ſword*, [a title] given, with much humour, to one [whom] the ſpeaker would repreſent as a boaſter or bravado. WARBURTON.

Montanto was one of the ancient terms of the fencing-ſchool. STEEVENS.

7 Not meaning there was none ſuch of *any order or degree whatever*, but that there was none ſuch of *any quality above the common*. WARBURTON.

8 Beatrice means, that Benedick publiſhed a general challenge, like a prize-fighter. STEEVENS.

9 *Flight* (as Mr. Douce obſerves to me) does not here mean an *arrow*, but a ſort of ſhooting called *roving*, or ſhooting at long lengths. The arrows uſed at this ſport are called *flight* arrows, as were thoſe uſed in battle for great diſtances. STEEVENS.

2 The *bird-bolt* is a ſhort thick arrow without a point, and ſpreading at the extremity ſo much, as to leave a flat ſurface, about the breadth of a ſhilling. Such are to this day in uſe to kill rooks with, and are ſhot from a croſs bow. STEEVENS.

The meaning of the whole is—Benedick, from a vain conceit of his influence over women, challenged Cupid at *roving* (a particular kind of archery, in which *flight*-arrows are uſed.) In other words, he challenged him *to ſhoot at hearts*. The fool, to ridicule this piece of vanity, in his turn challenged Benedick to ſhoot at crows with the croſs-bow and bird-bolt; an inferior kind of archery uſed by fools, who, for obvious reaſons, were not permitted to ſhoot with pointed arrows: Whence the proverb—"A fool's bolt is ſoon ſhot." DOUCE.

theſe wars? But how many hath he killed? for, indeed, I promiſed to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax ſignior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you,[3] I doubt it not.

Meſſ. He hath done good ſervice, lady, in theſe wars.

Beat. You had muſty victual, and he hath holp to eat it: he is a very valiant trencher-man, he hath an excellent ſtomach.

Meſſ. And a good ſoldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good ſoldier to a lady;—But what is he to a lord?

Meſſ. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; ſtuffed with all honourable virtues.[4]

Beat. It is ſo, indeed; he is no leſs than a ſtuffed man: but for the ſtuffing,—Well, we are all mortal.[5]

Leon. You muſt not, ſir, miſtake my niece: there is a kind of merry war betwixt ſignior Benedick and her: they never meet, but there is a ſkirmiſh of wit between them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our laſt conflict, four of his five wits[6] went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one: ſo that if he have wit enough to keep himſelf warm, let him bear it for a difference between himſelf and his horſe;[7] for it is all the wealth he hath left, to be known a reaſonable creature.—Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new ſworn brother.[8]

3 This is a very common expreſſion in the midland counties, and ſignifies *he'll be your match, he'll be even with you.* STEEVENS.

4 *Stuffed*, in this firſt inſtance, has no ridiculous meaning, Un homme bien *etoffé*, ſignifies, in French, *a man in good circumſtances.* STEEVENS.

5 Beatrice ſtarts an idea at the words *ſtuff'd man*; and prudently checks herſelf in the purſuit of it. *A ſtuff'd man* was one of the many cant phraſes for a *cuckold.* FARMER.

6 In our author's time *wit* was the general term for intellectual powers.

The *wits* ſeem to have been reckoned five, by analogy to the five ſenſes, or the five inlets of ideas. JOHNSON.

7 *Such a one has wit enough to keep himſelf warm*, is a proverbial expreſſion.

To bear any thing for a *difference*, is a term in heraldry. So, in *Hamlet*, Ophelia ſays:

"——you may wear your rue with a *difference.*" STEEVENS.

8 ——*ſworn brother.*] i. e. one with whom he hath *ſworn* (as was

Meſſ. Is it poſſible?

Beat. Very eaſily poſſible: he wears his faith [7] but as the faſhion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block.[8]

Meſſ. I ſee, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.[9]

Beat. No: an he were, I would burn my ſtudy. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young ſquarer [2] now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Meſſ. He is moſt in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O Lord! he will hang upon him like a diſeaſe: he is ſooner caught than the peſtilence, and the taker runs preſently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will coſt him a thouſand pound ere he be cured.

Meſſ. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You will never run mad, niece,

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Meſſ. Don Pedro is approach'd.

Enter Don PEDRO, *attended by* BALTHAZAR *and others; Don* JOHN, CLAUDIO, *and* BENEDICK.

D. Pedro. Good ſignior Leonato, you are come to meet your

anciently the cuſtom among adventurers) to ſhare fortunes. STEEVENS.

7 Not religious profeſſion, but *profeſſion of friendſhip*; for the ſpeaker gives it as the reaſon of her aſking, *who was now his companion?* that *he had every month a new ſworn brother.* WARBURTON.

8 A *block* is the mould on which a hat is formed.
The old writers ſometimes uſe the word *block*, for the hat itſelf. STEEVENS.

9 This is a phraſe uſed, I believe, by more than underſtand it. *To be in one's books is to be in one's* codicils *or* will, *to be among friends ſet down for legacies.* JOHNSON.

I rather think that the *books* alluded to, are memorandum-books, like the viſiting books of the preſent age. STEEVENS.

This phraſe has not been exactly interpreted. *To be in a man's books*, originally meant to be in the liſt of his *retainers*. Sir John Mandeville tells us, "alle the mynſtrelles that comen before the great Chan ben witholden with him, as of his houſhold, and entred in his *bookes*, as for his own men." FARMER.

A *ſervant* and a *lover* were in Cupid's Vocabulary, ſynonymous. Hence perhaps the phraſe—*to be in a perſon's books*—was applied equally to the *lover* and the *menial attendant*. MALONE.

2 A *ſquarer* I take to be a cholerick, quarrelſome fellow, for in this ſenſe Shakſpeare uſes the word to *ſquare*. So the ſenſe may be, *Is there*

your trouble: the faſhion of the world is to avoid coſt, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my houſe in the likeneſs of your grace: for trouble being gone, comfort ſhould remain; but, when you depart from me, ſorrow abides, and happineſs takes his leave.

D. Pedro. You embrace your charge[3] too willingly.—I think, this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me ſo.

Bene. Were you in doubt, ſir, that you aſk'd her?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no, for then were you a child.

D. Pedro. You have it full, Benedick: we may gueſs by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herſelf:—Be happy, lady! for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If ſignior Leonato be her father, ſhe would not have his head on her ſhoulders, for all Meſſina, as like him as ſhe is.

Beat. I wonder that you will ſtill be talking, ſignior Benedick; no body marks you.

Bene. What, my dear lady Diſdain! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it poſſible, diſdain ſhould die, while ſhe hath ſuch meet food to feed it, as ſignior Benedick? Courteſy itſelf muſt convert to diſdain, if you come in her preſence.

Bene. Then is courteſy a turn-coat:—But it is certain, I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

Beat. A dear happineſs to women; they would elſe have been troubled with a pernicious ſuitor. I thank God, and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man ſwear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyſhip ſtill in that mind! ſo ſome gentleman or other ſhall 'ſcape a predeſtinate ſcratched face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worſe, an 'twere ſuch a face as yours were.

no hot-blooded *youth that will keep him company through all his mad pranks?* JOHNSON.

3 That is, your *burden*, your *incumbrance*.

Charge does not mean, as Dr. Johnſon explains it, *burden, incum'rance*, but "the perſon committed to your care." So it is uſed in the relationſhip between guardian and ward. DOUCE.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue, is better than a beaſt of yours.

Bene. I would, my horſe had the ſpeed of your tongue; and ſo good a continuer: But keep your way o'God's name; I have done.

Beat. You always end with a Jade's trick; I know you of old.

D. Pedro. This is the ſum of all: Leonato,—ſignior Claudio, and ſignior Benedick,—my dear friend Leonato, hath invited you all. I tell him, we ſhall ſtay here at the leaſt a month; and he heartily prays, ſome occaſion may detain us longer: I dare ſwear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you ſwear, my lord, you ſhall not be forſworn.—Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

D. John. I thank you: [5] I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Pleaſe it your grace lead on?

D. Pedro. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together.

[*Exeunt all but* BENEDICK *and* CLAUDIO.

Claud. Benedick, didſt thou note the daughter of ſignior Leonato?

Bene. I noted her not; but I looked on her.

Claud. Is ſhe not a modeſt young lady?

Bene. Do you queſtion me, as an honeſt man ſhould do, for my ſimple true judgement? or would you have me ſpeak after my cuſtom, as being a profeſſed tyrant to their ſex?

Claud. No, I pray thee, ſpeak in ſober judgement.

Bene. Why, i'faith, methinks ſhe is too low for a high praiſe, too brown for a fair praiſe, and too little for a great praiſe: only this commendation I can afford her; that were ſhe other than ſhe is, ſhe were unhandſome; and being no other but as ſhe is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou thinkeſt, I am in ſport; I pray thee, tell me truly how thou likeſt her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

[5] The poet has judiciouſly marked the gloomineſs of Don John's character, by making him averſe to the common forms of civility.
SIR J. HAWKINS.

Claud. Can the world buy ſuch a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a caſe to put it into. But ſpeak you this with a ſad brow? or do you play the flouting Jack;[6] to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter?[7] Come, in what key ſhall a man take you, to go in the ſong?[8]

Claud. In mine eye, ſhe is the ſweeteſt lady that ever I looked on.

Bene. I can ſee yet without ſpectacles, and I ſee no ſuch matter: there's her couſin, an ſhe were not poſſeſſed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty, as the firſt of May doth the laſt of December. But I hope, you have no intent to turn huſband; have you?

Claud. I would ſcarce truſt myſelf, though I had ſworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Bene. Is it come to this, i'faith? Hath not the world one man, but he will wear his cap with ſuſpicion?[9] Shall I

[6] *Jack*, in our author's time, I know not why, was a term of contempt. MALONE.

[7] I know not whether I conceive the jeſt here intended. Claudio hints his love of Hero. Benedick aſks, whether he is ſerious, or whether he only means to jeſt, and to tell them that *Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter*. A man praiſing a pretty lady in jeſt, may ſhow the quick ſight of Cupid, but what has it to do with the *carpentry* of Vulcan? Perhaps the thought lies no deeper than this, *Do you mean to tell us as new what we all know already?* JOHNSON.

I believe no more is meant by thoſe ludicrous expreſſions than this.—Do you mean, ſays Benedick, to amuſe us with improbable ſtories?

STEEVENS.

I explain the paſſage thus: *Do you ſcoff and mock in telling us that Cupid, who is blind, is a good hare finder, which requires a good eye-ſight; and that Vulcan, a blackſmith, is a rare carpenter?* TOLLET.

After ſuch attempts at decent illuſtration, I am afraid that he who wiſhes to know why Cupid is a good *hare-finder*, muſt diſcover it by the aſſiſtance of many quibbling alluſions of the ſame ſort, about *hair* and *hoar*, in Mercutio's ſong in the ſecond Act of *Romeo and Juliet*. COLLINS.

[8] i. e. to join with you in your ſong—to ſtrike in with you in the ſong. STEEVENS.

[9] That is, ſubject his head to the diſquiet of jealouſy. JOHNSON.

In Painter's *Palace of Pleaſure*, p. 233, we have the following paſſage: "All they that *weare hornes* be pardoned to weare their *cappes* upon their heads." HENDERSON.

In our author's time, none but the inferior claſſes wore caps, and ſuch perſons were termed in contempt *flat-caps*. All gentlemen wore *hats*.

Perhaps

never ſee a batchelor of threeſcore again? Go to, i'faith; an thou wilt needs thruſt thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and ſigh away Sundays.[2] Look, Don Pedro is returned to ſeek you.

Re-enter Don PEDRO.

D. Pedro. What ſecret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

Bene. I would, your grace would conſtrain me to tell.

D. Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, Count Claudio: I can be ſecret as a dumb man, I would have you think ſo; but on my allegiance,—mark you this, on my allegiance:—He is in love. With who?—now that is your grace's part.—Mark, how ſhort his anſwer is:—With Hero, Leonato's ſhort daughter.

Claud. If this were ſo, ſo were it utter'd.[3]

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord: it is not ſo, nor 'twas not ſo; but, indeed, God forbid it ſhould be ſo.

Claud. If my paſſion change not ſhortly, God forbid it ſhould be otherwiſe.

D. Pedro.

Perhaps therefore the meaning is,—Is there not one man in the world prudent enough to keep out of that ſtate where he muſt live in apprehenſion that his *night-cap* will be worn occaſionally by another. MALONE.

If this remark on the diſuſe of *caps* among people of higher rank be accurate, Sir Chriſtopher Hatton, and other worthies of the Court of Elizabeth, have been injuriouſly treated; for the painters of their time exhibit ſeveral of them with *caps* on their heads.—It ſhould be remembered that there was a material diſtinction between the *plain ſtatute-caps* of citizens, and the *ornamented ones* worn by gentlemen. STEEVENS.

2 ——— *ſigh away Sundays.*] A proverbial expreſſion to ſignify that a man has no reſt at all; when Sunday, a day formerly of eaſe and diverſion, was paſſed ſo uncomfortably. WARBURTON.

I cannot find this *proverbial* expreſſion in any ancient book whatever. I am apt to believe that the learned commentator has miſtaken the drift of it, and that it moſt probably alludes to the ſtrict manner in which the ſabbath was obſerved by the *Puritans*, who uſually ſpent that day in *ſighs* and *gruntings*, and other hypocritical marks of devotion. STEEVENS.

3 Claudio, evading at firſt a confeſſion of his paſſion, ſays; if I had really confided ſuch a ſecret to him, yet he would have blabbed it in this manner. In his next ſpeech, he thinks proper to avow his love; and when Benedick ſays, *God forbid it ſhould be ſo*, i. e. God forbid he ſhould even wiſh to marry her: Claudio replies, God forbid I ſhould not wiſh it.

STEEVENS.

D. Pedro. Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You ſpeak this to fetch me in, my lord.

D. Pedro. By my troth, I ſpeak my thought.

Claud. And, in faith, my lord, I ſpoke mine.

Bene. And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I ſpoke mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

D. Pedro. That ſhe is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how ſhe ſhould be loved, nor know how ſhe ſhould be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the ſtake.

D. Pedro. Thou waſt ever an obſtinate heretick in the deſpite of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will.[4]

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that ſhe brought me up, I likewiſe give her moſt humble thanks: but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead,[5] or hang my bugle in an inviſible baldrick,[6] all women ſhall pardon me: Becauſe I will not do them the wrong to miſtruſt any, I will do myſelf the right to truſt none; and the fine is, (for the which I may go the finer,) I will live a bachelor.

D. Pedro. I ſhall ſee thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with ſickneſs, or with hunger, my lord; not with love: prove, that ever I loſe more blood with love, than I will get again with drinking, pick out my eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-houſe, for the ſign of blind Cupid.

D. Pedro.

4 Alluding to the definition of a heretick in the ſchools. WARBURTON.

5 A *recheate* is the ſound by which dogs are called back. Shakſpeare had no mercy upon the poor cuckold, his *horn* is an inexhauſtible ſubject of merriment. JOHNSON.

A *recheate* is a particular leſſon upon the horn, to call dogs back from the ſcent: from the old French word *recet*, which was uſed in the ſame ſenſe as *retraite*. HANMER.

6 *Bugle*, i. e. bugle-horn, hunting-horn. The meaning ſeems to be —or that I ſhould be compelled to carry a horn on my forehead where there is nothing viſible to ſupport it.

It is ſtill ſaid of the mercenary cuckold, that he *carries his horns in his pockets*. STEEVENS.

D. Pedro. Well, if ever thou doſt fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.[7]

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat,[8] and ſhoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the ſhoulder, and call'd Adam.[9]

D. Pedro. Well, as time ſhall try:
In time the ſavage bull doth bear the yoke.

Bene. The ſavage bull may; but if ever the ſenſible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and ſet them in my forehead: and let me be vilely painted; and in ſuch great letters as they write, *Here is good horſe to hire*, let them ſignify under my ſign,—*Here you may ſee Benedick the married man.*

Claud. If this ſhould ever happen, thou would'ſt be horn-mad.

D. Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not ſpent all his quiver in Venice,[2] thou wilt quake for this ſhortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too then.

D. Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the mean time, good ſignior Benedick, repair to Leonato's; commend

7 An eminent ſubject for ſatire. JOHNSON.

8 In ſome counties in England, a cat was formerly cloſed up with a quantity of ſoot in a wooden bottle, (ſuch as that in which ſhepherds carry their liquor,) and was ſuſpended on a line. He who beat out the bottom as he ran under it, and was nimble enough to eſcape its contents, was regarded as the hero of this inhuman diverſion. STEEVENS.

This practice is ſtill kept up at Kelſo, in Scotland, where it is called—*Cat-in-barrel.* See a deſcription of the whole ceremony in a little account of the town of Kelſo, publiſhed in 1789, by one Ebenezer Lazarus, a ſilly Methodiſt, who has interlarded his book with ſcraps of pious and other poetry. DOUCE.

9 Adam Bel, Clym of the Cloughe, and Wyllyam of Cloudeſle, were, ſays Dr. Percy, three noted outlaws, whoſe ſkill in Archery, rendered them formerly as famous in the North of England, as Robin Hood and his fellows were in the midland counties. Their place of reſidence was in the foreſt of Englewood, not far from Carliſle. At what time they lived does not appear. The author of the common ballads on *The Pedigree, Education, and Marriage of Robin Hood*, makes them contemporary with Robin Hood's father, in order to give him the honour of beating them. See *Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry*, Vol. I. p. 143, where the ballad outlaws is preſerved. STEEVENS.

2 All modern writers agree in repreſenting Venice in the ſame light as the ancients did Cyprus. And it is this character of the people that is here alluded to. WARBURTON.

commend me to him, and tell him I will not fail him at supper; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almoſt matter enough in me for ſuch an embaſſage; and ſo I commit you—

Claud. To the tuition of God: From my houſe, (if I had it,)—

D. Pedro. The ſixth of July: Your loving friend, Benedick.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not: The body of your diſcourſe is ſometime guarded with fragments,[3] and the guards are but ſlightly baſted on neither: ere you flout old ends any further,[4] examine your conſcience; and ſo I leave you. [*Exit* BENEDICK.

Claud. My liege, your highneſs now may do me good.

D. Pedro. My love is thine to teach; teach it but how,
And thou ſhalt ſee how apt it is to learn
Any hard leſſen that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath Leonato any ſon, my lord?

D. Pedro. No child but Hero, ſhe's his only heir:
Doſt thou affect her Claudio?

Claud. O my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a ſoldier's eye,
That lik'd, but had a rougher taſk in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love:
But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging ſoft and delicate deſires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

D. Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover preſently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words:
If thou doſt love fair Hero, cheriſh it:
And I will break with her, and with her father,
And thou ſhalt have her: Was't not to this end,
That thou began'ſt to twiſt ſo fine a ſtory?

Claud.

3 *Guards* were ornamental lace or borders. STEEVENS.

4 *Before you endeavour to diſtinguiſh yourſelf any more by antiquated alluſions, examine whether you can fairly claim them for your own.* This, I think is the meaning; or it may be underſtood in another ſenſe, *examine, if your ſarcaſms touch yourſelf.* JOHNSON.

Claud. How ſweetly do you miniſter to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion!
But leſt my liking might too ſudden ſeem,
I would have ſalv'd it with a longer treatiſe.

D. Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the flood?
The faireſt grant is the neceſſity:[5]
Look, what will ſerve, is fit: 'tis once, thou lov'ſt;
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know, we ſhall have revelling to-night;
I will aſſume thy part in ſome diſguiſe,
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;
And in her boſom I'll unclaſp my heart,
And take her hearing priſoner with the force
And ſtrong encounter of my amorous tale:
Then, after, to her father will I break;
And, the concluſion is, ſhe ſhall be thine:
In practice let us put it preſently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in LEONATO's *Houſe.*

Enter LEONATO *and* ANTONIO.

Leon. How now, brother? Where is my couſin your ſon? Hath he provided this muſick?

Ant. He is very buſy about it. But, brother, I can tell you ſtrange news that you yet dream'd not of.

Leon. Are they good!

Ant. As the event ſtamps them; but they have a good cover, they ſhow well outward. The prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley[6] in my orchard, were thus much overheard by a man of mine: The prince diſcovered to Claudio, that he loved my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and, if he

[5] i. e. no one can have a better reaſon for granting a requeſt than the neceſſity of its being granted. WARBURTON.

Mr. Hayley with great acuteneſs propoſes to read,

The faireſt grant is to neceſſity. STEEVENS.

Theſe words cannot imply the ſenſe that Warburton contends for; but if we ſuppoſe that *grant* means *conceſſion*, the ſenſe is obvious; and that is no uncommon acceptation of that word. M. MASON.

[6] *Thick-pleached* is thickly interwoven.

he found her accordant, he meant to take the preſent time by the top, and inſtantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit, that told you this?

Ant. A good ſharp fellow; I will ſend for him, and queſtion him yourſelf.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream, till it appear itſelf:—but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that ſhe may be the better prepared for an anſwer, if peradventure this be true. Go you, and tell her of it. [*Several perſons croſs the ſtage.*] Couſins,[7] you know what you have to do.—O, I cry you mercy, friend; go you with me, and I will uſe your ſkill: Good couſins, have a care this buſy time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Room in LEONATO'S *Houſe.*

Enter Don JOHN *and* CONRADE.

Con. What the goujere,[8] my lord! why are you thus out of meaſure ſad?

D. John. There is no meaſure in the occaſion that breeds it, therefore the ſadneſs is without limit.

Con. You ſhould hear reaſon.

D. John. And when I have heard it, what bleſſing bringeth it?

Con. If not a preſent remedy, yet a patient ſufferance.

D. John. I wonder, that thou being (as thou ſayeſt thou art) born under Saturn, goeſt about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying miſchief. I cannot hide what I am;[9] I muſt be ſad when I have cauſe, and ſmile at no man's jeſts; eat when I have ſtomach, and wait for no man's leiſure; ſleep when

7 *Couſins* were anciently enrolled among the dependants, if not the domeſticks, of great families, ſuch as that of Leonato. Petruchio, while intent on the ſubjection of Katharine, calls out, in terms imperative, for his *couſin Ferdinand*. STEEVENS.

8 *What the* goujere,] i. e. *morbus Gallicus*. The old copy corruptly reads, "good year." The ſame expreſſion occurs again in *K. Lear*. Act V. ſc. iii. STEEVENS.

9 This is one of our author's natural touches. An envious and unſocial mind, too proud to give pleaſure, and too ſullen to receive it, always endeavours to hide its malignity from the world and from itſelf, under the plainneſs of ſimple honeſty, or the dignity of haughty independence. JOHNSON.

when I am drowſy, and tend on no man's buſineſs; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.[9]

Con. Yea, but you muſt not make the full ſhow of this, till you may do it without controlment. You have of late ſtood out againſt your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impoſſible you ſhould take true root, but by the fair weather that you make yourſelf: it is needful that you frame the ſeaſon for your own harveſt.

D. John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a roſe in his grace;[2] and it better fits my blood to be diſdain'd of all, than to faſhion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be ſaid to be a flattering honeſt man, it muſt not be denied but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am truſted with a muzzle, and enfranchiſed with a clog: therefore I have decreed not to ſing in my cage: If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the mean time, let me be that I am, and ſeek not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no uſe of your diſcontent?

D. John. I make all uſe of it, for I uſe it only.[3] Who comes here? What news, Borachio?

Enter

9 To *claw* is to flatter. *So the pope's claw-backs*, in Biſhop Jewel, are the pope's *flatterers*. The ſenſe is the ſame in the proverb, *Mulus mulum ſcabit*. JOHNSON.

2 *I had rather be a* canker *in a hedge, than a* roſe *in his grace*;] A *canker* is the *canker*-roſe, *dog-roſe, cynoſbatus*, or *hip*. The ſenſe is, I would rather live in obſcurity the wild life of nature, than owe dignity or eſtimation to my brother. He ſtill continues his wish of gloomy independence. But what is the meaning of the expreſſion, *a roſe in his grace?* If he was a *roſe* of himſelf, his brother's *grace* or *favour* could not degrade him. I once read thus: *I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a roſe in his* garden: that is, I had rather be what nature makes me, however mean, than owe any exaltation or improvement to my brother's kindneſs or cultivation. But a leſs change will be ſufficient: I think it ſhould be read, *I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a roſe* by *his grace.*

JOHNSON.

The *canker* is a term often ſubſtituted for the *canker-roſe*. Heywood, in his *Love's Miſtreſs*, 1636, calls it the "*canker*-flower."

Again, in Shakſpeare's 54th Sonnet:

"The *canker* blooms have full as deep a die
"As the perfumed tincture of the *roſe*."

I think no change is neceſſary. The ſenſe is,—I had rather be a neglected dog-roſe in a hedge, than a garden-flower of the ſame ſpecies, if it profited by his culture. STEEVENS.

3 i. e. for I make nothing elſe my counſellor. STEEVENS.

Enter BORACHIO.

Bora. I came yonder from a great ſupper; the prince, your brother, is royally entertain'd by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

D. John. Will it ſerve for any model to build miſchief on? What is he for a fool, that betroths himſelf to unquietneſs?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

D. John. Who? the moſt exquiſite Claudio?

Bora. Even he.

D. John. A proper ſquire! And who, and who? which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

D. John. A very forward March-chick! How came you to this?

Bora. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was ſmoking a muſty room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in ſad conference:[4] I whipt me behind the arras; and there heard it agreed upon, that the prince ſhould woo Hero for himſelf, and having obtained her, give her to count Claudio.

D. John. Come, come, let us thither; this may prove food to my diſpleaſure: that young ſtart-up hath all the glory of my overthrow; if I can croſs him any way, I bleſs myſelf every way: You are both ſure,[5] and will aſſiſt me?

Con. To the death, my lord.

D. John. Let us to the great ſupper; their cheer is the greater, that I am ſubdued: 'Would the cook were of my mind!—Shall we go prove what's to be done?

Bora. We'll wait upon your lordſhip. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Hall in LEONATO'S *Houſe.*

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE, *and Others.*

Leon. Was not count John here at ſupper?

Ant.

4 *Sad* in this, as in future inſtances, ſignifies *ſerious.* STEEVENS.

5 ——*both* ſure,] i. e. to be depended on. STEEVENS.

Ant. I ſaw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can ſee him, but I am heart-burn'd an hour after.[6]

Hero. He is of a very melancholy diſpoſition.

Beat. He were an excellent man, that were made juſt in the mid-way between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image, and ſays nothing; and the other, too like my lady's eldeſt ſon, evermore tattling.

Leon. Then half ſignior Benedick's tongue in count John's mouth, and half count John's melancholy in ſignior Benedick's face,—

Beat. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purſe, ſuch a man will win any woman in the world,—if he could get her good will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a huſband, if thou be ſo ſhrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, ſhe is too curſt.

Beat. Too curſt is more than curſt: I ſhall leſſen God's ſending that way: for it is ſaid, *God ſends a curſt cow ſhort horns*; but to a cow too curſt he ſends none.

Leon. So, by being too curſt, God will ſend you no horns.

Beat. Juſt, if he ſend me no huſband; for the which bleſſing, I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening: Lord! I could not endure a huſband with a beard on his face; I had rather lie in the woollen.[7]

Leon. You may light upon a huſband, that hath no beard.

Beat. What ſhould I do with him? dreſs him in my apparel, and make him my waiting gentlewomen? He that hath a beard, is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard, is leſs than a man: and he that is more than a youth, is not for me; and he that is leſs than a man, I am not for him: Therefore I will even take ſix-pence in earneſt of the bear-herd, and lead his apes into hell.

Leon. Well then, go you into hell?[8]

Beat.

6 The pain commonly called the *heart-burn*, proceeds from an *acid* humour in the ſtomach, and is therefore properly enough imputed to *tart* looks. JOHNSON.

7 I ſuppoſe ſhe means—between blankets, without ſheets. STEEVENS.

8 Of the two next ſpeeches Dr. Warburton ſays, *All this impious nonſenſe thrown*

Beat. No; but to the gate: and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and ſay, *Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no place for you maids*: ſo deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter for the heavens; he ſhows me where the bachelors ſit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. Well, niece, [*To* HERO.] I truſt, you will be ruled by your father.

Beat. Yes, faith; it is my couſin's duty to make courteſy, and ſay, *Father, as it pleaſe you*:—but yet for all that, couſin, let him be a handſome fellow, or elſe make another courteſy, and ſay, *Father, as it pleaſe me.*

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to ſee you one day fitted with a huſband.

Beat. Not till God make men of ſome other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be over-maſter'd with a piece of valiant duſt? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's ſons are my brethren; and truly, I hold it a ſin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember, what I told you: if the prince do ſolicit you in that kind, you know your anſwer.

Beat. The fault will be in the muſick, couſin, if you be not woo'd in good time: if the prince be too important,[9] tell him, there is a meaſure in every thing,[2] and ſo dance out the anſwer. For hear me, Hero; Wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a meaſure, and a cinque-pace: the firſt ſuit is hot and haſty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantaſtical; the wedding, mannerly-modeſt, as a meaſure full of ſtate and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faſter and faſter, till he ſink into his grave.

Leon.

thrown to the bottom, is the players', and foiſted in without rhyme or reaſon. He therefore puts them in the margin. They do not deſerve indeed ſo honourable a place; yet I am afraid they are too much in the manner of our author, who is ſometimes trying to purchaſe merriment at too dear a rate.

JOHNSON.

I have reſtored the lines omitted. STEEVENS.

9 *Important* here, and in many other places, is *importunate*. JOHNSON.

2 A *meaſure* in old language, beſide its ordinary meaning, ſignified alſo a *dance*. MALONE.

Leon. Couſin, you apprehend paſſing ſhrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle; I can ſee a church by day-light.

Leon. The revellers are entering; brother, make good room.

Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHAZAR; *Don* JOHN, BORACHIO, MARGARET, URSULA, *and others, maſk'd.*

D. Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend? [4]

Hero. So you walk ſoftly, and look ſweetly, and ſay nothing, I am yours for the walk; and, eſpecially, when I walk away.

D. Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may ſay ſo, when I pleaſe.

D. Pedro. And when pleaſe you to ſay ſo?

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend, the lute ſhould be like the caſe! [5]

D. Pedro. My viſor is Philemon's roof; within the houſe is Jove.

Hero. Why, then your viſor ſhould be thatch'd.

D. Pedro. Speak low, if you ſpeak love. [*Takes her aſide.*

Bene. Well, I would you did like me.

Marg. So would not I, for your own ſake; for I have many ill qualities.

Bene. Which is one?

Marg. I ſay my prayers aloud.

Bene. I love you the better; the hearers may cry, amen.

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!

Balth. Amen.

Marg.

4 *Friend*, in our author's time, was the common term for a *lover*. So alſo in French and Italian. MALONE.

Mr. Malone might have added, that this term was equally applicable to both ſexes; for, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Lucio tells Iſabella that her brother had "got his *friend* with child." STEEVENS.

5 i. e. that your face ſhould be as homely and courſe as your maſk.

'Tis plain, the poet alludes to the ſtory of Baucis and Philemon from Ovid: and this old couple, as the Roman poet deſcribes it, lived in a thatch'd cottage:

"——— *ſtipulis & canna tecta paluſtri.*" THEOBALD.

Marg. And God keep him out of my ſight, when the dance is done!—Anſwer, clerk.

Balth. No more words; the clerk is anſwer'd.

Urſ. I know you well enough; you are ſignior Antonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urſ. I know you by the waggling of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urſ. You could never do him ſo ill-well, unleſs you were the very man: Here's his dry hand [6] up and down; you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urſ. Come, come; do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? Can virtue hide itſelf? Go to, mum, you are he: graces will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you ſo?

Bene. No, you ſhall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was diſdainful,—and that I had my good wit out of the *Hundred merry Tales*;[7]—Well, this was ſignior Benedick that ſaid ſo.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am ſure, you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the prince's jeſter: a very dull fool; only

[6] A *dry* hand was anciently regarded as the ſign of a cold conſtitution. STEEVENS.

[7] The book, to which Shakſpeare alludes, might be an old tranſlation of *Les cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*. The original was publiſhed at Paris, in the black letter, before the year 1500, and is ſaid to have been written by ſome of the royal family of France. Ames mentions a tranſlation of it prior to the time of Shakſpeare. STEEVENS.

This book was certainly printed before the year 1575, and in much epute, as appears from the mention of it in Laneham's Letter concerning he entertainment at Kenelworth-Caſtle. REED.

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The Hundred merry Tales can never have been a tranſlation of *Les cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*, many of which are very tragical relations, and none of them calculated to furniſh a lady with *good wit*. It ſhould ſeem rather to have been a ſort of jeſt-book. RITSON.

only his gift is in deviſing impoſſible ſlanders: [8] none but libertines delight him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villainy; [9] for he both pleaſeth men, and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him: I am ſure, he is in the fleet; I would he had boarded me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you ſay.

Beat. Do, do: he'll but break a compariſon or two on me; which, peradventure, not mark'd, or not laugh'd at, ſtrikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge' wing ſaved, for the fool will eat no ſupper that night. [*Muſick within.*] We muſt follow the leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning. [*Dance. Then exeunt all but Don* JOHN, BORACHIO, *and* CLAUDIO.

D. John. Sure, my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it: The ladies follow her, and but one viſor remains.

Bora. And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing.[2]

D. John. Are not you ſignior Benedick?

Claud. You know me well; I am he.

D. John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamoured on Hero; I pray you, diſſuade him from her, ſhe is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honeſt man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her?

D. John. I heard him ſwear his affection.

Bora. So did I too; and he ſwore he would marry her to-night.

D. John.

[8] We ſhould read *impaſſible*, i. e. ſlanders ſo ill invented, that they will paſs upon no body. WARBURTON.

Impoſſible ſlanders are, I ſuppoſe, ſuch ſlanders as, from their abſurdity and impoſſibility, bring their own confutation with them. JOHNSON.

Johnſon's explanation appears to be right. Ford ſays, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, that he ſhall ſearch for Falſtaff in "*impoſſible* places." The word *impoſſible* is alſo uſed in a ſimilar ſenſe in Jonſon's *Sejanus*. M. MASON.

[9] By which ſhe means his malice and impiety. By his impious jeſts, ſhe inſinuates, he *pleaſed* libertines; and by his *deviſing ſlanders* of them, he angered them. WARBURTON.

[2] i. e. his carriage, his demeanour. STEEVENS.

D. John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt Don* JOHN *and* BORACHIO.

Claud. Thus anſwer I in the name of Benedick,
But hear theſe ill news with the ears of Claudio.—
'Tis certain ſo;—the prince wooes for himſelf.
Friendſhip is conſtant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore,[3] all hearts in love uſe their own tongues;
Let every eye negociate for itſelf,
And truſt no agent: for beauty is a witch,
Againſt whoſe charms faith melteth into blood.
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I miſtruſted not; Farewell therefore, Hero!

Re-enter BENEDICK.

Bene. Count Claudio?

Claud. Yea, the ſame.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own buſineſs, count. What faſhion will you wear the garland of? About your neck, like an uſurer's chain?[4] or under your arm, like a lieutenant's ſcarf? You muſt wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I wiſh him joy of her.

Bene. Why, that's ſpoken like an honeſt drover; ſo they ſell bullocks. But did you think, the prince would have ſerved you thus?

Claud. I pray you, leave me.

3 *Let*, which is found in the next line, is underſtood here. MALONE.

4 *Chains* of gold, of a conſiderable value, were in our author's time, uſually worn by wealthy citizens, and others, in the ſame manner as they now are, on publick occaſions, by the Aldermen of London. See *The Puritan, or the Widow of Watling ſtreet*, Act III. ſc. iii. *Albumazar*, Act I. ſc. vii. and other pieces. REED.

Uſury ſeems about this time to have been a common topick of invective. I have three or four dialogues, paſquils, and diſcourſes on the ſubject, printed before the year 1600. From every one of theſe it appears, that the merchants were the chief uſurers of the age. STEEVENS.

Bene. Ho! now you ſtrike like the blind man; 'twas the boy that ſtole your meat, and you'll beat the poſt.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Bene. Alas, poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep into ſedges.——But, that my lady Beatrice ſhould know me, and not know me! The prince's fool!—Ha! it may be, I go under that title, becauſe I am merry.—Yea; but ſo; I am apt to do myſelf wrong: I am not ſo reputed: it is the baſe, the bitter diſpoſition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her perſon,[5] and ſo gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

Re-enter Don PEDRO, HERO, *and* LEONATO.

D. Pedro. Now, ſignior, where's the count? Did you ſee him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have play'd the part of lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren;[6] I told him, and, I think, I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of this young lady;[7] and I offered him my company to a willow tree, either to make him

[5] That is, *It is the diſpoſition of Beatrice, who takes upon her to perſonate the world, and therefore repreſents the world as ſaying what ſhe only ſays herſelf.*

The old copies read—*baſe*, though *bitter:* but I do not underſtand how *baſe* and *bitter* are inconſiſtent, or why what is *bitter* ſhould not be *baſe*. I believe, we may ſafely read,—*It is the baſe*, the *bitter diſpoſition*.

JOHNSON.

I have adopted Dr. Johnſon's emendation, though I once thought it unneceſſary. STEEVENS.

[6] A parallel thought occurs in the firſt chapter of *Iſaiah*, where the prophet, deſcribing the deſolation of Judah, ſays: "The daughter of Zion is left as a cottage in a vineyard, as a *lodge* in a garden of cucumbers," &c. I am informed, that near Aleppo, theſe lonely buildings are ſtill made uſe of, it being neceſſary, that the fields where water-melons, cucumbers, &c. are raiſed, ſhould be regularly watched. I learn from Tho. Newton's *Herball to the Bible*, 8vo. 1587, that "ſo ſoone as the cucumbers, &c. be gathered, theſe lodges are abandoned of the watchmen and keepers, and no more frequented." From theſe forſaken buildings, it ſhould ſeem, the prophet takes his compariſon. STEEVENS.

[7] Benedick ſpeaks of Hero as if ſhe were on the ſtage. Perhaps, both ſhe and Leonato, were meant to make their entrance with Don Pedro. When Beatrice enters, ſhe is ſpoken of as coming in with only Claudio.

STEEVENS.

I have regulated the entries accordingly. MALONE.

him a garland, as being forſaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

D. Pedro. To be whipped! What's his fault?

Bene. The flat tranſgreſſion of a ſchool-boy; who, being overjoy'd with finding a bird's neſt, ſhows it his companion, and he ſteals it.

D. Pedro. Wilt thou make a truſt a trangreſſion? The tranſgreſſion is in the ſtealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiſs, the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himſelf; and the rod he might have beſtow'd on you, who, as I take it, have ſtol'n his bird's neſt.

D. Pedro. I will but teach them to ſing, and reſtore them to the owner.

Bene. If their ſinging anſwer your ſaying, by my faith, you ſay honeſtly.

D. Pedro. The lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman, that danced with her, told her, ſhe is much wrong'd by you.

Bene. O, ſhe miſuſed me paſt the endurance of a block; an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have anſwer'd her; my very viſor began to aſſume life, and ſcold with her: She told me, not thinking I had been myſelf, that I was the prince's jeſter; that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jeſt upon jeſt, with ſuch impoſſible conveyance,[8] upon me, that I ſtood like a man at a mark, with a whole army ſhoot-

[8] Dr. Warburton reads *impaſſable:* Sir Tho. Hanmer *impetuous*, and Dr. Johnſon *importable*, which, ſays he, is uſed by Spenſer, in a ſenſe very congruous to this paſſage, for *inſupportable, or not to be ſuſtained.* Alſo by the laſt tranſlators of the Apocrypha; and therefore ſuch a word as Shakſpeare may be ſuppoſed to have written. REED.

Importable is very often uſed by Lidgate in his Prologue to the tranſlation of *The Tragedies gathered by Ihon Bochas*, &c. as well as by Holinſhed.

Impoſſible may be licentiouſly uſed for *unaccountable.* Beatrice has already ſaid, that Benedick invents *impoſſible* ſlanders. STEEVENS.

Impoſſible may have been what Shakſpeare wrote, and be uſed in the ſenſe of *incredible* or *inconceivable*, both here and in the beginning of the ſcene, where Beatrice ſpeaks of *impoſſible* ſlanders. M. MASON.

I believe the meaning is—*with a rapidity equal to that of* jugglers, *who appear to perform* impoſſibilities.

Conveyance was the common term in our author's time for *ſleight of hand.* MALONE.

ing at me: She ſpeaks poniards,[9] and every word ſtabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her, ſhe would infect to the north ſtar. I would not marry her, though ſhe were endowed wirh all that Adam had left him before he tranſgreſs'd: ſhe would have made Hercules have turn'd ſpit; yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her; you ſhall find her the infernal Até in good apparel.[2] I would to God, ſome ſcholar would conjure her;[3] for, certainly, while ſhe is here, a man may live as quiet in hell, as in a ſanctuary; and people ſin upon purpoſe, becauſe they would go thither; ſo, indeed, all diſquiet, horror, and perturbation follows her.

Re-enter CLAUDIO, *and* BEATRICE.

D. Pedro. Look, here ſhe comes.

Bene. Will your grace command me any ſervice to the world's end? I will go on the ſlighteſt errand now to the Antipodes, that you can deviſe to ſend me on; I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the fartheſt inch of Aſia; bring you the length of Preſter John's foot; fetch you a hair of the great Cham's beard;[4] do you any embaſſage to the Pigmies, rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy: You have no employment for me?

D. Pedro. None, but to deſire your good company.

Bene. O God, ſir, here's a diſh I love not; I cannot endure my lady Tongue. [*Exit.*

D. Pedro. Come, lady, come; you have loſt the heart of ſignior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me a while; and I gave him uſe for it,[5] a double heart for his ſingle one: marry, once

[9] ——*She* ſpeaks poniards,] So, in *Hamlet*.

"I'll *ſpeak daggers* to her"——. STEEVENS.

[2] This is a pleaſant alluſion to the cuſtom of ancient poets and painters, who repreſent the *Furies* in rags. WARBURTON.

Até is not one of the *Furies*, but the *Goddeſs of Revenge*, or *Diſcord*. STEEVENS.

[3] As Shakſpeare always attributes to his *exorciſts* the power of raiſing ſpirits, he gives his *conjurer*, in this place, the power of laying them. M. MASON.

[4] ——i. e. I will undertake the hardeſt taſk, rather than have any converſation with lady Beatrice. Alluding to the difficulty of acceſs to either of thoſe monarchs, but more particularly to the former.

[5] *Uſe*, in our author's time, meant *intereſt* of money. MALONE.

once before, he won it of me with falſe dice, therefore your grace may well ſay I have loſt it.

D. Pedro. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he ſhould do me, my lord, leſt I ſhould prove the mother of fools. I have brought count Claudio, whom you ſent me to ſeek.

D. Pedro. Why, how now, count? wherefore are you ſad?

Claud. Not ſad, my lord.

D. Pedro. How then? Sick?

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither ſad, nor ſick, nor merry, nor well: but civil, count; civil as an orange, and ſomething of that jealous complexion.

D. Pedro. I'faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, I'll be ſworn, if he be ſo, his conceit is falſe. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won; I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained: name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace ſay Amen to it!

Beat. Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfecteſt herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could ſay how much.—Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myſelf for you, and dote upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, couſin; or, if you cannot, ſtop his mouth with a kiſs, and let not him ſpeak, neither.

D. Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool,[6] it keeps on the windy ſide of care:—My couſin tells him in his ear, that he is in her heart.

Claud. And ſo ſhe doth, couſin.

Beat. Good lord, for alliance![7]—Thus goes every one

[6] This was formerly an expreſſion of tenderneſs. See *King Lear*, laſt ſcene: "And my *poor fool* is hang'd." MALONE.

[7] Claudio has juſt called Beatrice *couſin*. I ſuppoſe, therefore, the meaning is,—Good Lord, here have I got a new kinſman by marriage. MALONE.

to the world but I, and I am ſun-burn'd;[8] I may ſit in a corner, and cry, heigh ho! for a huſband.

D. Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting: Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent huſbands, if a maid could come by them.

D. Pedro. Will you have me, lady?

Beat. No, my lord, unleſs I might have another for working-days; your grace is too coſtly to wear every day:—But, I beſeech your grace, pardon me; I was born to ſpeak all mirth, and no matter.

D. Pedro. Your ſilence moſt offends me, and to be merry beſt becomes you; for, out of queſtion, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, ſure, my lord, my mother cry'd; but then there was a ſtar danced, and under that was I born.—Couſins, God give you joy!

Leon. Niece, will you look to thoſe things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle.—By your grace's pardon.

[*Exit* BEATRICE.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a pleaſant-ſpirited lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her,[9] my lord: ſhe is never ſad, but when ſhe ſleeps; and not ever ſad

I cannot underſtand theſe words, unleſs they imply a wiſh for the ſpeaker's *alliance* with a huſband. STEEVENS.

[8] What is it, *to go to the world?* perhaps, to enter by marriage into a ſettled ſtate; but why is the unmarried lady *ſun-burnt?* I believe we ſhould read,—*Thus goes every one to the* wood *but I, and I am ſun-burnt.* Thus does every one but I find a ſhelter, and I am left expoſed to wind and *ſun. The neareſt way to the* wood, is a phraſe for the readieſt means to any end. It is ſaid of a woman, who accepts a worſe match than thoſe which ſhe had refuſed, that ſhe has paſſed through the *wood*, and at laſt taken a crooked ſtick. But conjectural criticiſm has always ſomething to abate its confidence. Shakſpeare, in *All's well that Ends well*, uſes the phraſe, *to go to the world*, for *marriage.* So that my emendation depends only on the oppoſition of *wood* to *ſun-burnt.* JOHNSON.

I am *ſun-burnt* may mean, I have loſt my beauty, and am conſequently no longer ſuch an object as can tempt a man to marry. STEEVENS.

[9] *There's little of the* melancholy element *in her,*] "Does not our life conſiſt of the *four elements?*" ſays Sir Toby, in *Twelfth Night.* So, alſo in *King Henry V:* "He is pure air and fire, and the *dull elements* of *earth* and *water* never appear in him." MALONE.

ſad then; for I have heard my daughter ſay, ſhe hath often dream'd of unhappineſs, and waked herſelf with laughing.

D. Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a huſband.

Leon. O, by no means; ſhe mocks all her wooers out of ſuit.

D. Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leon. O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themſelves mad.

D. Pedro. Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

Claud. To-morrow, my lord: Time goes on crutches, till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear ſon, which is hence a juſt ſevennight; and a time too brief too, to have all things anſwer my mind.

D. Pedro. Come, you ſhake the head at ſo long a breathing; but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time ſhall not go dully by us; I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labours; which is, to bring ſignior Benedick, and the lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection, the one with the other.[4] I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not but to faſhion it, if you three will but miniſter ſuch aſſiſtance as I ſhall give you direction.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it coſt me ten nights' watchings.

Claud. And I, my lord.

Hero. I will do any modeſt office, my lord, to help my couſin to a good huſband.

D. Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopefulleſt huſband that I know: thus far can I praiſe him; he is of a noble ſtrain,[3] of

[2] *A mountain of affection with one another* is a ſtrange expreſſion, yet I know not well how to change it. Perhaps it was originally written *to bring Benedick and Beatrice into a* mooting *of affection*; to bring them not to any more *mootings* of contention, but to a *mooting* or converſation of love. This reading is confirmed by the prepoſition *with*; *a mountain* with *each other*, or *affection* with *each other*, cannot be uſed, but *a mooting* with *each other* is proper and regular. JOHNSON.

Uncommon as the word propoſed by Dr. Johnſon may appear, it uſed in ſeveral of the old plays. STEEVENS.

Shakſpeare has many phraſes equally harſh. He who would hazar ſuch expreſſions as *a ſtorm of fortune*, a *vale of years*, and *a tempeſt of provocation*, would not ſcruple to write *a mountain of affection*. MALONE.

[3] ——*a noble* ſtrain,] i. e. deſcent, lineage. REED.

of approved valour, and confirm'd honeſty. I will teach you how to humour your couſin, that ſhe ſhall fall in love with Benedick:—and I, with your two helps, will ſo practiſe on Benedick, that in deſpite of his quick wit and his queaſy ſtomach,[4] he ſhall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer; his glory ſhall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Room in LEONATO'S *Houſe.*

Enter Don JOHN *and* BORACHIO.

D. John. It is ſo; the count Claudio ſhall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my lord; but I can croſs it.

D. John. Any bar, any croſs, any impediment will be medicinable to me: I am ſick in diſpleaſure to him; and whatſoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How canſt thou croſs this marriage?

Bora. Not honeſtly, my lord; but ſo covertly that no diſhoneſty ſhall appear in me.

D. John. Show me briefly how.

Bora. I think, I told your lordſhip, a year ſince, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting-gentlewoman to Hero.

D. John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unſeaſonable inſtant of the night, appoint her to look out of her lady's chamber-window.

D. John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bora. The poiſon of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother; ſpare not to tell him, that he hath wrong'd his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio (whoſe eſtimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated ſtale, ſuch a one as Hero.

D. John. What proof ſhall I make of that?

Bora. Proof enough to miſuſe the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato: Look you for any other iſſue?

D. John.

[4] ——*queaſy* ſtomach,] i. e. ſqueamiſh. STEEVENS.

D. John. Only to deſpite them, will I endeavour any thing.

Bora. Go then, find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the count Claudio, alone: tell them, that you know that Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal[5] both to the prince and Claudio, as—in love of your brother's honour who hath made this match; and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozen'd with the ſemblance of a maid, —that you have diſcover'd thus. They will ſcarcely believe this without trial: offer them inſtances; which ſhall bear no leſs likelihood, than to ſee me at her chamber-window; hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me Borachio; and bring them to ſee this, the very night before the intended wedding: for, in the mean time, I will ſo faſhion the matter, that Hero ſhall be abſent; and there ſhall appear ſuch ſeeming truth in Hero's diſloyalty, that jealouſy ſhall be call'd aſſurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

D. John. Grow this to what adverſe iſſue it can, I will put it in practice: Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thouſand ducats.

Bora. Be you conſtant in the accuſation, and my cunning ſhall not ſhame me.

D. John. I will preſently go learn their day of marriage.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

LEONATO'S *Garden.*

Enter BENEDICK *and a* Boy.

Bene. Boy,—

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book; bring it hither to me in the orchard.[6]

Boy. I am here already, ſir.

Bene. I know that;—but I would have thee hence, and here again. [*Exit Boy.*]—I do much wonder, that one man, ſeeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates

[5] ——————intend *a kind of zeal*—] i. e. *pretend.* STEEVENS.

[6] Gardens were anciently called *orchards.* STEEVENS.

his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laugh'd at ſuch ſhallow follies in others, become the argument of his own ſcorn, by falling in love: And ſuch a man is Claudio. I have known, when there was no muſick with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known, when he would have walk'd ten mile afoot, to ſee a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the faſhion of a new doublet.[7] He was wont to ſpeak plain, and to the purpoſe, like an honeſt man, and a ſoldier; and now is he turn'd orthographer; his words are a very fantaſtical banquet, juſt ſo many ſtrange diſhes. May I be ſo converted, and ſee with theſe eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be ſworn, but love may transform me to an oyſter; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyſter of me, he ſhall never make me ſuch a fool. One woman is fair; yet I am well: another is wife; yet I am well: another virtuous; yet I am well: but till all graces come in one woman, one woman ſhall not come in my grace. Rich ſhe ſhall he, that's certain; wiſe, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good diſcourſe, an excellent muſician, and her hair ſhall be of what colour it pleaſe God.[8] Ha! the prince and monſieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour.

[*Withdraws.*

Enter Don PEDRO, LEONATO, *and* CLAUDIO.

D. Pedro. Come, ſhall we hear this muſick?
Claud. Yea, my good lord:—How ſtill the evening is,

As

[7] This folly, ſo conſpicuous in the gallants of former ages, is laughed at by all our comic writers. STEEVENS.

[8] Perhaps *Benedick* alludes to a faſhion, very common in the time of Shakſpeare, that of *dying the hair*.

Stubbes, in his *Anatomy of Abuſes*, 1595, ſpeaking of the attires of women's heads, ſays: "If any have haire of her owne naturall growing, which is not faire ynough, then will they *die* it in divers colours."

STEEVENS.

The practice of dying the hair was one of thoſe faſhions ſo frequent before and in Queen Elizabeth's time, as to be thought worthy of particular animadverſion from the pulpit. REED.

Or he may allude to the faſhion of wearing *falſe hair*, "whatever colour it pleaſed God." MALONE.

As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!
D. Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?
Claud. O, very well, my lord: the musick ended,
We'll fit the kid-fox with a penny-worth.[9]

Enter BALTHAZAR, *with musick.*[2]

D. Pedro. Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again.[3]
Balth. O good my lord, tax not so bad a voice
To slander musick any more than once.
D. Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency,
To put a strange face on his own perfection:—
I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.
Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing:
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit
To her he thinks not worthy; yet he wooes;
Yet will he swear, he loves.
D. Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come:
Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.
Balth. Note this before my notes,
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.
D. Pedro. Why these are very crotchets that he speaks;
Note, notes, forsooth, and noting![4] [*Musick.*

9 i. e. we will be even with the fox now discovered. GREY.

It is not impossible but that Shakspeare chose on this occasion to employ an antiquated word; and yet if any future editor should choose to read—*bid* fox, he may observe that Hamlet has said—"*Hide* fox and all after." STEEVENS.

Dr. Warburton reads as Mr. Steevens proposes. MALONE.

A *kid-fox* seems to be no more than a *young fox* or *cub*. In *As you Like it*, we have the expression of—"two *dog-apes*." RISTON.

2 ——*with musick.*] I am not sure that this stage-direction (taken from the quarto, 1600) is proper. Balthazar might have been designed at once for a vocal and an instrumental performer. Shakspeare's orchestra was hardly numerous; and the first folio, instead of Balthazar, only gives us *Jacke Wilson*, the name of the actor who represented him. STEEVENS.

3 *Come*, Balthazar, *we'll hear that song again.*] *Balthazar*, the musician and servant to Don Pedro, was perhaps thus named from the celebrated Baltazarini, called *De Beaujoyeux*, an Italian perform r on the violin, who was in the highest fame and favour at the court of Henry II. of France, 1577. BURNEY.

4 ——*and* noting!] The old copies—*nothing*. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

Bene. Now, *Divine air!* now is his ſoul raviſh'd!—Is it not ſtrange, that ſheeps' guts ſhould hale ſouls out of men's bodies?—Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

BALTHAZAR *ſings.*

I.

BALTH. *Sigh no more, ladies, ſigh no more,*
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in ſea, and one on ſhore;
To one thing conſtant never:
Then ſigh not ſo,
But let them go,
And be you blith and bonny;
Converting all your ſounds of woe
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

II.

Sing no more ditties, ſing no mo
Of dumps ſo dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever ſo,
Since ſummer firſt was leavy.
Then ſigh not ſo, &c.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a good ſong.

Balth. And an ill ſinger, my lord.

D. Pedro. Ha? no; no; faith; thou ſing'ſt well enough for a ſhift.

Bene. [*Aſide.*] An he had been a dog, that ſhould have howl'd thus, they would have hang'd him: and, I pray God, his bad voice bode no miſchief! I had as lief have heard the night-raven,[5] come what plague could have come after it.

D. Pedro. Yea, marry; [*To* CLAUDIO.]—Doſt thou hear, Balthazar? I pray thee, get us ſome excellent muſick; for to-morrow night we would have it at the lady Hero's chamber-window.

Balth. The beſt I can, my lord.

D. Pedro. Do ſo: farewell. [*Exeunt* BALTHAZAR *and muſick.*] Come hither, Leonato: What was it you told me of to-day? that your niece Beatrice was in love with ſignior Benedick?

Claud. O, ay:—Stalk on, ſtalk on; the fowl ſits.[6] [*Aſide to*

[5] i. e. the owl; *νυκτικόραξ* STEEVENS.

[6] This is an alluſion to the *ſtalking-horſe*; a horſe either real or factitious,

D. PEDRO.] I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but moſt wonderful, that ſhe ſhould ſo dote on ſignior Benedick, whom ſhe hath in all outward behaviours ſeem'd ever to abhor.

Bene. Is't poſſible? Sits the wind in that corner? [*Aſide.*

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it; but that ſhe loves him with an enraged affection,—it is paſt the infinite of thought.[7]

D. Pedro. May be, ſhe doth but counterfeit.

Claud. 'Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit! There never was counterfeit of paſſion came ſo near the life of paſſion, as ſhe diſcovers it.

D. Pedro. Why, what effects of paſſion ſhows ſhe?

Claud. Bait the hook well; this fiſh will bite. [*Aſide.*

Leon.

tious, by which the fowler anciently ſheltered himſelf from the ſight of the game. STEEVENS.

[7] It is impoſſible to make ſenſe and grammar of this ſpeech. And the reaſon is, that the two beginnings of two different ſentences are jumbled together and made one. For—*but that ſhe loves him with an enraged affection*, is only part of a ſentence, which ſhould conclude thus,—*is moſt certain.* But a new idea ſtriking the ſpeaker, he leaves his ſentence unfiniſhed, and turns to another,—*It is paſt the infinite of thought*,—which is likewiſe left unfiniſhed; for it ſhould conclude thus—*to ſay how great that affection is.* Thoſe broken disjointed ſentences are uſual in converſation. However there is one word wrong, which yet perplexes the ſenſe; and that is *infinite.* Human thought cannot ſurely be called *infinite* with any kind of figurative propriety. I ſuppoſe the true reading was *definite.* This makes the paſſage intelligible. *It is paſt the* definite *of thought*,—i. e. it *cannot be defined* or conceived how great that affection is. Shakſpeare uſes the word again in the ſame ſenſe in *Cymbeline*:

"For ideots, in this caſe of favour, would
"Be wiſely *definite.*——"

i. e. could tell how to pronounce or determine in the caſe.

WARBURTON.

Here are difficulties raiſed only to ſhow how eaſily they can be removed. The plain ſenſe is, *I know not what to think* otherwiſe, *but that ſhe loves him with an* enraged *affection: It* (this affection) *is paſt the infinite of thought.* Here are no abrupt ſtops, or imperfect ſentences. *Infinite* may well enough ſtand; it is uſed by more careful writers for *indefinite:* and the ſpeaker only means, that *thought*, though in itſelf *unbounded*, cannot reach or eſtimate the degree of her paſſion. JOHNSON.

The meaning I think, is,—*but with what an enraged affection ſhe loves him, it is beyond the power of thought to conceive.* MALONE.

Leon. What effects, my lord! She will ſit you,—You heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

D. Pedro. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her ſpirit had been invincible againſt all aſſaults of affection.

Leon. I would have ſworn it had, my lord; eſpecially againſt Benedick.

Bene. [*Aſide.*] I ſhould think this a gull, but that the white bearded fellow ſpeaks it: knavery cannot, ſure, hide himſelf in ſuch reverence.

Claud. He hath ta'en the infection; hold it up. [*Aſide.*

D. Pedro. Hath ſhe made her affection known to Benedick?

Leon. No; and ſwears ſhe never will: that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed; ſo your daughter ſays: *Shall I,* ſays ſhe, *that have ſo oft encounter'd him with ſcorn, write to him that I love him?*

Leon. This ſays ſhe now when ſhe is beginning to write to him: for ſhe'll be up twenty times a night; and there will ſhe ſit in her ſmock, till ſhe have writ a ſheet of paper:[8]—my daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a ſheet of paper, I remember a pretty jeſt your daughter told us of.

Leon. O!—When ſhe had writ it, and was reading it over, ſhe found Benedick and Beatrice between the ſheet?—

Claud. That.

Leon.

[8] Shakſpeare has more than once availed himſelf of ſuch incidents as occurred to him from hiſtory, &c. to compliment the princes before whom his pieces were performed. A ſtriking inſtance of flattery to James occurs in *Macbeth*; perhaps the paſſage here quoted was not leſs grateful to Elizabeth, as it apparently alludes to an extraordinary trait in one of the letters pretended to have been written by the hated Mary to Bothwell:

"I am *nakit*, and ganging to ſleep, and zit I ceaſe not to ſcribble all this paper, in ſo meikle as reſt is thairof." *That is*, I am naked, and going to ſleep, and yet I ceaſe not to ſcribble to the end of my paper, much as there remains of it unwritten on. HENLEY.

Mr. Henley's obſervation muſt fall to the ground; the word in every edition of Mary's letter which Shakſpeare could poſſibly have ſeen, being *irkit*, not *nakit*. "I am *irkit*" means, I am *uneaſy*. STEEVENS.

Leon. O! ſhe tore the letter into a thouſand half-pence: [9] rail'd at herſelf, that ſhe ſhould be ſo immodeſt to write to one that ſhe knew would flout her: *I meaſure him*, ſays ſhe, *by my own ſpirit; for I ſhould flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I ſhould.*

Claud. Then down upon her knees ſhe falls, weeps, ſobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curſes;—*O ſweet Benedick! God give me patience!*

Leon. She doth indeed; my daughter ſays ſo: and the ecſtaſy [2] hath ſo much overborne her, that my daughter is ſometime afraid ſhe will do a deſperate outrage to herſelf; It is very true.

D. Pedro. It were good, that Benedick knew of it by ſome other, if ſhe will not diſcover it.

Claud. To what end? He would but make a ſport of it, and torment the poor lady worſe.

D. Pedro. An he ſhould, it were an alms to hang him: She's an excellent ſweet lady; and, out of all ſuſpicion, ſhe is virtuous.

Claud. And ſhe is exceeding wiſe.

D. Pedro. In every thing, but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O my lord, wiſdom and blood [3] combating in ſo tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that blood hath the victory. I am ſorry for her, as I have juſt cauſe, being her uncle and her guardian.

D. Pedro. I would, ſhe had beſtowed this dotage on me; I would have daff'd [4] all other reſpects, and made her half myſelf: I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will ſay.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. Hero thinks ſurely, ſhe will die: for ſhe ſays, ſhe will die if he love her not; and ſhe will die ere ſhe make her love known; and ſhe will die if he woo her, rather

9 A *farthing*, and perhaps a *halfpenny*, was uſed to ſignify any ſmall particle or diviſion. STEEVENS.

2 —— *and the* ecſtaſy—] i. e. alienation of mind. STEEVENS.

3 I ſuppoſe *blood*, in this inſtance, to mean *nature*, or diſpoſition. STEEVENS.

Blood is here as in many other places uſed by our author in the ſenſe of *paſſion*, or rather *temperament of body*. MALONE.

4 To *daff* is the ſame as to *doff*, or *do off*, to put aſide. STEEVENS.

ther than ſhe will 'bate one breath of her accuſtom'd croſſneſs.

D. Pedro. She doth well: if ſhe ſhould make tender of her love, 'tis very poſſible he'll ſcorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible ſpirit.[5]

Claud. He is a very proper man.[6]

D. Pedro. He hath, indeed, a good outward happineſs.

Claud. 'Fore God, and in my mind, very wiſe.

D. Pedro. He doth, indeed, ſhow ſome ſparks that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

D. Pedro. As Hector, I aſſure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may ſay he is wiſe; for either he avoids them with great diſcretion, or undertakes them with a moſt chriſtian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, he muſt neceſſarily keep peace; if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

D. Pedro. And ſo will he do; for the man doth fear God, howſoever it ſeems not in him, by ſome large jeſts he will make. Well, I am ſorry for your niece: Shall we go ſeek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord; let her wear it out with good counſel.

Leon. Nay, that's impoſſible; ſhe may wear her heart out firſt.

D. Pedro. Well, we'll hear further of it by your daughter; let it cool the while. I love Benedick well; and I could wiſh he would modeſtly examine himſelf, to ſee how much he is unworthy ſo good a lady.

Leon. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claud. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never truſt my expectation. [*Aſide.*

D. Pedro. Let there be the ſame net ſpread for her; and that muſt your daughter and her gentlewoman carry. The ſport

[5] That is, a temper inclined to ſcorn and contempt. It has been before remarked, that our author uſes his verbal adjectives with great licence. There is therefore no need of changing the word with Sir Thomas Hanmer to *contemptuous*. JOHNSON.

[6] i. e. a very handſome one. STEEVENS.

ſport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no ſuch matter; that's the ſcene that I would ſee, which will be merely a dumb ſhow. Let us ſend her to call him in to dinner. [*Aſide.*

[*Exeunt Don* PEDRO, CLAUDIO, *and* LEONATO.

BENEDICK *advances from the Arbour.*

Bene. This can be no trick: The conference was ſadly borne.[7]—They have the truth of this from Hero. They ſeem to pity the lady; it ſeems, her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it muſt be requited. I hear how I am cenſured: they ſay, I will bear myſelf proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they ſay too, that ſhe will rather die than give any ſign of affection.—I did never think to marry:—I muſt not ſeem proud:—Happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They ſay, the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witneſs: and virtuous;—'tis ſo, I cannot reprove it: and wiſe, but for loving me:—By my troth, it is no addition to her wit;—nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her.—I may chance have ſome odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, becauſe I have rail'd ſo long againſt marriage: But doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age: Shall quips, and ſentences, and theſe paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No: The world muſt be peopled. When I ſaid, I would die a bachelor, I did not think I ſhould live till I were married.—Here comes Beatrice: By this day, ſhe's a fair lady: I do ſpy ſome marks of love in her.

Enter BEATRICE.

Beat. Againſt my will, I am ſent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for thoſe thanks, than you take pains to thank me; if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleaſure then in the meſſage?

Beat.

[7] i. e. was ſeriouſly carried on. STEEVENS.

Beat. Yea, juſt ſo much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal:—You have no ſtomach, ſignior; fare you well. [*Exit.*

Bene. Ha! *Againſt my will I am ſent to bid you come in to dinner*—there's a double meaning in that. *I took no more pains for thoſe thanks, than you took pains to thank me*—that's as much as to ſay, Any pains that I take for you is as eaſy as thanks:—If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew: I will go get her picture. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

LEONATO's *Garden.*

Enter HERO, MARGARET, *and* URSULA.

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee into the parlour;
There ſhalt thou find my couſin Beatrice
Propoſing with the Prince and Claudio: [8]
Whiſper her ear, and tell her, I and Urſula
Walk in the orchard, and our whole diſcourſe
Is all of her; ſay, that thou overheard'ſt us;
And bid her ſteal into the pleached bower,
Where honey-ſuckles, ripen'd by the ſun,
Forbid the ſun to enter;—like favourites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Againſt that power that bred it:—there will ſhe hide her,
To liſten our propoſe: [9] This is thy office,
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant you, preſently. [*Exit.*

Hero. Now, Urſula, when Beatrice doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk muſt only be of Benedick:
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praiſe him more than ever man did merit:

My

[8] *Propoſing* is converſing, from the French word—*propos*, diſcourſe, talk. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*cur* propoſe:] Thus the quarto. The folio reads—our *purpoſe*. *Propoſe* is right. See the preceding note. STEEVENS.

Purpoſe, however, may be equally right. It depends only on the manner of accenting the word, which in Shakſpeare's time, was often uſed in the ſame ſenſe as *propoſe*. REED.

My talk to thee muſt be, how Benedick
Is ſick in love with Beatrice: Of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearſay. Now begin;

Enter BEATRICE, *behind.*

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Cloſe by the ground, to hear our conference.
Urſ. The pleaſant'ſt angling is to ſee the fiſh
Cut with her golden oars the ſilver ſtream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait:
So angle we for Beatrice; who even now
Is couched in the woodbine coverture:
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.
Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear loſe nothing
Of the falſe ſweet bait that we lay for it.—

[*They advance to the bower.*

No, truly, Urſula, ſhe is too diſdainful;
I know, her ſpirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock.[2]
Urſ. But are you ſure,
That Benedick loves Beatrice ſo entirely?
Hero. So ſays the prince, and my new-trothed lord.
Urſ. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?
Hero. They did intreat me to acquaint her of it:
But I perſuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick,
To wiſh him[3] wreſtle with affection.
And never to let Beatrice know of it.
Urſ. Why did you ſo? Doth not the gentleman
Deſerve as full, as fortunate a bed,[4]

As

[2] Turbervile, in his book of *Falconry*, 1575, tells us, that "the *haggard* doth come from foreign parts a ſtranger and a paſſenger;" and Latham, who wrote after him, ſays, that, "ſhe keeps in ſubjection the moſt part of all the fowl that fly, inſomuch, that the taſſel gentle, her natural and chiefeſt companion, dares not come near that coaſt where ſhe uſeth, nor ſit by the place where ſhe ſtandeth. Such is the greatneſs of her ſpirit, *ſhe will not admit of any ſociety*, until ſuch time as nature worketh." &c. STEEVENS.

[3] *To* wiſh *him*—] i. e. *recommend* or *deſire*. REED.

[4] Mr. M. Maſon very juſtly obſerves, that what Urſula means to ſay is, "that he is as deſerving of complete happineſs in the marriage ſtate, as Beatrice herſelf." STEEVENS.

As ever Beatrice ſhall couch upon?

Hero. O God of love! I know, he doth deſerve
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder ſtuff than that of Beatrice:
Diſdain and ſcorn ride ſparkling in her eyes,
Miſpriſing [5] what they look on; and her wit
Values itſelf ſo highly, that to her
All matter elſe ſeems weak: ſhe cannot love,
Nor take no ſhape nor project of affection,
She is ſo ſelf-endeared.

Urſ. Sure, I think ſo;
And therefore, certainly, it were not good
She knew his love, leſt ſhe make ſport at it.

Hero. Why, you ſpeak truth: I never yet ſaw man,
How wiſe, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
But ſhe would ſpell him backward: [6] if fair-faced,
She'd ſwear, the gentleman ſhould be her ſiſter;
If black, why, nature, drawing of an antick,
Made a foul blot: [7] if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, an agate very vilely cut: [8]

If

[5] *Miſpriſing*—] Deſpiſing, contemning. JOHNSON.
To *miſpriſe* is to *undervalue*, or take in a wrong light. STEEVENS.

[6] Alluding to the practice of witches in uttering prayers.

[7] The *antick* was a buffoon character in the old Engliſh farces, with a *blacked face*, and a *patch-work habit*. What I would obſerve from hence is, that the name of *antick* or *antique*, given to this character, ſhows that the people had ſome traditional ideas of its being borrowed from the *ancient mimes*, who are thus deſcribed by Apuleius: "*mimi centunculo, fuligine faciem obducti.*" WARBURTON.

I believe what is here ſaid of the old Engliſh farces, is ſaid at random. Dr. Warburton was thinking, I imagine, of the modern Harlequin. I have met with no proof that the face of the antick or Vice of the old Engliſh comedy was blackened. By the word *black* in the text, is only meant, as I conceive, ſwarthy, or bark brown. MALONE.

A *black man* means a man with a dark or thick beard, not a ſwarthy or dark-brown complexion, as Mr. Malone conceives. DOUCE.

When Hero ſays, that—"nature *drawing* of an *antick*, made a foul *blot*," ſhe only alludes to *a drop of ink* that may caſually fall out of a pen, and ſpoil a *groteſque drawing*. STEEVENS.

[8] But why an *agate*, if low? For what likeneſs between a *little man* and an *agate*? The ancients, indeed, uſed this ſtone to cut upon; but very exquiſitely. I make no queſtion but the poet wrote:

——— *a*

If ſpeaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;
If ſilent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns ſhe every man the wrong ſide out;
And never gives to truth and virtue, that
Which ſimpleneſs and merit purchaſeth.

Urſ. Sure, ſure, ſuch carping is not commendable.

Hero. No: not to be ſo odd, and from all faſhions,
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable:
But who dare tell her ſo? If I ſhould ſpeak,
She'd mock me into air; O, ſhe would laugh me
Out of myſelf, preſs me to death with wit.[9]
Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
Conſume away in ſighs, waſte inwardly:
It were a better death than die with mocks;
Which is as bad as die with tickling.

Urſ. Yet tell her of it; hear what ſhe will ſay.

Hero. No; rather I will go to Benedick,
And counſel him to fight againſt his paſſion:
And, truly, I'll deviſe ſome honeſt ſlanders
To ſtain my couſin with: One doth not know,
How much an ill word may impoiſon liking.

Urſ. O, do not do your couſin ſuch a wrong.
She cannot be ſo much without true judgement,
(Having ſo ſwift and excellent a wit,[2]
As ſhe is priz'd to have,) as to refuſe
So rare a gentleman as ſignior Benedick.

Hero.

——*an* aglet *very vilely cut*:

An *aglet* was a tag of thoſe points, formerly ſo much in faſhion. Theſe tags were either of gold, ſilver, or braſs, according to the quality of the wearer; and were commonly in the ſhape of little images; or at leaſt had a head cut at the extremity. The French call them, *aiguillettes*. Mezeray, ſpeaking of Henry IIId's ſorrow for the death of the princeſs of Conti, ſays, "—*portant meme ſur les* aiguillettes *des petites tetes de mort.*" And as a *tall* man is before compared to a *lance ill-headed*; ſo, by the ſame figure, a *little man* is very aptly liken'd to an *aglet ill-cut*.

WARBURTON.

9 The alluſion is an ancient puniſhment of our law, called *peine fort et dure*, which was formerly inflicted on thoſe perſons, who, being indicted, refuſed to plead. In conſequence of their ſilence, they were preſſed to death by an heavy weight laid upon their ſtomach. This puniſhment the good ſenſe and humanity of the legiſlature have within theſe few years aboliſhed. MALONE.

2 *Swift* means *ready*. STEEVENS.

Hero. He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.

Urſ. I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,
Speaking my fancy; ſignior Benedick,
For ſhape, for bearing, argument,[3] and valour,
Goes foremoſt in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

Urſ. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.—
When are you married, madam?

Hero. Why, every day;—to-morrow: Come, go in;
I'll ſhow thee ſome attires; and have thy counſel,
Which is the beſt to furniſh me to-morrow.

Urſ. She's lim'd[4] I warrant you; we have caught her, madam?

Hero. If it prove ſo, then loving goes by haps:
Some Cupid kills with arrows, ſome with traps.

[*Exeunt* HERO *and* URSULA.

BEATRICE *advances.*

Beat. What fire is in mine ears?[5] Can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and ſcorn ſo much?
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of ſuch.
And, Benedick, love on, I will requite thee;
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;[6]
If thou doſt love, my kindneſs ſhall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band:

For

[3] This word ſeems here to ſignify *diſcourſe*, or, the *powers* of reaſoning. JOHNSON.

Argument, in the preſent inſtance, certainly means *converſation.* STEEVENS.

[4] She is enſnared and entangled as a ſparrow with *birdlime.* JOHNSON.

[5] Alluding to a proverbial ſaying of the common people, that their ears burn, when others are talking of them. WARBURTON.

The opinion whence this proverbial ſaying is derived, is of great antiquity, being thus mentioned by Pliny: "Moreover is not this an opinion generally received, That when our *ears do glow and tingle*, ſome there be that in our abſence doe talke of us?" *Philemon Holland's Tranſlation*, B. XXVIII. p. 297, *and Brown's Vulgar Errors.* REED.

[6] This image is taken from falconry. She had been charged with being as wild as *baggards of the rock*; ſhe therefore ſays, that *wild* as her *heart* is, ſhe will *tame* it *to the hand.* JOHNSON.

For others ſay, thou doſt deſerve; and I
Believe it better than reportingly. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Room in LEONATO'S *Houſe.*

Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, *and* LEONATO.

D. Pedro. I do but ſtay till your marriage be conſummate, and then go I toward Arragon.

Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchſafe me.

D. Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a ſoil in the new gloſs of your marriage, as to ſhow a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the ſole of his foot, he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-ſtring, and the little hangman dare not ſhoot at him: he hath a heart as ſound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue ſpeaks.[7]

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So ſay I; methinks, you are ſadder.

Claud. I hope, he be in love.

D. Pedro. Hang him, truant; there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd with love: if he be ſad, he wants money.

Bene. I have the tooth-ach.

D. Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it!

Claud. You muſt hang it firſt, and draw it afterwards.

D. Pedro. What? ſigh for the tooth-ach?

Leon. Where is but a humour, or a worm?

Bene. Well, every one can maſter a grief, but he that has it.

Claud. Yet ſay I, he is in love.

D. Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unleſs it

7 A covert alluſion to the old proverb:

"As the fool thinketh
"So the bell clinketh." STEEVENS.

it be a fancy that he hath to ſtrange diſguiſes;[8] as, to be a Dutch-man to-day; a Frenchman to-morrow; or in the ſhape of two countries at once, as, a German from the waiſt downward, all ſlops;[9] and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet:[2] Unleſs he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with ſome woman, there is no believing old ſigns: he bruſhes his hat o' mornings; What ſhould that bode?

D. Pedro. Hath any man ſeen him at the barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been ſeen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already ſtuffed tennis-balls.

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loſs of a beard.

D. Pedro. Nay, he rubs himſelf with civet: Can you ſmell him out by that?

Claud. That's as much as to ſay, The ſweet youth's in love.

D. Pedro. The greateſt note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to waſh his face?

D. Pedro. Yea, or to paint himſelf? for the which, I hear what they ſay of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jeſting ſpirit; which is now crept into a luteſtring,[3] and now govern'd by ſtops.

D. Pedro. Indeed that tells a heavy tale for him: Conclude, conclude, he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

D. Pedro. That would I know too; I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud.

[8] Here is a play upon the word *fancy*, which Shakſpeare uſes for *love* as well as for *humour*, *caprice*, or *affectation*. JOHNSON.

[9] *Slops* are large looſe *breeches*, or *trowſers*, worn only by ſailors at preſent. STEEVENS.

Hence evidently the term *ſlop-ſeller*, for the venders of ready made cloaths. NICHOLS.

[2] There can be no doubt but we ſhould read, *all* doublet, which correſponds with the actual dreſs of the old Spaniards. As the paſſage now ſtands, it is a negative deſcription, which is in truth no deſcription at all. M. MASON.

[3] *Love*-ſongs in our author's time were generally ſung to the muſick of the lute. MALONE.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in deſpite of all, dies for him.

D. Pedro. She ſhall be buried with her face upwards.[4]

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ach.—Old ſignior, walk aſide with me; I have ſtudied eight or nine wiſe words to ſpeak to you, which theſe hobby-horſes muſt not hear.

[*Exeunt* BENEDICK *and* LEONATO.

D. Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'Tis even ſo: Hero and Margaret have by this play'd their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another, when they meet.

Enter Don JOHN.

D. John. My lord and brother, God ſave you.

D. Pedro. Good den, brother.

D. John. If your leiſure ſerv'd, I would ſpeak with you.

D. Pedro. In private?

D. John. If it pleaſe you;—yet count Claudio may hear; for what I would ſpeak of, concerns him.

D. Pedro. What's the matter?

D. John. Means your lordſhip to be married to-morrow?

[*To* CLAUDIO.

D. Pedro. You know, he does.

D. John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you diſcover it.

D. John. You may think, I love you not; let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifeſt: For my brother, I think, he holds you well; and in deatneſs of heart hath holp to effect your enſuing marriage: ſurely, ſuit ill ſpent, and labour ill beſtowed!

D. Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

D. John. I came hither to tell you; and, circumſtances ſhorten'd, (for ſhe hath been too long a talking of,) the lady is diſloyal.

Claud. Who? Hero?

D. John. Even ſhe? Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

[4] The meaning ſeems to be, that ſhe who acted upon principles contrary to others, ſhould be buried with the ſame contrariety. JOHNSON.

Claud. Diſloyal?

D. John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedneſs; I could ſay, ſhe were worſe; think you of a worſe title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant: go but with me to-night, you ſhall ſee her chamber-window enter'd; even the night before her wedding day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be ſo?

D. Pedro. I will not think it.

D. John. If you dare not truſt that you ſee, confeſs not that you know: if you will follow me, I will ſhow you enough; and when you have ſeen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I ſee any thing to-night why I ſhould not marry her to-morrow; in the congregation, where I ſhould wed, there will I ſhame her.

D. Pedro. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to diſgrace her.

D. John. I will diſparage her no farther, till you are my witneſſes: bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the iſſue ſhow itſelf.

D. Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

Claud. O miſchief ſtrangely thwarting!

D. John. O plague right well prevented! So will you ſay, when you have ſeen the ſequel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Street.*

Enter DOGBERRY *and* VERGES,[5] *with the* Watch.

Dogb. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or elſe it were pity but they ſhould ſuffer ſalvation, body and ſoul.

Dogb. Nay, that were a puniſhment too good for them, if they ſhould have any allegiance in them, being choſen for the prince's watch.

Verg.

5 The firſt of theſe worthies had his name from the *Dog-berry*, i. e. the female cornel, a ſhrub that grows in the hedges in every county of England. *Verges* is only the provincial pronunciation of *Verjuice*.

Verg. Well, give them their charge,[6] neighbour Dogberry.

Dogb. Firſt, who think you the moſt deſartleſs man to be conſtable?

1 *Watch.* Hugh Oatcake, ſir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal: God hath bleſſed you with a good name: to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

2 *Watch.* Both which, maſter conſtable,——

Dogb. You have; I knew it would be your anſwer. Well, for your favour, ſir, why, give God thanks, and make no boaſt of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of ſuch vanity. You are thought here to be the moſt ſenſeleſs and fit man for the conſtable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern: This is your charge; You ſhall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man ſtand, in the prince's name.

2 *Watch.* How if he will not ſtand?

Dogb. Why then, take no note of him, but let him go; and preſently call the reſt of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not ſtand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's ſubjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's ſubjects:—You ſhall alſo make no noiſe in the ſtreets; for, for the watch to babble and to talk, is moſt tolerable and not to be endured.

2 *Watch.* We will rather ſleep than talk; we know what belongs to a watch.

Dogb. Why, you ſpeak like an ancient and moſt quiet watchman; for I cannot ſee how ſleeping ſhould offend: only, have a care that your bills be not ſtolen:[7]—Well, you are to

[6] To *charge* his fellows, ſeems to have been a regular part of the duty of the conſtable of the Watch. MALONE.

[7] A *bill* is ſtill carried by the watchmen at Litchfield. It was the old weapon of Engliſh infantry, which, ſays Temple, *gave the moſt ghaſtly and deplorable wounds.* It may be called *ſecuris falcata.* JOHNSON.

About Shakſpeare's time *halberds* were the weapons borne by the watchmen, as appears from Blount's *Voyage to the Levant*: "—certaine Janizaries, who with great ſtaves guard each ſtreet, as our night watchmen with *bolberds* in London." REED.

call at all the alehouſes, and bid thoſe that are drunk get them to bed.

2 *Watch.* How if they will not?

Dogb. Why then, let them alone till they are ſober; if they make you then the better anſwer, you may ſay, they are not the men you took them for.

2 *Watch.* Well, ſir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may ſuſpect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man: and, for ſuch kind of men, the leſs you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honeſty.

2 *Watch.*

The following repreſentation of a *watchman*, with his *bill* on his ſhoulder, is copied from the title-page to Decker's *O per ſe O*, &c. qto. 1612:

STEVENS.

2 *Watch.* If we know him to be a thief, ſhall we not lay hands on him?

Dogb. Truly, by your office, you may; but, I think, they that touch pitch will be defiled: the moſt peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him ſhow himſelf what he is, and ſteal out of your company.

Verg. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

Dogb. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man who hath any honeſty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you muſt call to the nurſe, and bid her ſtill it.[7]

2 *Watch.* How if the nurſe be aſleep, and will not hear us?

Dogb. Why then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying: for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never anſwer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the charge. You, conſtable, are to preſent the prince's own perſon; if you meet the prince in the night, you may ſtay him.

Verg. Nay by'r lady, that, I think, he cannot.

Dogb. Five ſhillings to one on't, with any man that knows the ſtatues, he may ſtay him: marry, not without the prince be willing: for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to ſtay a man againſt his will.

Verg. By'r lady, I think, it be ſo.

Dogb. Ha, ha, ha! Well, maſters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me: keep your

[7] It is not impoſſible but that part of this ſcene was intended as a burleſque on *The Statutes of the Streets*, imprinted by Wolfe, in 1595.

Ben Jonſon, however, appears to have ridiculed this ſcene in the Induction to his *Bartholomew-Fair*:

"And then a ſubſtantial *watch* to have ſtole in upon 'em, and taken them away with *miſtaking words*, as the faſhion is in the ſtage practice."

STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens obſerves, and I believe juſtly, that Ben Jonſon intended to ridicule this ſcene in his induction to *Bartholomew-Fair*; yet in his *Tale of a Tub*, he makes his wiſe men of Finſbury ſpeak juſt in the ſame ſtyle, and blunder in the ſame manner, without any ſuch intention.

M. MASON.

fellows' counſels and your own,[8] and good night.—Come, neighbour.

2 *Watch.* Well, maſters, we hear our charge: let us go ſit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to-bed.

Dogb. One word more, honeſt neighbours: I pray you, watch about ſignior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to night: Adieu, be vigitant, I beſeech you.

[*Exeunt* DOGBERRY *and* VERGES.

Enter BORACHIO *and* CONRADE.

Bora. What! Conrade,—

Watch. Peace, ſtir not. [*Aſide.*

Bora. Conrade, I ſay!

Con. Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Maſs, and my elbow itch'd; I thought, there would a ſcab follow.

Con. I will owe thee an anſwer for that; and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee cloſe then under this pent-houſe, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard,[9] utter all to thee.

Watch. [*Aſide.*] Some treaſon, maſters; yet ſtand cloſe.

Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of Don John a thouſand ducats.

Con. Is it poſſible that any villainy ſhould be ſo dear?

Bora. Thou ſhould'ſt rather aſk, if it were poſſible any villainy ſhould be ſo rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bora. That ſhows, thou art unconfirm'd:[2] Thou knoweſt, that the faſhion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora.

8 This is part of the oath of a grand juryman; and is one of many proofs of Shakſpeare's having been very converſant, at ſome period of his life, with legal proceedings and courts of juſtice. MALONE.

9 I ſuppoſe, it was on this account that Shakſpeare called him *Borachio*, from *Boraccho*, Spaniſh, a drunkard; or *Borracha*, a leathern receptacle for wine. STEEVENS.

2 i. e. unpractiſed in the ways of the world. WARBURTON.

Bora. I mean, the faſhion.

Con. Yes, the faſhion is the faſhion.

Bora. Tuſh! I may as well ſay, the fool's the fool. But ſee'ſt thou not what a deformed thief this faſhion is?

Watch. I know that Deformed; he has been a vile thief this ſeven year; he goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

Bora. Didſt thou not hear ſomebody?

Con. No; 'twas the vane on the houſe.

Bora. Seeſt thou not, I ſay, what a deformed thief this faſhion is? how giddily he turns about all the hot bloods, between fourteen and five and thirty? ſometime, faſhioning them like Pharaoh's ſoldiers in the reechy painting;[3] ſometime, like god Bel's prieſts[4] in the old church window; ſometime, like the ſhaven Hercules[5] in the ſmirch'd[6] worm-

[3] ——— reechy *painting*;] Is painting diſcoloured by ſmoke. STEEVENS.

[4] Alluding to ſome aukward repreſentation of the ſtory of *Bel and the Dragon*, as related in the Apocrypha. STEEVENS.

[5] By the *ſhaven Hercules* is meant *Samſon*, the uſual ſubject of old tapeſtry. In this ridicule on the faſhion, the poet has not unartfully given a ſtroke at the barbarous workmanſhip of the common tapeſtry hangings, then ſo much in uſe. The ſame kind of raillery Cervantes has employed on the like occaſion, when he brings his knight and 'ſquire to an inn, where they found the ſtory of Dido and Æneas repreſented in bad tapeſtry. On Sancho's ſeeing the tears fall from the eyes of the forſaken queen as big as walnuts, he hopes that when their atchievements became the general ſubject for theſe ſorts of works, that fortune would ſend them a better artiſt.—What authoriſed the poet to give this name to Sampſon was the folly of certain Chriſtian mythologiſts, who pretend that the Grecian Hercules was the Jewiſh Sampſon. The retenue of our author is to be commended: The ſober audience of that time would have been offended with the mention of a venerable name on ſo light an occaſion. Shakſpeare is indeed ſometimes licentious in theſe matters: But to do him juſtice, he generally ſeems to have a ſenſe of religion, and to be under its influence. What Pedro ſays of Benedick, in this comedy, may be well enough applied to him: *The man doth fear God, however it ſeems not to be in him by ſome large jeſts he will make.* WARBURTON.

I believe that Shakſpeare knew nothing of theſe Chriſtian mythologiſts, and by the *ſhaven Hercules* meant only *Hercules when ſhaved to make him look like a woman*, while he remained in the ſervice of Omphale, his Lydian miſtreſs. Had the *ſhaven Hercules* been meant to repreſent Sampſon, he would probably have been equipped with a *jaw bone* inſtead of a *club*. STEEVENS.

[6] *Smirch'd* is ſoiled, obſcured. STEEVENS.

eaten tapeſtry, where his codpiece ſeems as maſſy as his club?

Con. All this I ſee; and ſee, that the faſhion wears out more apparel than the man: But art not thou thyſelf giddy with the faſhion too, that thou haſt ſhifted out of thy tale into telling me of the faſhion?

Bora. Not ſo neither: but know, that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero; ſhe leans me out at her miſtreſs' chamber-window, bids me a thouſand times good night,—I tell this tale vilely:—I ſhould firſt tell thee, how the prince, Claudio, and my maſter, planted, and placed, and poſſeſſed by my maſter Don John, ſaw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Con. And thought they, Margaret was Hero?

Bora. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil my maſter knew ſhe was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which firſt poſſeſſed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villainy, which did confirm any ſlander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; ſwore he would meet her as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, ſhame her with what he ſaw over-night, and ſend her home again without a huſband.

1 *Watch.* We charge you in the prince's name, ſtand.

2 *Watch.* Call up the right maſter conſtable: We have here recovered the moſt dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the common-wealth.

1 *Watch.* And one Deformed is one of them; I know him, he wears a lock.

Con. Maſters, maſters,—

2 *Watch.* You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Con. Maſters,—

1 *Watch.* Never ſpeak; we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of theſe men's bills.[7]

Con.

[7] Here is a cluſter of conceits. *Commodity* was formerly as now, the uſual term for an article of merchandiſe. To *take up*, beſides its com-

mon

Con. A commodity in queſtion,[8] I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in LEONATO'S *Houſe.*

Enter HERO, MARGARET, *and* URSULA.

Hero. Good Urſula, wake my couſin Beatrice, and deſire her to riſe.

Urſ. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urſ. Well. [*Exit* URSULA.

Marg. Troth, I think, your other rabato[9] were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth, it's not ſo good; and I warrant, your couſin will ſay ſo.

Hero. My couſin's a fool, and thou art another; I'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner:[2] and your gown's a moſt rare faſhion, i'faith. I ſaw the ducheſs of Milan's gown, that they praiſe ſo.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they ſay.

Marg. By my troth it's but a night-gown in reſpect of

mon meaning, (*to apprehend*,) was the phraſe for obtaining goods on credit. "If a man is thorough with them in honeſt *taking up*, (ſays Falſtaff,) then they muſt ſtand upon ſecurity." *Bill* was the term both for a ſingle bond, and a halberd. We have the ſame conceit in *King Henry VI.* P. II: "My lord, when ſhall we go to Cheapſide, and *take up commodities* upon our *bills?*" MALONE.

[8] i. e. a commodity ſubject to judicial trial or examination. Thus Hooker: "Whoſoever be found guilty, the communion book hath deſerved leaſt to be called *in queſtion* for this fault." STEEVENS.

[9] An ornament for the neck, a collar-band or kind of ruff. Fr. *Rabat.* Menage ſaith it comes from *rabattre*, to put back, becauſe it was at firſt nothing but the collar of the ſhirt or ſhift turn'd back towards the ſhoulders. T. HAWKINS.

[2] i. e. the falſe hair attached to the cap; for we learn from Stubbes's *Anatomie of Abuſes*, 1595, p. 40, that ladies were "not ſimplie content with their own haire, but did buy up other haire either of horſes, mares, or any other ſtrange beaſts, dying it of what collour they liſt themſelves." STEEVENS.

yours: Cloth of gold, and cuts, and laced with ſilver; ſet with pearls, down ſleeves, ſide-ſleeves,[3] and ſkirts round, underborne with a bluiſh tinſel: but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent faſhion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy!

Marg. 'Twill be heavier ſoon, by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee! art not aſhamed?

Marg. Of what, lady? of ſpeaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think, you would have me ſay, ſaving your reverence,—*a huſband:* an bad thinking do not wreſt true ſpeaking, I'll offend no body: Is there any harm in—*the heavier for a huſband?* None, I think, an it be the right huſband, and the right wife; otherwiſe 'tis light, and not heavy: Aſk my lady Beatrice elſe, here ſhe comes.

Enter BEATRICE.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, ſweet Hero.

Hero. Why, how now! do you ſpeak in the ſick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap us into—*Light o' love*;[4] that goes without a burden; do you ſing it, and I'll dance it.

Beat.

[3] ——ſide-*ſleeves,*] *Side*-ſleeves, I believe, mean *long* ones. So, in *Greene's Farewell to Follie*, 1617: "As great ſelfe-love lurketh in a *ſide*-gowne, as in a *ſhort* armour."

Such long ſleeves, within my memory, were worn by children, and were called *hanging-ſleeves*; a term which is preſerved in a line, I think, of Dryden:

"And miſs in *hanging-ſleeves* now ſhakes the dice."

Side or *ſyde* in the North of England, and in Scotland, is uſed for *long* when applied to a garment, and the word has the ſame ſignification in the Anglo-Saxon and Daniſh. STEEVENS.

Side-ſleeves were certainly *long*-ſleeves, as will appear from the following inſtance, in *Fitzherbert's Book of Huſbandry:* "Theyr cotes be ſo *ſyde* that they be fayne to tucke them up whan they ride, as women do theyr kyrtels whan they go to the market," &c. REED.

[4] This is the name of an old dance tune which has occurred already in *The*

Beat. Yea, *Light o' love*, with your heels!—then if you husband have stables enough, you'll see he shall lack no barns.[5]

Marg. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

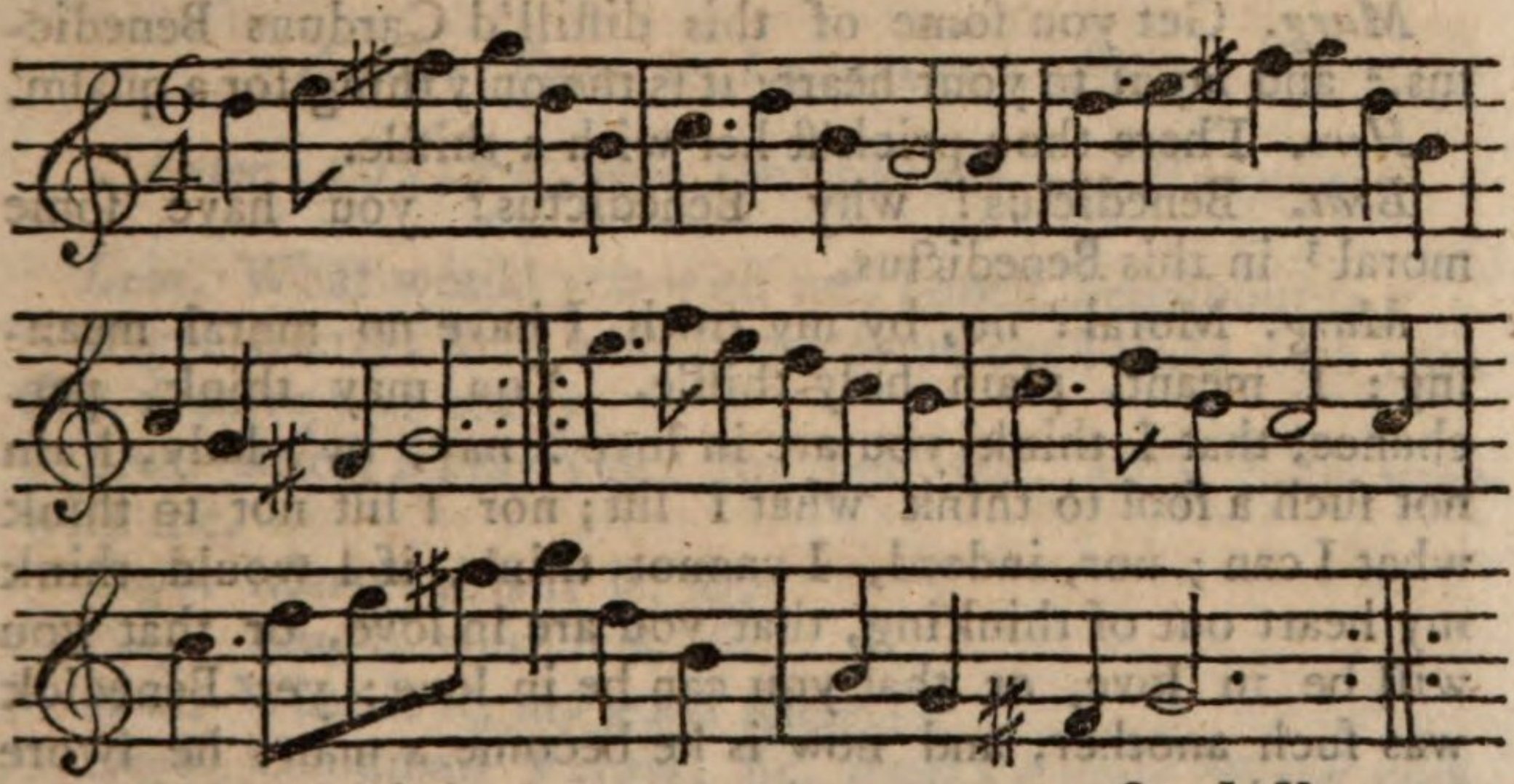
Beat. 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin; 'tis time you were ready. By my troth I am exceeding ill:—hey ho!

Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband.[6]

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.[7]

Marg. Well, an you be not turn'd Turk,[8] there's no more sailing by the star.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona. I have lately recovered it from an ancient MS. and it is as follows:



SIR J. HAWKINS.

[5] A quibble between *barns*, repositories of corn, and *bairns*, the old word for children. JOHNSON.

[6] "*Heigh ho for a husband*, or the willing maid's wants made known," is the title of an old ballad in the Pepysian Collection, in Magdalen College, Cambridge. MALONE.

[7] This is a poor jest, somewhat obscured, and not worth the trouble of elucidation.

Margaret asks Beatrice for what she cries, *hey ho*; Beatrice answers, for an H, that is for an *ache*, or *pain*. JOHNSON.

[8] i. e. taken captive by love, and turned a renegado to his religion. WARBURTON.

This interpretation is somewhat far-fetched, yet, perhaps, it is right. JOHNSON.

Hamlet uses the same expression, and talks of his *fortune's turning Turk*. *To turn Turk*, was a common phrase for a change of condition or opinion. STEEVENS.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?[9]

Marg. Nothing I; but God ſend every one their heart's deſire!

Hero. Theſe gloves the count ſent me, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am ſtuff'd, couſin, I cannot ſmell.

Marg. A maid, and ſtuff'd! there's goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O, God help me! God help me! how long have you profeſs'd apprehenſion?

Marg. Ever ſince you left it: Doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not ſeen enough, you ſhould wear it in your cap. —By my troth, I am ſick.

Marg. Get you ſome of this diſtill'd Carduus Benedictus,[2] and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prick'ſt her with a thiſtle.

Beat. Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have ſome moral[3] in this Benedictus.

Marg. Moral? no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thiſtle. You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love: nay, by'r lady, I am not ſuch a fool to think what I liſt; nor I liſt not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet Benedick was ſuch another, and now is he become a man: he ſwore he would never marry; and yet now, in deſpite of his heart, he

9. This obſolete exclamation of enquiry, is corrupted from *I trow*, or *trow you*, and occurs again in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*: "Who's there, *trow?*" To *trow*, is to *imagine*, to *conceive*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, the Nurſe ſays: "'Twas no need, *I trow*, to bid me trudge."

STEEVENS.

2. "*Carduus Benedictus*, or bleſſed thiſtle (ſays Cogan in his *Haven of Health*, 1595) ſo worthily named for the ſingular virtues that it hath."—"This herbe may worthily be called *Benedictus*, or *Omnimorbia*, that is, a ſalve for every ſore, not knowen to phyſitians of old time, but lately revealed by the ſpeciall providence of Almighty God."

STEEVENS.

3. That is, ſome ſecret meaning, like the *moral* of a fable. JOHNSON.

he eats his meat without grudging:[4] and how you may be converted, I know not; but methinks, you look with your eyes as other women do.[5]

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Marg. Not a falſe gallop.

Re-enter URSULA.

Urſ. Madam, withdraw; the prince, the count, ſignior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dreſs me, good coz, good Meg, good Urſula. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Another Room in LEONATO'S *Houſe.*

Enter LEONATO, *with* DOGBERRY *and* VERGES.

Leon. What would you with me, honeſt neighbour?

Dogb. Marry, ſir, I would have ſome confidence with you, that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for you ſee, 'tis a buſy time with me.

Dogb. Marry, this it is, ſir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, ſir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dogb. Goodman Verges, ſir, ſpeaks a little off the matter: an old man, ſir, and his wits are not ſo blunt, as, God help,

[4] I do not ſee how this is a proof of Benedick's change of mind. It would afford more proof of amorouſneſs to ſay, *he eats* not *his meat without grudging*; but it is impoſſible to fix the meaning of proverbial expreſſions, perhaps, *to eat meat without grudging*, was the ſame as, *to do as others do*: and the meaning is, *he is content to live by eating like other mortals, and will be content, notwithſtanding his boaſts, like other mortals, to have a wife.*

JOHNSON.

Johnſon conſiders this paſſage too literally. The meaning of it is, that Benedick *is in love, and takes kindly to it.* M. MASON.

The meaning, I think is, "and yet now, in ſpite of his reſolution to the contrary, he *feeds* on *love*, and likes his food." MALONE.

[5] i. e. you direct your eyes toward the ſame object; viz. a huſband.

STEEVENS.

help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest, as the skin between his brows. [6]

Verg. Yes, I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honester than I.[7]

Dogb. Comparisons are odorous: *palabras*,[8] neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogb. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers;[9] but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousness on me! ha!

Dogb. Yea, and 'twere a thousand times more than 'tis: for I hear as good exclamation on your worship, as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verg. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, have ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Dogb. A good old man, sir; he will be talking; as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out; God help us! it is a world to see! [2] —Well said, i'faith, neighbour Verges:—well,

[6] This is a proverbial expression. STEEVENS.

[7] There is much humour, and extreme good sense under the covering of this blundering expression. It is a sly insinuation, that length of years, and the being much *hackneied in the ways of men*, as Shakspeare expresses it, take off the gloss of virtue, and bring much defilement of the manners. For, as a great wit [Swift] says, *Youth is the season of virtue: corruptions grow with years, and I believe the oldest rogue in England is the greatest.* WARBURTON.

Much of this is true, but I believe Shakspeare did not intend to bestow all this reflection on the speaker. JOHNSON.

[8] So, in *The taming of a Shrew*, the Tinker says, *pocas pallabras*, i. e. few words. A scrap of Spanish, which might once have been current among the vulgar, and had appeared, as Mr. Henley observes, in *The Spanish Tragedy*: "*Pocas pallabras*, milde as the lambe." STEEVENS.

[9] This stroke of pleasantry has already occurredin *Measure for Measure*, Act II. sc. i. where Elbow says:—"If it please your honour, I am the *poor duke's* constable." STEEVENS.

[2] i. e. it is wonderful to see. STEEVENS.

well, God's a good man; An two men ride of a horſe, one muſt ride behind:[3]—An honeſt ſoul, i'faith, ſir; by my troth he is, as ever broke bread: but, God is to be worſhipp'd: All men are not alike; alas good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too ſhort of you.

Dogb. Gifts, that God gives.

Leon. I muſt leave you.

Dogb. One word, ſir: our watch, ſir, have, indeed, comprehended two aſpicious perſons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worſhip.

Leon. Take their examination yourſelf, and bring it me; I am now in great haſte, as it may appear unto you.

Dogb. It ſhall be ſuffigance.

Leon. Drink ſome wine ere you go: fare you well.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My lord, they ſtay for you to give your daughter to her huſband.

Leon. I will wait upon them; I am ready.

[*Exeunt* LEONATO *and* Meſſenger.

Dogb. Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacoal, bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol; we are now to examination theſe men.

Verg. And we muſt do it wiſely.

Dogb. We will ſpare for no wit, I warrant you; here's that [*Touching his forehead.*] ſhall drive ſome of them to a *non com:*[4] only get the learned writer to ſet down our excommunication, and meet me at the gaol. [*Exeunt.*

[3] This is not out of place, or without meaning. Dogberry, in his vanity of ſuperior parts, apologizing for his neighbour, obſerves, that *of two men on an horſe, one muſt ride behind.* The *firſt* place of rank or underſtanding can belong but to *one*, and that happy *one* ought not to deſpiſe his inferiour. JOHNSON.

[4] i. e. to a *non compos mentis*; put them out of their wits:—or perhaps he confounds the term with *non-plus.* MALONE.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The inside of a Church.

Enter Don PEDRO, *Don* JOHN, LEONATO, Friar, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, HERO, *and* BEATRICE, *&c.*

Leon. Come, friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

Claud. No.

Leon. To be married to her, friar; you come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be married to this count?

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediments why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my lord.

Friar. Know you any, count?

Leon. I dare make his answer, none.

Claud. O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do! not knowing what they do!

Bene. How now! Interjections? Why, then some be of laughing,[6] as, ha! ha! he!

Claud. Stand thee by, friar:—Father, by your leave;
Will you with free and unconstrained soul
Give me this maid, your daughter?

Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back, whose worth
May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

D. Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.—
There, Leonato, take her back again;
Give not this rotten orange to your friend;
She's but the sign and semblance of her honour:—
Behold, how like a maid she blushes here!

O, what

[5] This is borrowed from our marriage Ceremony, which (with a few slight changes in phraseology) is the same as was used in the time of Shakspeare. DOUCE.

[6] This is a quotation from the *Accidence*. JOHNSON.

O, what authority and ſhow of truth
Can cunning ſin cover itſelf withal!
Comes not that blood, as modeſt evidence,
To witneſs ſimple virtue? Would you not ſwear,
All you that ſee her, that ſhe were a maid,
By theſe exterior ſhows? But ſhe is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed: [7]
Her bluſh is guiltineſs, not modeſty,
Leon. What do you mean, my lord?
Claud. Not to be married,
Not knit my ſoul to an approved wanton.
Leon. Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof [8]
Have vanquiſh'd the reſiſtance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity,——
Claud. I know what you would ſay; If I have known her,
You'll ſay, ſhe did embrace me as a huſband,
And ſo extenuate the 'forehand ſin:
No, Leonato,
I never tempted her with word too large; [9]
But, as a brother to his ſiſter, ſhow'd
Baſhful ſincerity, and comely love.
Hero. And ſeem'd I ever otherwiſe to you?
Claud. Out on thy ſeeming! I will write againſt it:
You ſeem to me as Dian in her orb;
As chaſte as is the bud [2] ere it be blown;
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than Venus, or thoſe pamper'd animals
That rage in ſavage ſenſuality.
Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth ſpeak ſo wide? [3]
Leon. Sweet prince, why ſpeak not you?
D. Pedro. What ſhould I ſpeak?
I ſtand diſhonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common ſtale.
Leon. Are theſe things ſpoken? or do I but dream?

D. John.

[7] That is, *laſcivious*. *Luxury* is the confeſſor's term for unlawful pleaſures of the ſex. JOHNSON.

[8] In *your own proof* may ſignify *in your own trial of her*. TYRWHITT.

[9] So he uſes *large jeſts* in this play, for *licentious*, *not reſtrained within due bounds*. JOHNSON.

[2] Before the air has taſted its ſweetneſs. JOHNSON.

[3] i. e. ſo remotely from the preſent buſineſs.

D. John. Sir, they are ſpoken, and theſe things are true.
Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.
Hero. True, O God!
Claud. Leonato, ſtand I here?
Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother?
Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?
Leon. All this is ſo: But what of this, my lord?
Claud. Let me but move one queſtion to your daughter;
And, by that fatherly and kindly power [4]
That you have in her, bid her anſwer truly.
Leon. I charge thee do ſo, as thou art my child.
Hero. O God defend me! how am I beſet!—
What kind of catechizing call you this?
Claud. To make you anſwer truly to your name.
Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name
With any juſt reproach?
Claud. Marry, that can Hero;
Hero itſelf can blot out Hero's virtue.
What man was he talk'd with you yeſternight
Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid, anſwer to this.
Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.
D. Pedro. Why, then are you no maiden.—Leonato,
I am ſorry you muſt hear; Upon mine honour,
Myſelf, my brother, and this grieved count,
Did ſee her, hear her, at that hour laſt night,
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
Who hath, indeed, moſt like a liberal villain,[5]
Confeſs'd the vile encounters they have had
A thouſand times in ſecret.
D. John. Fie, fie! they are
Not to be nam'd, my lord, not to be ſpoke of;
There is not chaſtity enough in language,
Without

4 That is, *natural power*. *Kind* is *nature*. JOHNSON.

5 *Liberal* here, as in many places of theſe plays, means *frank beyond honeſty*, or *decency*. *Free of tongue*. Dr. Warburton unneceſſarily reads, *illiberal*. JOHNSON.

This ſenſe of the word *liberal* is not peculiar to Shakſpeare, John Taylor, in his *Suite concerning Players*, complains of the "many aſperſions very *liberally*, unmannerly, and ingratefully beſtowed upon him." FARMER.

Without offence, to utter them: Thus, pretty lady,
I am ſorry for thy much miſgovernment.

Claud. O Hero! what a Hero hadſt thou been,[6]
If half thy outward graces had been placed
About thy thoughts, and counſels of thy heart!
But, fare thee well, moſt foul, moſt fair! farewell,
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eye-lids ſhall conjecture[7] hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never ſhall it more be gracious.[8]

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?

[HERO *ſwoons.*

Beat. Why, how now, couſin? wherefore ſink you down?

D. John. Come, let us go: theſe things, come thus to light,
Smother her ſpirits up.

[*Exeunt Don* PEDRO, *Don* JOHN, *and* CLAUDIO,

Bene. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think;—Help, uncle;—
Hero! why, Hero!—Uncle!—Signior Benedick!—friar!

Leon. O fate, take not away thy heavy hand!
Death is the faireſt cover for her ſhame,
That may be wiſh'd for.

Beat. How now, couſin Hero?

Friar. Have comfort, lady.

Leon. Doſt thou look up?

Friar. Yea; Wherefore ſhould ſhe not?

Leon. Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry ſhame upon her? Could ſhe here deny
The ſtory that is printed in her blood?[9]—
Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes:
For did I think thou would'ſt not quickly die,
Thought I thy ſpirits were ſtronger than thy ſhames,
Myſelf would, on the rearward of reproaches,

Strike

[6] I am afraid here is intended a poor conceit upon the word *Hero*. JOHNSON.

[7] Conjecture is here uſed for ſuſpicion. MALONE.

[8] i. e. lovely, attractive. MALONE.

[9] That is, *the ſtory which her bluſhes diſcover to be true.* JOHNSON.

Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?[2]
O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?
Why ever waſt thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not, with charitable hand,
Took up a beggar's iſſue at my gates;
Who ſmirched thus, and mired with infamy,
I might have ſaid, *No part of it is mine,*
This ſhame derives itſelf from unknown loins?
But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud on;[3] mine ſo much,
That I myſelf was to myſelf not mine,
Valuing of her; why, ſhe—O, ſhe is fallen
Into a pit of ink! that the wide ſea
Hath drops too few to waſh her clean again;
And ſalt too little, which may ſeaſon give
To her foul tainted fleſh!

Bene. Sir, ſir, be patient:
For my part, I am ſo attir'd in wonder,
I know not what to ſay.

Beat. O, on my ſoul, my couſin is belied!

Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow laſt night?

Beat. No, truly, not; although, until laſt night,
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is ſtronger made,
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!

Would

[2] *Frame* is contrivance, order, diſpoſition of things, STEEVENS.

It ſeems to me, that by *frugal nature's frame*, Leonato alludes to the particular formation of himſelf, or of Hero's mother, rather than to the univerſal ſyſtem of things. *Frame* means here *framing*, as it does where Benedick ſays of John, that

"His ſpirits toil in *frame* of villains." M. MASON.

The meaning, I think, is,—Grieved I at nature's being ſo *frugal* as to have *framed* for me only one child? MALONE.

[3] The ſenſe requires that we ſhould read, *as* in theſe three places. The reaſoning of the ſpeaker ſtands thus—*Had this been my adopted child, her ſhame would not have rebounded on me. But this child was mine,* as *mine I lov'd her, praiſed her, was proud of her: conſequently, as I claimed the glory, I muſt needs be ſubject to the ſhame,* &c. WARBURTON.

Even of this ſmall alteration there is no need. The ſpeaker utters his emotion abruptly. But *mine, and mine* that *I lov'd,* &c. by an ellipſis frequent, perhaps too frequent, both in verſe and proſe. JOHNSON.

Would the two princes lie? and Claudio lie?
Who lov'd her ſo, that, ſpeaking of her foulneſs,
Waſh'd it with tears? Hence from her; let her die.

Friar. Hear me a little;
For I have only been ſilent ſo long,
And given way unto this courſe of fortune,
By noting of the lady: I have mark'd
A thouſand bluſhing apparitions ſtart
Into her face; a thouſand innocent ſhames
In angel whiteneſs bear away thoſe bluſhes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that theſe princes hold
Againſt her maiden truth:—Call me a fool;
Truſt not my reading, nor my obſervations,
Which with experimental ſeal doth warrant
The tenour of my book; [4] truſt not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this ſweet lady lie not guiltleſs here
Under ſome biting error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be:
Thou ſeeſt, that all the grace that ſhe hath left,
Is, that ſhe will not add to her damnation
A ſin of perjury; ſhe not denies it:
Why ſeek'ſt thou then to cover with excuſe
That which appears in proper nakedneſs?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of? [5]

Hero. They know, that do accuſe me; I know none:
If I know more of any man alive,

Than

[4] i. e. of what I have read. MALONE.

[5] The friar had juſt before boaſted his great ſkill in fiſhing out the truth. And, indeed, he appears by this queſtion to be no fool. He was by, all the while at the accuſation, and heard no name mentioned. Why then ſhould he aſk her what man ſhe was accuſed of? But in this lay the ſubtilty of his examination. For, had Hero been guilty, it is very probable that in that hurry and confuſion of ſpirits, into which the terrible inſult of her lover had thrown her, ſhe would never have obſerved that the man's name was not mentioned; and ſo, on this queſtion, have betrayed herſelf by naming the perſon ſhe was conſcious of an affair with. The Friar obſerved this, and ſo concluded, that were ſhe guilty, ſhe would probably fall into the trap he laid for her.—I only take notice of this to ſhow how admirably well Shakſpeare knew how to ſuſtain his characters. WARBURTON.

Than that which maiden modeſty doth warrant,
Let all my ſins lack mercy!—O my father,
Prove you that any man with me convers'd
At hours unmeet, or that I yeſternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuſe me, hate me, torture me to death.

Friar. There is ſome ſtrange miſpriſion in the princes.

Bene. Two of them have the very bent of honour;[6]
And if their wiſdoms be miſled in this,
The practice of it lives in John the baſtard,
Whoſe ſpirits toil in frame of villainies.

Leon. I know not; If they ſpeak but truth of her,
Theſe hands ſhall tear her; if they wrong her honour,
The proudeſt of them ſhall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet ſo dried this blood of mine,
Nor age ſo eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made ſuch havock of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me ſo much of friends,
But they ſhall find, awak'd in ſuch a kind,
Both ſtrength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.

Friar. Pauſe a while,
And let my counſel ſway you in this caſe.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead;
Let her awhile be ſecretly kept in,
And publiſh it, that ſhe is dead indeed:
Maintain a mourning oſtentation;[7]
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto her burial.

Leon. What ſhall become of this? What will this do?

Friar. Marry, this, well carried, ſhall on her behalf
Change ſlander to remorſe; that is ſome good:
But not for that, dream I on this ſtrange courſe,

But

[6] *Bent* is uſed by our author for the utmoſt degree of any paſſion, or mental quality. In this play before, Benedick ſays of Beatrice, *her affection has its full bent.* The expreſſion is derived from archery; the bow has its *bent*, when it is drawn as far as it can be. JOHNSON.

[7] ——*oſtentation*;] Show, appearance. JOHNSON.

But on this travail look for greater birth.
She dying, as it muſt be ſo maintain'd,
Upon the inſtant that ſhe was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pitied and excus'd,
Of every hearer: For it ſo falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and loſt,
Why, then we rack the value; [8] then we find
The virtue, that poſſeſſion would not ſhow us
Whiles it was ours:—So will it fare with Claudio:
When he ſhall hear ſhe died upon his words,[9]
The idea of her life ſhall ſweetly creep
Into his ſtudy of imagination;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparel'd in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and proſpect of his ſoul,
Than when ſhe liv'd indeed:—then ſhall he mourn,
(If ever love had intereſt in his liver,[2])
And wiſh he had not ſo accuſed her;
No, though he thought his accuſation true.
Let this be ſo, and doubt not but ſucceſs
Will faſhion the event in better ſhape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be levell'd falſe,
The ſuppoſition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy:
And, if it ſort not well, you may conceal her
(As beſt befits her wounded reputation,)
In ſome recluſive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar adviſe you:
And though, you know, my inwardneſs [3] and love

Is

[8] ——*we* rack *the value*;] i. e. we exaggerate the value. The alluſion is to *rack-rents*. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*died* upon *his words*,] i. e. died *by* them. STEEVENS.

[2] The liver, in conformity to ancient ſuppoſition, is frequently mentioned by Shakſpeare as the ſeat of love. Thus Piſtol repreſents Falſtaff as loving Mrs. Ford—"with *liver* burning hot." STEEVENS.

[3] ——*my* inwardneſs—] i. e. intimacy. STEEVENS.

Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As ſecretly, and juſtly, as your ſoul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
The ſmalleſt twine may lead me.[4]

Friar. 'Tis well conſented; preſently away;
For to ſtrange ſores ſtrangely they ſtrain the cure.—
Come, lady, die to live: this wedding day,
Perhaps, is but prolong'd; have patience, and endure.

[*Exeunt* FRIAR, HERO, *and* LEONATO.

Bene. Lady Beatrice,[5] have you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not deſire that.

Beat. You have no reaſon, I do it freely.

Bene. Surely, I do believe your fair couſin is wrong'd.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deſerve of me, that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to ſhow ſuch friendſhip?

Beat. A very even way, but no ſuch friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world ſo well as you; Is not that ſtrange?

Beat.

[4] This is one of our author's obſervations upon life. Men overpowered with diſtreſs, eagerly liſten to the firſt offers of relief, cloſe with every ſcheme, and believe every promiſe. He that has no longer any confidence in himſelf, is glad to repoſe his truſt in any other that will undertake to guide him. JOHNSON.

[5] The poet, in my opinion, has ſhown a great deal of diſtreſs in this ſcene. Beatrice here engages her lover to revenge the injury done her couſin Hero: and without this very natural incident, conſidering the character of Beatrice, and that the ſtory of her paſſion for Benedick was all a fable, ſhe could never have been eaſily or naturally brought to confeſs ſhe loved him, notwithſtanding all the foregoing preparation. And yet, on this confeſſion, in this very place, depended the whole ſucceſs of the plot upon her and Benedick. For had ſhe not owned her love here, they muſt have ſoon found out the trick, and then the deſign of bringing them together had been defeated; and ſhe would never have owned a paſſion ſhe had been only tricked into, had not her deſire of revenging her couſin's wrong made her drop her capricious humour at once.
WARBURTON.

Beat. As ſtrange as the thing I know not: It were as poſſible for me to ſay, I loved nothing ſo well as you: but believe me not; and yet I lie not; I confeſs nothing, nor I deny nothing:—I am ſorry for my couſin.

Bene. By my ſword, Beatrice, thou loveſt me.

Beat. Do not ſwear by it, and eat it.

Bene. I will ſwear by it, that you love me; and I will make him eat it, that ſays, I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no ſauce that can be deviſed to it: I proteſt, I love thee.

Beat. Why then, God forgive me!

Bene. What offence, ſweet Beatrice?

Beat. You have ſtaid me in a happy hour; I was about to proteſt, I loved you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with ſo much of my heart, that none is left to proteſt.

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny it: Farewell.

Bene. Tarry, ſweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am here; [6]—There is no love in you:—Nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. Beatrice,—

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends firſt.

Beat. You dare eaſier be friends with me, than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?

[6] i. e. I am out of your mind already, though I remain here in perſon before you. STEEVENS.

I cannot approve of Steevens's explanation of theſe words, and believe Beatrice means to ſay, "I am gone," that is, "I am loſt to you, though I am here." In this ſenſe Benedick takes them, and deſires to be friends with her. M. MASON.

Or, perhaps, my affection is withdrawn from you, though I am yet here. MALONE.

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath ſlander'd, ſcorn'd, diſhonour'd my kinſwoman?—O, that I were a man!—What! bear her in hand[7] until they come to take hands; and then with publick accuſation, uncovered ſlander, unmitigated rancour—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice.

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window?—a proper ſaying!

Bene. Nay but, Beatrice;—

Beat. Sweet Hero!—ſhe is wrong'd, ſhe is ſlander'd, ſhe is undone.

Beat. Beat—

Beat. Princes, and counties![8] Surely, a princely teſtimony, a goodly count-confect;[9] a ſweet gallant, ſurely! O that I were a man for his ſake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my ſake! But manhood is melted into courteſies,[2] valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too:[3] he is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lie, and ſwears it:—I cannot be a man with wiſhing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice: by this hand, I love thee.

Beat. Uſe it for my love ſome other way than ſwearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your ſoul, the count Claudio hath wrong'd Hero?

Beat. Yea, as ſure as I have a thought, or a ſoul.

Bene. Enough, I am engaged, I will challenge him; I will kiſs your hand, and ſo leave you: By this hand, Claudio ſhall render me a dear account: As you hear of me, ſo think of me. Go, comfort your couſin: I muſt ſay, ſhe is dead; and ſo farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

7 i. e. delude her by fair promiſes. STEEVENS.

8 *County* was the ancient general term for a *nobleman.* See a note on the *County* Paris in *Romeo and Juliet.* STEEVENS.

9 i. e. a ſpecious nobleman made out of ſugar. STEEVENS.

2 i. e. into ceremonious obeiſance, like the *courteſies* dropped by women. STEEVENS.

3 Mr. Heath would read *tongues*, but he miſtakes the conſtruction of the ſentence, which is—not only men but trim ones, are turned into tongue, i. e. not only *common*, but *clever* men, &c. STEEVENS.

SCENE II.[4]

A Priſon.

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, *and* Sexton, *in gowns*;[5] *and the* Watch, *with* CONRADE *and* BORACHIO.

Dogb. Is our whole diſſembly appear'd?
Verg. O, a ſtool and a cuſhion for the ſexton!
Sexton. Which be the malefactors?
Dogb. Marry, that am I and my partner.
Verg. Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition to examine.

[4] The perſons, throughout this ſcene, have been ſtrangely confounded in the modern editions. The firſt error has been the introduction of a *Town-Clerk*, who is, indeed, mentioned in the ſtage-direction, prefixed to this ſcene in the old editions, (*Enter the Conſtables, Borachio, and the Towne-Clerke, in Gownes,*) but no where elſe; nor is there a ſingle ſpeech aſcribed to him in thoſe editions. The part, which he might reaſonably have been expected to take upon this occaſion, is performed by *the Sexton*; who aſſiſts at, or rather directs, the examinations; ſets them down in writing, and reports them to Leonato. It is probable, therefore, I think, that *the Sexton* has been ſtyled *the Town-Clerk*, in the ſtage-direction above-mentioned, from his doing the duty of ſuch an officer. But the editors, having brought *both Sexton and Town-Clerk* upon the ſtage, were unwilling, as it ſeems, that the latter ſhould be a mute perſonage; and therefore they have put into his mouth *almoſt all the abſurdities* which the poet certainly intended for his ignorant *conſtable*. To rectify this confuſion, little more is neceſſary than to go back to the old editions, remembering that the names of *Kempe* and *Cowley*, two celebrated actors of the time, are put in this ſcene, for the names of the perſons repreſented, viz. *Kempe* for *Dogberry*, and *Cowley* for *Verges*. TYRWHITT.

I have followed Mr. Tyrwhitt's regulation, which is undoubtedly juſt; but have left Mr. Theobald's notes as I found them. STEEVENS.

[5] It appears from *The Black Book*, 4to. 1604, that this was the dreſs of a conſtable in our author's time: "—when they miſt their *conſtable*, and ſawe the *black gowne* of his office lye full in a puddle———."

The Sexton (as Mr. Tyrwhitt obſerved) is ſtyled in this ſtage-direction, in the old copies, *the Town-Clerk*, "probably from his doing the duty of ſuch an officer." But this error has only happened here; for throughout the ſcene itſelf he is deſcribed by his proper title. By miſtake alſo in the quarto, and the folio, which appears to have been printed from it, the name of Kempe (an actor in our author's theatre) throughout this ſcene is prefixed to the ſpeeches of Dogberry, and that of Cowley to thoſe of Verges, except in two or three inſtances, where either *Conſtable* or *Andrew* are ſubſtituted for Kempe. MALONE.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before maſter conſtable.

Dogb. Yea, marry, let them come before me.—What is your name, friend?

Bora. Borachio.

Dogb. Pray write down—Borachio——Yours, ſirrah?

Con. I am a gentleman, ſir, and my name is Conrade.

Dogb. Write down—maſter gentleman Conrade.—Maſters, do you ſerve God?

Con. Bora. Yea, ſir, we hope.

Dogb. Write down—that they hope they ſerve God:—and write God firſt; for God defend but God ſhould go before ſuch villains! [6]—Maſters, it is proved already that you are little better than falſe knaves; and it will go near to be thought ſo ſhortly. How anſwer you for yourſelves?

Con. Marry, ſir, we ſay we are none.

Dogb. A marvellous witty fellow, I aſſure you; but I will go about with him.—Come you hither, ſirrah; a word in your ear, ſir; I ſay to you, it is thought you are falſe knaves.

Bora. Sir, I ſay to you, we are none.

Dogb. Well, ſtand aſide.—'Fore God, they are both in a tale: [7] Have you writ down—that they are none?

Sexton. Maſter conſtable, you go not the way to examine; you muſt call forth the watch that are their accuſers.

Dogb. Yea, marry, that's the efteſt way:—Let the watch come forth:—Maſters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuſe theſe men.

1 *Watch.*

[6] This ſhort paſſage, which is truly humorous and in character, I have added from the old quarto. Beſides, it ſupplies a defect; for without it, the Town-Clerk aſks a queſtion of the priſoners, and goes on without ſtaying for any anſwer to it. THEOBALD.

The omiſſion of this paſſage ſince the edition of 1600, may be accounted for from the ſtat. 3 Jac. I. c. 21. the ſacred name being jeſtingly uſed four times in one line. BLACKSTONE.

[7] This is an admirable ſtroke of humour: *Dogberry* ſays of the priſoners that they are falſe knaves; and from that denial of the charge, which one in his wits could not but be ſuppoſed to make, he infers a communion of counſels, and records it in the examination as an evidence of their guilt. SIR J. HAWKINS.

If the learned annotator will amend his comment by omitting the word *guilt*, and inſerting the word *innocence*, it will (except as to the ſuppoſed inference of a communication of counſels, which ſhould likewiſe be omitted or corrected) be a juſt and pertinent remark. RITSON.

1 *Watch.* This man ſaid, ſir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Dogb. Write down—prince John a villain:—Why this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother—villain.

Bora. Maſter conſtable,—

Dogb. Pray thee, fellow, peace; I do not like thy look, I promiſe thee.

Sexton. What heard you him ſay elſe?

2 *Watch.* Marry, that he had received a thouſand ducats of Don John, for accuſing the lady Hero wrongfully.

Dogb. Flat burglary, as ever was committed.

Verg. Yea, by the maſs, that it is.

Sexton. What elſe, fellow?

1 *Watch.* And that count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to diſgrace Hero before the whole aſſembly, and not marry her.

Dogb. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlaſting redemption for this.

Sexton. What elſe?

2 *Watch.* This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, maſters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning ſecretly ſtolen away; Hero was in this manner accuſed, in this very manner refuſed, and upon the grief of this, ſuddenly died.—Maſter conſtable, let theſe men be bound, and brought to Leonato's; I will go before and ſhow him their examination. [*Exit.*

Dogb. Come, let them be opinion'd.

Verg. Let them be in band.[8]

[8] I had conjectured that theſe words ſhould be given to *Verges*, and read thus—*Let them bind their* hands. I am ſtill of opinion that the paſſage belongs to *Verges*; but, for the true reading of it, I ſhould wiſh to adopt a much neater emendation, which has ſince been ſuggeſted to me in converſation by Mr. Steevens—*Let them be in band.* Shakſpeare, as he obſerved to me, commonly uſes *band* for *bond.* TYRWHITT.

It is plain that they were *bound* from a ſubſequent ſpeech of Pedro: "Whom have you offended, maſters, that you are thus *bound* to your anſwer?" STEEVENS.

Mr. Theobald gives theſe words to Conrade, and ſays—*But why the Sexton ſhould be ſo pert upon his brother officers, there ſeems no reaſon from any ſuperior qualifications in him; or any ſuſpicion he ſhows of knowing their ignorance.* This is ſtrange. The Sexton throughout ſhows as good ſenſe in their

Con. Off, coxcomb!

Dogb. God's my life! where's the ſexton? let him write down—the prince's officer, coxcomb.—Come, bind them: ——Thou naughty varlet!

Con. Away! you are an aſs, you are an aſs.

Dogb. Doſt thou not ſuſpect my place? Doſt thou not ſuſpect my years?—O that he were here to write me down—an aſs!—but, maſters, remember, that I am an aſs; though it be not written done, yet forget not that I am an aſs:—No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as ſhall be proved upon thee by good witneſs. I am a wiſe fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a houſholder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of fleſh as any is in Meſſina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had loſſes; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handſome about him:—Bring him away. O, that I had been writ down—an aſs!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before LEONATO'S *Houſe.*

Enter LEONATO *and* ANTONIO.

Ant. If you go on thus, you will kill yourſelf;

And

their examination as any judge upon the bench could do. And as to *his ſuſpicion of their ignorance*, he tells the Town-Clerk, *That he goes not the way to examine.* The meanneſs of his name hindred our editor from ſeeing the goodneſs of his ſenſe. But this Sexton was an eccleſiaſtic of one of the inferior orders called the *ſacriſtan*, and not a *brother officer*, as the editor calls him. I ſuppoſe the book from whence the poet took his ſubject, was ſome old Engliſh novel tranſlated from the Italian, where the word *ſaxriſtano* was rendered *ſexton*. Dogberry would have them pinion'd. The Sexton ſays, it was ſufficient if they were kept in ſafe cuſtody, and then goes out. When one of the watchmen comes up to bind them, Conrade ſays, *Off, coxcomb!* as he ſays afterwards to the conſtable, *Away! you are an aſs.*—But the editor adds, *The old quarto gave me the firſt umbrage for placing it to Conrade.*—What theſe words mean I don't know: but I ſuſpect the old quarto divides the paſſage as I have done. WARBURTON.

Theobald has fairly given the reading of the quarto.

Dr. Warburton's aſſertion, as to the dignity of a *ſexton* or *ſacriſtan*, may be ſupported by the following paſſage in Stanyhurſt's *Verſion of the fourth Book of the Æneid*, where he calls the Maſſylian prieſteſs:

And 'tis not wiſdom, thus to ſecond grief
Againſt yourſelf.
Leon. I pray thee, ceaſe thy counſel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitleſs
As water in a ſieve: give not me counſel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But ſuch a one whoſe wrongs do ſuit with mine.
Bring me a father, that ſo lov'd his child,
Whoſe joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him ſpeak of patience;[9]
Meaſure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it anſwer every ſtrain for ſtrain;
As thus for thus, and ſuch a grief for ſuch,
In every lineament, branch, ſhape, and form:
If ſuch a one will ſmile, and ſtroke his beard:
Cry—Sorrow, wag! and hem, when he ſhould groan;[2]

" ——in ſoil Maſſyla begotten,
" *Sexten* of Heſperides ſinagog." STEEVENS.

9 Read,—" And bid him ſpeak *to me* of patience." RITSON.

2 The quarto 1600 and folio 1623, read—
" And *ſorrow, wagge*, cry hem," &c.
Mr. Rowe and Mr. Pope—
" And *hallow*, wag," &c.
Mr. Theobald—
" And ſorrow *wage*," &c.
Sir Tho. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton—
" And ſorrow *waive*," &c.
Mr. Tyrwhitt—
" And ſorrow *gagge*," &c.
Mr. Heath and Mr. T. Warton—
" And *ſorrowing* cry hem," &c.
I had inadvertently offered—
" And, *ſorry* wag!" &c.
Mr. Ritſon—
" And ſorrow *waggery*," &c.
Mr. Malone—
" *In* ſorrow wag," &c.

But I am perſuaded that Dr. Johnſon's explanation as well as arrangement of the original words, is appoſite and juſt: " I cannot (ſays he) but think the true meaning nearer than it is imagined.

If ſuch a one will ſmile, and ſtroke his beard,
And, ſorrow, wag! cry; hem, when he ſhould groan, &c.

That is, 'If he will ſmile, and cry *ſorrow be gone!* and hem inſtead of groaning.' The order in which *and* and *cry* are placed, is harſh, and this

Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune drunk
With candle-wasters; [2] bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no such man: For, brother, men
Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ach with air, and agony with words:
No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow;
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral, when he shall endure
The like himself: therefore give me no counsel:

My

this harshness made the sense mistaken. Range the words in the common order, and my reading will be free from all difficulty:

If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard,
Cry, sorrow, wag! and hem when he should groan—"

Thus far Dr. Johnson; and in my opinion he has left succeeding criticks nothing to do respecting the passage before us. Let me, however, claim the honour of supporting his opinion.

To cry—*Care away!* was once an expression of triumph. So, in *Acclastus*, a comedy, 1540: "——I may now say, *Care awaye!*"

Again, as Dr. Farmer observes to me, in George Withers's *Philarete*, 1622:

" Why should we grieve or pine at that?
" *Hang sorrow!* care will kill a cat."

Sorrow go by! is also (as I am assured) a common exclamation of hilarity even at this time, in Scotland. *Sorrow wag!* might have been just such another. The verb, to *wag*, is several times used by our author in the sense of to *go*, or *pack off*.

The Prince, in the First Part of *King Henry IV.* Act II. sc. iv. says—" They cry *hem!* and bid you play it off." And Mr. M. Mason observes that this expression also occurs in *As you Like it*, where Rosalind says—" These burs are in my heart;" and Celia replies—" *Hem* them away." The foregoing examples sufficiently prove the exclamation *hem*, to have been of a comic turn. STEEVENS.

[2] This may mean, either wash away his sorrow among those who sit up all night to drink, and in that sense may be styled *wasters of candles*; or overpower his misfortunes by swallowing flap-dragons in his glass, which are described by Falstaff as made of *candle's ends*. STEEVENS.

This is a very difficult passage, and hath not, I think, been satisfactorily cleared up. The explanation I shall offer, will give, I believe, as little satisfaction; but I will, however, venture it. *Candle-wasters* is a term

of

My griefs cry louder than advertiſement. [3]
Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.
Leon. I pray thee, peace; I will be fleſh and blood;
For there was never yet philoſopher,
That could endure the tooth-ach patiently;
However they have writ the ſtyle of gods,[4]
And make a piſh at chance and ſufferance.[5]
Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourſelf;
Make thoſe, that do offend you, ſuffer too.
Leon. There thou ſpeak'ſt reaſon: nay, I will do ſo:
My ſoul doth tell me, Hero, is bely'd;
And that ſhall Claudio know, ſo ſhall the prince,
And all of them, that thus diſhonour her.

Enter Don PEDRO *and* CLAUDIO.

Ant. Here comes the prince, and Claudio, haſtily.
D. Pedro. Good den, good den.
Claud. Good day to both of you.
Leon. Hear you, my lords,—
D. Pedro. We have ſome haſte, Leonato.
Leon. Some haſte, my lord!—well, fare you well, my lord:—
Are you ſo haſty now?—well, all is one.

of contempt for ſcholars: thus Jonſon, *in Cynthia's Revels*, Act III. ſc. ii: "———ſpoiled by a whoreſon book-worm, a *candle-waſter*." The ſenſe then, which I would aſſign to Shakſpeare, is this: "If ſuch a one will patch grief with proverbs,—*caſe or cover the wounds of his grief with proverbial ſayings*;—make misfortune drunk with candle-waſters,—*ſtupify misfortune, or render himſelf inſenſible to the ſtrokes of it, by the converſation or lucubrations of ſcholars; the production of the* lamp, *but not fitted to human nature.*" *Patch*, in the ſenſe of mending a defect or breach, occurs in *Hamlet*, Act V. ſc. i:

"O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
"Should *patch* a wall, to expel the winter's flaw."

WHALLEY.

[3] That is, than *admonition*, than *moral inſtruction*. JOHNSON.

[4] This alludes to the extravagant titles the Stoics gave their wiſe men. Sapiens *ille cum* Diis, *ex pari, vivit*. Senec. Ep. 59. *Jupiter quo antecedit virum bonum? diutius bonus eſt*. Sapiens *nihilo ſe minoris æſtimat*.—Deus *non vincit* ſapientem *felicitate*. Ep. 73. WARBURTON.

Shakſpeare might have uſed this expreſſion, without any acquaintance with the hyperboles of ſtoiciſm. By the *ſtyle of gods*, he meant an exalted language; ſuch as we may ſuppoſe would be written by beings ſuperior to human calamities, and therefore regarding them with neglect and coldneſs. STEEVENS.

[5] Alludes to their famous *apathy*. WARBURTON.

D. Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.
Ant. If he could right himſelf with quarreling,
Some of us would lie low.
Claud. Who wrongs him?
Leon. Marry,
Thou, thou doſt wrong me; thou diſſembler, thou:—
Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy ſword,
I fear thee not.
Claud. Marry, beſhrew my hand,
If it ſhould give your age ſuch cauſe of fear:
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my ſword.
Leon. Tuſh, tuſh, man, never fleer and jeſt at me:
I ſpeak not like a dotard, nor a fool;
As, under privilege of age, to brag
What have I done being young, or what would do,
Were I not old: Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou haſt ſo wrong'd mine innocent child and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by;
And, with grey hairs, and bruiſe of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.
I ſay, thou haſt bely'd mine innocent child;
Thy ſlander hath gone through and through her heart,
And ſhe lyes buried with her anceſtors:
O! in a tomb where never ſcandal ſlept,
Save this of her's, fram'd by thy villainy.
Claud. My villainy!
Leon. Thine, Claudio; thine I ſay.
D. Pedro. You ſay not right, old man.
Leon. My lord, my lord,
I'll prove it on his body, if he dare;
Deſpite his nice fence,[6] and his active practice,
His May of youth, and bloom of luſtyhood.
Claud. Away, I will not have to do with you.
Leon. Canſt thou ſo daff me? [7] Thou haſt kill'd my child;
If thou kill'ſt me, boy, thou ſhalt kill a man.

Ant.

[6] i. e. defence, or ſkill in the ſcience of fencing, or defence. DOUCE.

[7] This is a country word, Mr. Pope tells us, ſignifying, *daunt*. It may be ſo; but that is not the expoſition here: To *daff* and *doff* are ſynonymous terms, that mean to *put off*: which is the very ſenſe required here, and what Leonato would reply, upon Claudio's ſaying, he would have nothing to do with him. THEOBALD.

Theobald has well interpreted the word. Shakſpeare uſes it more than once.

Ant. He ſhall kill two of us, and men indeed: [8]
But that's no matter; let him kill one firſt;—
Win me and wear me,—let him anſwer me:—
Come, follow me, boy; come, boy, follow me:
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence; [9]
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother,—

Ant. Content yourſelf: God knows, I lov'd my niece;
And ſhe is dead, ſlander'd to death by villains;
That dare as well anſwer a man, indeed,
As I dare take a ſerpent by the tongue:
Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milkſops!—

Leon. Brother Antony,—

Ant. Hold you content; What, man! I know them, yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmoſt ſcruple:
Scambling,[2] out-facing, faſhion-mong'ring boys,
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave and ſlander,
Go antickly, and ſhew outward hideouſneſs,[3]
And ſpeak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durſt,
And this is all.

Leon. But, brother Antony,—

Ant. Come, 'tis no matter;
Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

It is, perhaps, of Scottiſh origin, as I find it in *Ane verie excellent and delectabill Treatiſe intitulit* PHILOTUS, &c. Edinburgh, 1603:

"Their *daffing* does us ſo undo." STEEVENS.

[8] This *brother Antony* is the trueſt picture imaginable of human nature. He had aſſumed the character of a ſage to comfort his brother, overwhelmed with grief for his only daughter's affront and diſhonour; and had ſeverely reproved him for not commanding his paſſion better on ſo trying an occaſion. Yet, immediately after this, no ſooner does he begin to ſuſpect that his *age* and *valour* are ſlighted, but he falls into the moſt intemperate fit of rage himſelf: and all he can do or ſay is not of power to pacify him. This is copying nature with a penetration and exactneſs of judgement peculiar to Shakſpeare. As to the expreſſion, too, of his paſſion, nothing can be more highly painted. WARBURTON.

[9] *Foining* is a term in fencing, and means *thruſting*. DOUCE.

[2] i. e. *ſcrambling*. The word is more than once uſed by Shakſpeare. A *ſcambler* in its literal ſenſe, is one who goes about among his friends to get a dinner, by the Iriſh called a *coſherer*. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*ſhow* outward hideouſneſs,] i. e. what in *King Henry V.* Act III. ſc. vi. is called—

"——a *horrid ſuit* of the camp." STEEVENS.

D. Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience.[4]
My heart is ſorry for your daughter's death;
But, on my honour, ſhe was charg'd with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leon. My lord, my lord,—

D. Pedro. I will not hear you.

Leon. No?
Brother, away:—I will be heard;—

Ant. And ſhall,
Or ſome of us will ſmart for it.

[*Exeunt* LEONATO *and* ANTONIO.

Enter BENEDICK.

D. Pedro. See, ſee; here comes the man we went to ſeek.

Claud. Now, ſignior! what news!

Bene. Good day, my lord.

D. Pedro. Welcome, ſignior: You are almoſt come to part almoſt a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two noſes ſnapped off with two old men without teeth.

D. Pedro. Leonato and his brother: What think'ſt thou? Had we fought, I doubt, we ſhould have been too young for them.

Bene. In a falſe quarrel there is no true valour. I came to ſeek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to ſeek thee; for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away: Wilt thou uſe thy wit?

Bene. It is in my ſcabbard; Shall I draw it?

D. Pedro. Doſt thou wear thy wit by thy ſide?

Claud. Never any did ſo, though very many have been beſide

4 This conveys a ſentence that the ſpeaker would by no means have implied,—That the patience of the two old men was not exerciſed, but aſleep, which upbraids them for inſenſibility under their wrong. Shakſpeare muſt have wrote:

———*we will not* wrack———

i. e. deſtroy your patience by tantalizing you. WARBURTON.

This emendation is very ſpecious, and perhaps is right; yet the preſent reading may admit a congruous meaning with leſs difficulty than many other of Shakſpeare's expreſſions.

The old men have been both very angry and outrageous; the prince tells them that he and Claudio *will not* wake *their patience*; will not any longer force them to *endure* the preſence of thoſe whom, though they look on them as enemies, they cannot reſiſt. JOHNSON.

beſide their wit.—I will bid thee draw, as we do the minſtrels; [5] draw, to pleaſure us.

D. Pedro. As I am an honeſt man, he looks pale:—Art thou ſick, or angry?

Claud. What! courage, man! What though care kill'd a cat,[6] thou haſt mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I ſhall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it againſt me:—I pray you, chooſe another ſubject.

Claud. Nay, then give him another ſtaff; this laſt was broke croſs.[7]

D. Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more; I think, he be angry indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.[8]

Bene. Shall I ſpeak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bleſs me from a challenge!

Bene. You are a villain;—I jeſt not:—I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare:—Do me right,[9] or I will proteſt your cowardice. You have kill'd a ſweet lady, and her death ſhall fall heavy on you: Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, ſo I may have good cheer.

D. Pedro. What, a feaſt? a feaſt?

Claud.

Wake, I believe, is the original word. The ferocity of wild beaſts is overcome by not ſuffering them to ſleep. *We will not* wake *your patience*, therefore means, we will forbear any further provocation. HENLEY.

[5] An alluſion perhaps to the itinerant *ſword-dancers*. In what low eſtimation *minſtrels* were held in the reign of Elizabeth, may be ſeen from Stat. Eliz. 39. C. iv. and the term was probably uſed to denote any ſort of vagabonds who amuſed the people at particular ſeaſons. DOUCE.

[6] Proverbial expreſſion. See *Ray's Proverbs*. DOUCE.

[7] An alluſion to *tilting*. WARBURTON.

[8] We have a proverbial ſpeech, *If he be angry, let him turn the buckle of his girdle.* But I do not know its original or meaning. JOHNSON.

A correſponding expreſſion is to this day uſed in Ireland—*If he be angry, let him tie up his brogues.* Neither proverb, I believe, had any other meaning than this: If he is in a bad humour, let him employ himſelf till he is in a better. STEEVENS.

Large belts were worn with the buckle before, but for wreſtling the buckle was turned behind, to give the adverſary a fairer graſp at thegirdle. To turn the buckle behind, therefore, was a challenge.

HOLT WHITE.

[9] This phraſe occurs in Juſtice Silence's ſong in *King Henry IV*. P. II. Act V. ſc. iii. and was the uſual form of challenge to pledge a bumper toaſt in a bumper. STEEVENS.

Claud. I'faith, I thank him; he hath bid [2] me to a calf's head and a capon; the which if I do not carve moſt curiouſly, ſay, my knife's naught.—Shall I not find a woodcock too? [3]

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes eaſily.

D. Pedro. I'll tell thee how Beatrice prais'd thy wit the other day: I ſaid, thou hadſt a fine wit; *True*, ſays ſhe, *a fine little one: No*, ſaid I, *a great wit*; *Right*, ſays ſhe, *a great groſs one: Nay*, ſaid I, *a good wit*; *Juſt*, ſaid ſhe, *it hurts no body: Nay*, ſaid I, *the gentleman is wiſe*; *Certain*, ſaid ſhe, *a wiſe gentleman:* [4] *Nay*, ſaid I, *he hath the tongues*; *That I believe*, ſaid ſhe, *for he ſwore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forſwore on Tueſday morning*; *there's a double tongue, there's two tongues.* Thus did ſhe, an hour together, tranſ-ſhape thy particular virtues; yet, at laſt, ſhe concluded with a ſigh, thou waſt the propereſt man in Italy.

Claud. For the which ſhe wept heartily, and ſaid, ſhe cared not.

D. Pedro. Yea, that ſhe did; but yet, for all that, an if ſhe did not hate him deadly, ſhe would love him dearly: the old man's daughter told us all.

Claud. All, all; and moreover, *God ſaw him when he was hid in the garden.*

D. Pedro. But when ſhall we ſet the ſavage bull's horns on the ſenſible Benedick's head?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, *Here dwells Benedick the married man?*

Bene. Fare you well, boy; you know my mind; I will leave you now to your goſſip-like humour: you break jeſts as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not.—My lord, for your many courteſies I thank you: I muſt diſcontinue your company: your brother, the baſtard, is

[2] i. e. invited. So, in *Titus Andronicus*, Act I. ſc. ii:

"I am not bid to wait upon this bride."——— REED.

[3] A *woodcock*, being ſuppoſed to have no brains, was a proverbial term for a fooliſh fellow. MALONE.

A *woodcock*, means one caught in a ſpringe; alluding to the plot againſt Benedick. DOUCE.

[4] This jeſt depending on the colloquial uſe of words is now obſcure; perhaps we ſhould read—*a wiſe gentleman*, or *a man wiſe enough to be a coward.* Perhaps *wiſe gentleman* was in that age uſed ironically, an always ſtood for *ſilly fellow.* JOHNSON.

We ſtill ludicrouſly call a man deficient in underſtanding—*a wiſe-acre.* STEEVENS.

is fled from Meſſina: you have, among you, kill'd a ſweet and innocent lady: For my lord Lack-beard, there, he and I ſhall meet; and till then, peace be with him.

[*Exit* BENEDICK.

D. Pedro. He is in earneſt.

Claud. In moſt profound earneſt; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

D. Pedro. And hath challeng'd thee?

Claud. Moſt ſincerely.

D. Pedro. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hoſe, and leaves off his wit! [5]

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, *and the Watch, with* CONRADE *and* BORACHIO.

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape: but then is an ape a doctor to ſuch a man.

D. Pedro. But, ſoft you, let be; [6] pluck up, my heart, and be ſad! [7] Did he not ſay, my brother was fled?

Dogb. Come, you, ſir; if juſtice cannot tame you, ſhe ſhall

[5] It was eſteemed a mark of levity and want of becoming gravity, at that time, *to go in the doublet and hoſe, and leave off the cloak*, to which this well-turned *expreſſion* alludes. The *thought* is, that love makes a man as ridiculous, and expoſes him as naked as being in the doublet and hoſe without a cloak. WARBURTON.

I doubt much concerning this interpretation, yet am by no means confident that my own is right, I believe, however, theſe words refer to what Don Pedro had ſaid juſt before—"And hath *challenged* thee?"—and that the meaning is, What a pretty thing a man is, when he is ſilly enough to throw off his cloak, and go in his doublet and hoſe to *fight* for a woman?—I am aware that there was a particular ſpecies of ſingle combat called *Rapier and cloak*; but I ſuppoſe, nevertheleſs, that when the ſmall ſword came into common uſe, the cloak was generally laid aſide in duels, as tending to embarraſs the combatants. MALONE.

Perhaps the whole meaning of the paſſage is this:—What an inconſiſtent fool is man, when he covers his body with clothes, and at the ſame time diveſts himſelf of his underſtanding! STEEVENS.

[6] If *let be*, is the true reading, it muſt mean, *let things remain as they are.* I have heard the phraſe uſed by Dr. Johnſon himſelf. Mr. Henley obſerves, that the ſame expreſſion occurs in *St. Matt.* xxvii. 49. STEEVENS.

[7] i. e. rouſe thyſelf, my heart, and be prepared for ſerious conſequences! STEEVENS.

ſhall ne'er weigh more reaſons in her balance:[7] nay, an you be a curſing hypocrite once, you muſt be look'd to.

D. Pedro. How now, two of my brother's men bound! Borachio, one!

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my lord!

D. Pedro. Officers, what offence have theſe men done?

Dogb. Marry, ſir, they have committed falſe report; moreover, they have ſpoken untruths; ſecondarily, they are ſlanders; ſixth and laſtly, they have bely'd a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjuſt things: and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

D. Pedro. Firſt, I aſk thee what they have done; thirdly, I aſk thee what's their offence; ſixth and laſtly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

Claud. Rightly reaſoned, and in his own diviſion; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well ſuited.[8]

D. Pedro. Who have you offended, maſters, that you are thus bound to your anſwer? this learned conſtable is too cunning to be underſtood: What's your offence?

Bora. Sweet prince, let me go no further to mine anſwer; do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wiſdoms could not diſcover, theſe ſhallow fools have brought to light; who, in the night, over-heard me confeſſing to this man, how Don John your brother incenſed me to ſlander[9] the lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and ſaw me court Margaret in Hero's garments; how you diſgraced her, when you ſhould marry her: my villainy they have upon record; which I had rather ſeal with my death, than repeat over to my ſhame: the lady is dead upon mine and my maſter's falſe accuſation; and, briefly, I deſire nothing but the reward of a villain.

D. Pedro. Runs not this ſpeech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poiſon, whiles he utter'd it.

D. Pedro. But did my brother ſet thee on to this?

Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

D. Pedro. He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery:—

Claud.

[7] A quibble between *reaſons* and *raiſons*. RITSON.

[8] That is, *one meaning is put into many different dreſſes*; the prince having aſked the ſame queſtion in four modes of ſpeech. JOHNSON.

[9] That is, incited me. The word is uſed in the ſame ſenſe in *Richard III.* and *Henry VIII.* M. MASON.

And fled he is upon this villainy.

Claud. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear
In the rare ſemblance that I lov'd it firſt.

Dogb. Come, bring away the plaintiffs; by this time our Sexton hath reform'd ſignior Leonato of the matter: And maſters, do not forget to ſpecify, when time and place ſhall ſerve, that I am an aſs.

Verg. Here, here comes maſter ſignior Leonato, and the Sexton too.

Re-enter LEONATO *and* ANTONIO, *with the* Sexton.

Leon. Which is the villain? Let me ſee his eyes;
That when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him: Which of theſe is he?

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leon. Art thou the ſlave, that with thy breath haſt kill'd
Mine innocent child?

Bora. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not ſo, villain; thou bely'ſt thyſelf;
Here ſtand a pair of honourable men,
A third is fled, that had a hand in it:
I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death;
Record it with your high and worthy deeds;
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I muſt ſpeak: Chooſe your revenge yourſelf;
Impoſe me to what penance [2] your invention
Can lay upon my ſin: yet ſinn'd I not,
But in miſtaking.

D. Pedro. By my ſoul, nor I;
And yet, to ſatisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he'll enjoin me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live,
That were impoſſible; but I pray you both,

Poſſeſs

[2] i. e. *command* me to undergo whatever penance, &c. A taſk or exerciſe preſcribed by way of puniſhment for a fault committed at the Univerſities, is yet called (as Mr. Steevens has obſerved in a former note) an *impoſition*. MALONE.

Poſſeſs the people[3] in Meſſina here
How innocent ſhe died: and, if your love
Can labour aught in ſad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,
And ſing it to her bones; ſing it to night:—
To-morrow morning come you to my houſe;
And ſince you could not be my ſon-in-law,
Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daughter,
Almoſt the copy of my child that's dead,
And ſhe alone is heir to both of us;[4]
Give her the right you ſhould have given her couſin,
And ſo dies my revenge.

Claud. O, noble ſir,
Your over-kindneſs doth wring tears from me!
I do embrace your offer; and diſpoſe
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leon. To-morrow then I will expect your coming;
To-night I take my leave.—This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong,[5]
Hir'd to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my ſoul, ſhe was not;
Nor knew not what ſhe did, when ſhe ſpoke to me;
But always hath been juſt and virtuous,
In any thing that I do know by her.

Dogb. Moreover, ſir, (which, indeed, is not under white and black,) this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me aſs: I beſeech you, let it be remembered in his puniſhment: And alſo, the watch heard them talk of one Deformed: they ſay, he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it;[6] and

3 To *poſſeſs*, in ancient language, ſignifies, to *inform*, to make acquainted with. STEEVENS.

4 Shakſpeare ſeems to have forgot what he had made Leonato ſay, in the fifth ſcene of the firſt Act to Antonio, "How now, brother; where is my couſin your ſon? hath he provided the muſick?"

ANONYMOUS.

5 i. e. combined; an accomplice. MALONE.

6 There could not be a pleaſanter ridicule on the faſhion, than the conſtable's deſcant on his own blunder. They heard the conſpirators ſatirize the *faſhion*; whom they took to be a man ſurnamed *Deformed*. This the conſtable

and borrows money in God's name;[7] the which he hath uſed ſo long, and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's ſake: Pray you, examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honeſt pains.

Dogb. Your worſhip ſpeaks like a moſt thankful and reverend youth; and I praiſe God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dogb. God ſave the foundation![8]

Leon. Go, I diſcharge thee of thy priſoner, and I thank thee.

Dogb. I leave an arrant knave with your worſhip; which, I beſeech your worſhip, to correct yourſelf, for the example of others. God keep your worſhip; I wiſh your worſhip well; God reſtore you to health: I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wiſh'd, God prohibit it.—Come, neighbour.

[*Exeunt* DOGBERRY, VERGES, *and* Watch.

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

Ant. Farewell, my lords; we look for you to-morrow.

D. Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

[*Exeunt D.* PEDRO *and* CLAUDIO.

Leon.

conſtable applies with exquiſite humour to the courtiers, in a deſcription of one of the moſt fantaſtical faſhions of that time, the men's wearing rings in their ears, and indulging a favorite lock of hair which was brought before, and tied with ribbons, and called a *love-lock*. Againſt this faſhion William Prynne wrote his treatiſe, called, *The Unlovelyneſs of Love-Locks*. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton, I believe, has here (as he frequently does) refined a little too much. There is no alluſion, I conceive, to the faſhion of wearing rings in the ears (a faſhion which our author himſelf followed). The pleaſantry ſeems to conſiſt in Dogberry's ſuppoſing that the *lock* which DEFORMED wore, muſt have a key to it. MALONE.

[7] i. e. is a common beggar. This alludes, with too much levity, to the 17th verſe of the xixth chapter of *Proverbs*: "He that giveth to the poor, *lendeth unto the Lord*." STEEVENS.

[8] Such was the cuſtomary phraſe employed by thoſe who received alms at the gates of religious houſes. Dogberry, however, in the preſent inſtance, might have deſigned to ſay—"God ſave the *founder!*

STEEVENS.

Leon. Bring you theſe fellows on; we'll talk with Margaret,
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.[9]

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

LEONATO'S *Garden.*

Enter BENEDICK *and* MARGARET, *meeting.*

Bene. Pray thee, ſweet miſtreſs Margaret, deſerve well at my hands, by helping me to the ſpeech of Beatrice.

Marg. Will you then write me a ſonnet in praiſe of my beauty?

Bene. In ſo high a ſtyle, Margaret, that no man living ſhall come over it; for, in moſt comely truth, thou deſerveſt it.

Marg. To have no man come over me? why, ſhall I always keep below ſtairs?[2]

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth, it catches.

Marg. And your's as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A moſt manly wit, Margaret, it will not hurt a woman: and ſo, I pray thee, call Beatrice: I give thee the bucklers.[3]

Marg. Give us the ſwords, we have bucklers of our own.

Bene.

[9] *Lewd*, in this, and ſeveral other inſtances, has not its common meaning, but merely ſignifies—*idle*. STEEVENS.

[2] I ſuppoſe, every reader will find the meaning. JOHNSON.

Leſt he ſhould not, the following appoſite inſtance from Marſton's *Inſatiate Counteſs*, 1613: is at his ſervice:

"Alas! when we are once o'the falling hand,
"A man may eaſily *come over* us." COLLINS.

Mr. Theobald, to procure an obvious ſenſe, would read—*above* ſtairs. But there is danger in any attempt to reform a joke two hundred years old.

The ſenſe, however, for which Mr. Theobald contends, may be reſtored by ſuppoſing the loſs of a word; and that our author wrote—"Why, ſhall I always keep *men* below ſtairs?" i. e. never ſuffer them to come up into my bed-chamber, for the purpoſes of love. STEEVENS.

[3] I ſuppoſe that *to give the bucklers* is, *to yield*, or to *lay by all thoughts of defence*, ſo *clypeum abjicere*. The reſt deſerves no comment. JOHNSON.

Bene. If you uſe them, Margaret, you muſt put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who, I think, hath legs. [*Exit* MARGARET.

Bene. And therefore will come.

The god of love, [Singing.
That ſits above,[4]
And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deſerve,—

I mean, in ſinging; but in loving,—Leander the good ſwimmer, Troilus the firſt employer of pandars, and a whole book full of theſe quondam carpet-mongers, whoſe names yet run ſmoothly in the even road of a blank verſe, why, they were never ſo truly turn'd over and over as my poor ſelf, in love: Marry, I cannot ſhow it in rhime; I have try'd; I can find out no rhime to *lady* but *baby*, an innocent rhime; for *ſcorn*, *horn*, a hard rhime; for *ſchool*, *fool*, a babbling rhime; very omino us endings: No, I was not born under a rhiming planet, nor I cannot woo in feſtival terms.[5]

Enter BEATRICE.

Sweet Beatrice, would'ſt thou come when I called thee?

Beat. Yea, ſignior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O, ſtay but till then!

Beat. Then, is ſpoken; fare you well now:—and yet, ere

[4] This was the beginning of an old ſong, by W. E. (William Elderton) a puritanical parody of which, by one W. Birch, under the title of *The complaint of a Sinner, &c. Imprinted at London, by Alexander Lacy for Richard Applow*, is ſtill extant. The words in this moraliſed copy are as follows:

" *The god of love, that ſits above,*
" *Doth know us, doth know us,*
" *How ſinful that we be.*" RITSON.

In *Bacchus' Bountie*, &c. 4to. bl. l. 1593, is a ſong beginning—

" The Gods of love
" Which raigne above." STEEVENS.

[5] i. e. in ſplendid phraſeology, ſuch as differs from common language, as holidays from common days. STEEVENS.

ere I go, let me go with that I came for, which is, with knowing what hath paſſed between you and Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiſs thee.

Beat. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noiſome; therefore I will depart unkiſs'd.

Bene. Thou haſt frighted the word out of his right ſenſe, ſo forcible is thy wit: But, I muſt tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge;[6] and either I muſt ſhortly hear from him, or I will ſubſcribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me, for which of my bad parts didſt thou firſt fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together; which maintain'd ſo politick a ſtate of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you firſt ſuffer love for me?

Bene. *Suffer love*; a good epithet! I do ſuffer love, indeed, for I love thee againſt my will.

Beat. In ſpite of your heart, I think; alas! poor heart! If you ſpite it for my ſake, I will ſpite it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wiſe to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confeſſion: there's not one wiſe man among twenty, that will praiſe himſelf.

Bene. An old, an old inſtance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbours:[7] if a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he ſhall live no longer in monument, than the bell rings, and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Queſtion?—Why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum:[8] Therefore it is moſt expedient for the wiſe, (if

[6] i. e. is ſubject to it. STEEVENS.

[7] i. e. when men were not envious, but every one gave another his due. The reply is extremely humourous. WARBURTON.

[8] i. e. What a queſtion's there, or what a fooliſh queſtion do you aſk? But the Oxford editor, not underſtanding this phraſe, contracted into a ſingle word, (of which we have many inſtances in Engliſh) has fairly ſtruck it out. WARBURTON.

The phraſe occurs frequently in Shakſpeare, and means no more than —*you aſk—a queſtion*, or *that is the queſtion*. RITSON.

(if Don Worm, his conſcience, find no impediment to the contrary,) to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myſelf: So much for praiſing myſelf (who, I myſelf will bear witneſs, is praiſe-worthy,) and now tell me, How doth your couſin?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend: there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haſte.

Enter URSULA.

Urſ. Madam, you muſt come to your uncle; yonder's old coil at home:[9] it is proved, my lady Hero hath been falſely accuſed, the prince and Claudio mightily abuſed; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone: Will you come preſently?

Beat. Will you go hear this news, ſignior?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes; and, moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle's. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The inſide of a Church.

Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, *and Attendants with muſick and tapers.*

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato?

Atten. It is, my lord.

Claud. [*Reads from a ſcroll.*]

Done to Death[2] *by ſlanderous tongues*
Was the Hero that here lies:
Death, in guerdon[3] *of her wrongs,*
Gives her fame which never dies.

So

9 So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II. Act II. ſc. iv: "By the maſs, here will be *old* Utis." *Old*, (I know not why) was anciently a common augmentative in familiar language. STEEVENS.

2 This obſolete phraſe occurs frequently in our ancient writers. MALONE.

To *do to death* is merely an old tranſlation of the French phraſe—*Faire mourir*. STEEVENS.

3 *Guerdon* is reward, remuneration. STEEVENS.

So the life, that died with ſhame,
Lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the tomb, [affixing it.
Praiſing her when I am dumb.—

Now, muſick, ſound, and ſing your ſolemn hymn.

SONG.

Pardon, Goddeſs of the night,
Thoſe that ſlew thy virgin knight.[4]
For the which, with ſongs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, aſſiſt our moan;
Help us to ſigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily:
Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,[5]
Heavily, heavily.

Claud. Now, unto thy bones good night!
Yearly will I do this rite.

D. Pedro.

4 *Knight*, in its original ſignification, means *follower*, or *pupil*, and in this ſenſe may be feminine. Helena, in *All's well that ends well*, uſes *knight* in the ſame ſignification. JOHNSON.

Virgin *knight* is virgin hero. In the times of chivalry, a *virgin knight* was one who had as yet atchieved no adventure. Hero had as yet atchieved no matrimonial one. It may be added, that a *virgin knight* wore no device on his ſhield, having no right to any till he had deſerved it. STEEVENS.

I do not believe that any alluſion was here intended to Hero's having yet atchieved "no matrimonial adventure." *Diana's knight* or *Virgin knight*, was the common poetical appellation of virgins, in Shakſpeare's time. Thus, appoſitely, in Spenſer's *Faery Queene*, B. III. c. xii.

"Soon as that *virgin knight* he ſaw in place,
"His wicked bookes in haſt he overthrew." MALONE.

This inſtance will by no means apply; for the *virgin knight* is the maiden Britomart, who appeared in the accoutrements of a *knight*, and from that circumſtance was ſo denominated. STEEVENS.

5 I do not profeſs to underſtand this line, which to me appears both defective in ſenſe and metre. I ſuppoſe two words have been omitted, which perhaps were—

Till ſongs of *death be uttered*, &c. STEEVENS.

D. Pedro. Good morrow, maſters; put your torches out:
The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowſy eaſt with ſpots of grey:
Thanks to you all, and leave us; fare you well.
Claud. Good morrow, maſters; each his ſeveral way.
D. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds;
And then to Leonato's we will go.
Claud. And, Hymen, now with luckier iſſue ſpeed's,
Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe! [6]

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in LEONATO'S *Houſe.*

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, BEATRICE, URSULA, Friar *and* HERO.

Friar. Did I not tell you ſhe was innocent?
Leon. So are the prince and Claudio, who accus'd her,
Upon the error that you heard debated:
But Margaret was in ſome fault for this;
Although againſt her will, as it appears
In the true courſe of all the queſtion.
Ant. Well, I am glad that all things ſort ſo well.
Bene. And ſo am I, being elſe by faith enforc'd
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.
Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by yourſelves;
And, when I ſend for you, come hither maſk'd:
The prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour
To viſit me:—You know your office, brother;
You muſt be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio. [*Exeunt Ladies.*
Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.

[6] The old copy has—*ſpeeds.* STEEVENS.

Claudio could not know, without being a prophet, that this new propoſed match ſhould have any luckier event than that deſigned with Hero. Certainly, therefore, this ſhould be a wiſh in Claudio; and, to this end, the poet might have wrote, *ſpeed's*; i. e. *ſpeed us*: and ſo it becomes a prayer to Hymen. THIRLBY.

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Bene. Friar, I muſt entreat your pains, I think.
Friar. To do what, ſignior?
Bene. To bind me, or undo me, one of them.—
Signior Leonato, truth it is, good ſignior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.
Leon. That eye my daughter lent her; 'Tis moſt true.
Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.
Leon. The ſight whereof, I think, you had from me,
From Claudio, and the prince; But what's your will?
Bene. Your anſwer, ſir, is enigmatical:
But, for my will, my will is, your good will
May ſtand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
In the ſtate of honourable marriage;—
In which, good friar, I ſhall deſire your help.
Leon. My heart is with your liking.
Friar. And my help,
Here comes the prince, and Claudio.

Enter Don PEDRO *and* CLAUDIO, *with Attendants.*

Don Pedro. Good morrow to this fair aſſembly,
Leon. Good morrow, prince; good morrow, Claudio;
We here attend you; Are you yet determin'd
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?
Claud. I'll hold my mind, were ſhe an Ethiop.
Leon. Call her forth, brother, here's the friar ready
[*Enter* ANTONIO.
Don Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick: Why, what's the matter,
That you have ſuch a February face,
So full of froſt, of ſtorm, and cloudineſs?
Claud. I think, he thinks upon the ſavage bull: [7]
Tuſh, fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold,
And all Europa ſhall rejoice at thee;
As once Europa did at luſty Jove,
When he would play the noble beaſt in love.
Bene. Bull Jove, ſir, had an amiable low;
And ſome ſuch ſtrange bull leap'd your father's cow,
And

[7] Still alluding to the paſſage quoted in a former ſcene from Kyd's *Hieronymo.* STEEVENS.

And got a calf in that ſame noble feat,
Much like to you, for you have juſt his bleat.

Re-enter ANTONIO, *with the Ladies maſk'd.*

Claud. For this I owe you: here come other reckonings.
Which is the lady I muſt ſeize upon?

Ant. This ſame is ſhe,[8] and I do give you her.

Claud. Why, then ſhe's mine: Sweet, let me ſee your face.

Leon. No, that you ſhall not, till you take her hand
Before this friar, and ſwear to marry her.

Claud. Give me your hand before this holy friar;
I am your huſband, if you like of me.

Hero. And when I liv'd, I was your other wife:
[*Unmaſking.*
And when you lov'd, you were my other huſband.

Claud. Another Hero?

Hero. Nothing certainer:
One Hero died defil'd; but I do live,
And, ſurely as I live, I am a maid.

D. Pedro. The former Hero! Hero that is dead!

Leon. She died, my lord, but whiles her ſlander liv'd.

Friar. All this amazement can I qualify;
When, after that the holy rites are ended,
I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death:
Mean time, let wonder ſeem familiar,
And to the chapel let us preſently.

Bene. Soft and fair, friar.—Which is Beatrice?

Beat. I anſwer to that name; [*Unmaſking*] What is your will?

Bene. Do not you love me.

Beat. No, no more than reaſon.

Bene. Why, then your uncle, and the prince, and Claudio,
Have been deceived; for they ſwore you did.

Beat. Do not you love me?

Bene. No, no more than reaſon.

Beat. Why, then my couſin, Margaret, and Urſula,
Are much deceiv'd; for they did ſwear, you did.

[8] This ſpeech is in the old copies given to Leonato. Mr. Theobald firſt aſſigned it to the right owner. Leonato has in a former part of this ſcene told Antonio,—that *he* "muſt be father to his brother's daughter, and *give her* to young Claudio." MALONE.

Bene. They ſwore that you were almoſt ſick for me.
Beat. They ſwore that you were well-nigh dead for me.
Bene. 'Tis no ſuch matter:—Then, you do not love me?
Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompence.
Leon. Come, couſin, I am ſure you love the gentleman.
Claud. And I'll be ſworn upon't, that he loves her;
For here's a paper, written in his hand,
A halting ſonnet of his own pure brain,
Faſhion'd to Beatrice.
Hero. And here's another,
Writ in my couſin's hand, ſtolen from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick.
Bene. A miracle! here's our own hands againſt our hearts! —Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.
Beat. I would not deny you;—but, by this good day, I yield upon great perſuaſion; [9] and, partly, to ſave your life, for I was told you were in a conſumption.
Bene. Peace, I will ſtop your mouth.[2]—[*Kiſſing her.*
D. Pedro. How doſt thou, Benedick the married man?
Bene. I'll tell thee what, prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour: Doſt thou think, I care for a ſatire, or an epigram? No: if a man will be beaten with brains, he ſhall wear nothing handſome about him: In brief, ſince I do purpoſe to marry, I will think nothing to any purpoſe that the world can ſay againſt it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have ſaid againſt it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my concluſion.—For thy part, Claudio,

[9] Mr. Theobald ſays, *is not this mock-reaſoning? She would not deny him, but that ſhe yields upon great perſuaſion. In changing the negative, I make no doubt but I have retrieved the poet's humour:* and ſo changes *not* into *yet*. But is not this a *mock-critic?* who could not ſee that the plain obvious ſenſe of the common reading was this, I cannot find in my heart to deny you, but for all that I yield, after having ſtood out great perſuaſions to ſubmiſſion. He had ſaid—*I take thee for pity*, ſhe replies—*I would not deny thee*, i. e. I take thee for pity too: but as I live, I am won to this compliance by importunity of friends. Mr. Theobald, by altering *not* to *yet*, makes it ſuppoſed that *he* had been importunate, and that *ſhe* had often denied, which was not the caſe. WARBURTON.

[2] This mode of ſpeech, preparatory to a ſalute, is familiar to our poet in common with other ſtage-writers. THEOBALD.

Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that [3] thou art like to be my kinſman, live unbruis'd, and love my couſin.

Claud. I had well hoped, thou wouldſt have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgell'd thee out of thy ſingle life, to make thee a double dealer; which, out of queſtion, thou wilt be, if my couſin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends:—let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives' heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterwards.

Bene. Firſt, o' my word; therefore, play, muſick.—Prince, thou art ſad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife: there is no ſtaff more reverend than one tipp'd with horn.[4]

3 i. e. becauſe. So, Hooker: "Things are preached not *in that* they are taught, but *in that* they are publiſhed." STEEVENS.

4 ——— *no* ſtaff *more reverend than one* tipp'd with horn.] This paſſage may admit of ſome explanation that I am unable to furniſh. By accident I loſt ſeveral inſtances I had collected for the purpoſe of throwing light on it. The following, however, may aſſiſt the future commentator.

MS. Sloan, 1691.

"THAT A FELLON MAY WAGE BATTAILE, WITH THE ORDER THEREOF.

"———by order of the lawe both the parties muſt at their owne charge be armed withoute any yron or long armoure, and theire heades bare, and bare-handed and bare-footed, every one of them having a *baſton horned* at ech ende, of one length," &c.

Again, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, edit. 1615, p. 669: "——his baſton a *ſtaffe* of an elle long, made taper-wiſe, *tipt with horne*, &c. was borne after him." STEEVENS.

Again, *Britton, Pleas of the Crown*, c. xxvii. f. 18: "Next let them go to combat armed without iron and without linnen armour, their heads uncovered and their hands naked, and on foot, with *two baſtons tipped with horn* of equal length, and each of them a target of four corners, without any other armour, whereby any of them may annoy the other; and if either of them have any other weapon concealed about him, and therewith annoy his adverſary, let it be done as ſhall be mentioned among combats in a plea of land." REED.

Mr. Steevens's explanation is undoubtedly the true one. The alluſion is certainly to the ancient trial by *wager of battel*, in ſuits both criminal and

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight,
And brought with armed men back to Meſſina.

Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow; I'll deviſe thee brave puniſhments for him.—Strike up, pipers.

[*Dance.*

[*Exeunt.*

and civil. The quotation above given recites the form in the former caſe,—viz. an appeal of felony. The practice was nearly ſimilar in civil caſes, upon iſſue joined in a writ of right. Of the laſt trial of this kind in England, (which was in the thirteenth year of Queen Elizabeth,) our author might have read a particular account in Stowe's *Annales*. Henry Nailor, maſter of defence, was champion for the demandants, Simon Low and John Kyme; and George Thorne for the tenant, (or defendant,) Thomas Paramoure. The combat was appointed to be fought in Tuthill-fields, and the Judges of the Common Pleas and Serjeants at law attended. But a compromiſe was entered into between the parties, the evening before the appointed day, and they only went through the forms, for the great ſecurity of the tenant. Among other ceremonies Stowe mentions, that "the gauntlet that was caſt down by George Thorne was borne before the ſayd Nailor, in his paſſage through London, upon a ſword's point, and his baſton (a *ſtaff* of an ell long, made taper-wiſe, *tipt with horn*,) with his ſhield of hard leather, was borne after him," &c. See alſo Minſheu's Dict. 1617, in v. *Combat*; from which it appears that Naylor on this occaſion was introduced to the Judges, with "*three ſolemn congees*," by a very *reverend* perſon, "Sir Jerome Bowes, ambaſſador from Queen Elizabeth into Ruſſia, who carried a red *baſton* of an ell long, *tipped with horne*."—In a very ancient law-book entitled *Britton*, the manner in which the combatants are to be armed is particularly mentioned. The quotation from the Sloanian MS. is a tranſlation from thence. By a ridiculous miſtake the words, "ſauns lōge arme," are rendered in the modern tranſlation of that book, printed a few years ago, "without *linnen armour*;" and "a mains nues & pies" [bare-handed and bare-footed] is tranſlated, "and their hands naked, and *on foot*." MALONE.

This play may be juſtly ſaid to contain two of the moſt ſprightly characters that Shakſpeare ever drew. The wit, the humouriſt, the gentleman, and the ſoldier, are combined in Benedick. It is to be lamented, indeed, that the firſt and moſt ſplendid of theſe diſtinctions, is diſgraced by unneceſſary prophaneneſs; for the goodneſs of his heart is hardly ſufficient to atone for the licence of his tongue. The too ſarcaſtic levity, which flaſhes out in the converſation of Beatrice, may be excuſed on account of the ſteadineſs and friendſhip ſo apparent in her behaviour, when

ſhe

ſhe urges her lover to riſque his life by a challenge to Claudio. In the conduct of the fable, however, there is an imperfection ſimilar to that which Dr. Johnſon has pointed out in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*:—the ſecond contrivance is leſs ingenious than the firſt:—or, to ſpeak more plainly, the ſame incident is become ſtale by repetition. I wiſh ſome other method had been found to entrap Beatrice, than that very one which before had been ſucceſsfully practiſed on Benedick.

Much ado about Nothing, (as I underſtand from one of Mr. Vertue's MSS.) formerly paſſed under the title of Benedick and Beatrix. Heming the player received, on the 20th of May, 1613, the ſum of forty pounds, and twenty pounds more as his Majeſty's gratuity, for exhibiting ſix plays at Hampton-Court, among which was this comedy.

STEEVENS.

A

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.*

* A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.] This play was entered at Stationers' Hall, Oct. 8, 1600, by Thomas Fiſher. It is probable that the hint for it was received from Chaucer's *Knight's Tale.*

There is an old black letter pamphlet by W. Bettie, called *Titana and Theſeus*, entered at Stationers' Hall, in 1608; but Shakſpeare has taken no hints from it. *Titania* is alſo the name of the Queen of the Fairies in Decker's *Whore of Babylon*, 1607. STEEVENS.

The Midſummer-Night's Dream I ſuppoſe to have been written in 1592. See *An attempt to aſcertain the order of Shakſpeare's Plays.* MALONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.*

Theſeus, *Duke of* Athens.
Egeus, *Father to* Hermia.
Lyſander, } *in love with* Hermia.
Demetrius, }
Philoſtrate, *Maſters of the Revels to* Theſeus.
Quince, *the Carpenter.*
Snug, *the Joiner.*
Bottom, *the Weaver.*
Flute, *the Bellows-mender.*
Snout, *the Tinker.*
Starveling, *the Tailor.*

Hippolyta, *Queen of the* Amazons, *bethrothed to* Theſeus.
Hermia, *Daughter to* Egeus, *in love with* Lyſander.
Helena, *in love with* Demetrius.

Oberon, *King of the Fairies.*
Titania, *Queen of the Fairies.*
Puck, *or* Robin-goodfellow, a *Fairy.*
Peaſebloſſom, }
Cobweb, }
Moth, } *Fairies.*
Muſtard-ſeed, }

Pyramus, }
Thiſbe, }
Wall, } *Characters in the* Interlude *performed by the* Clowns.
Moonſhine, }
Lion, }

Other Fairies attending their King and Queen.
Attendants on Theſeus *and* Hippolyta.

SCENE, Athens, *and a Wood not far from it.*

* The enumeration of perſons was firſt made by Mr. Rowe.
STEEVENS.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Athens. *A Room in the Palace of* Theſeus.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, *and Attendants.*

The. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon: but, oh, methinks, how ſlow
This old moon wanes! ſhe lingers my deſires,
Like to a ſtep-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.[2]

Hip. Four days will quickly ſteep themſelves in nights;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a ſilver bow
New bent in heaven, ſhall behold the night
Of our ſolemnities.

The. Go, Philoſtrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble ſpirit of mirth;
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,
The pale companion is not for our pomp.—

[*Exit* PHILOSTRATE.

Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my ſword,
And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.[3]

 Enter

[2] The authenticity of this reading having been queſtioned by Dr. Warburton, I ſhall exemplify it from Chapman's Tranſlation of the 4th Book of *Homer*:

"—there the goodly plant lies *withering out* his grace."

STEEVENS.

[3] By triumph, as Mr. Warton has obſerved in his late edition of Milton's *Poems*, p. 56, we are to underſtand *ſhows*, ſuch as maſks, revels, &c. MALONE.

Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, *and* DEMETRIUS.

Ege. Happy be Theſeus, our renowned duke!
The. Thanks, good Egeus: What's thee news with thee?
Ege. Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Againſt my child, my daughter Hermia.—
Stand forth, Demetrius;—My noble lord,
This man hath my conſent to marry her:—
Stand forth, Lyſander;—and, my gracious duke,
This hath bewitch'd the boſom of my child:
Thou, thou, Lyſander, thou haſt given her rhimes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:
Thou haſt by moon-light at her window ſung,
With feigning voice, verſes of feigning love;
And ſtol'n the impreſſion of her fantaſy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds,[4] conceits,
Knacks, trifles, noſegays, ſweet-meats; meſſengers
Of ſtrong prevailment in unharden'd youth:
With cunning haſt thou filch'd my daughter's heart;
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To ſtubborn harſhneſs:—And, my gracious duke,
Be it ſo ſhe will not here before your grace
Conſent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens;
As ſhe is mine, I may diſpoſe of her:
Which ſhall be either to this gentleman,
Or to her death; according to our law,[5]
Immediately provided in that caſe.[6]
The. What ſay you, Hermia? be advis'd, fair maid:

To

[4] i. e. baubles, toys, trifles. Our author has the word frequently. The Rev. Mr. Lambe, in his notes on the ancient metrical hiſtory of the *Battle of Floddon*, obſerves that a *gawd* is *a child's toy*, and that the children in the North call their play-things *gowdys*, and their baby-houſe a *gowdy-houſe*. STEEVENS.

[5] By a law of Solon's, parents had an abſolute power of life and death over their children. So it ſuited the poet's purpoſe well enough, to ſuppoſe the Athenians had it before.—Or perhaps he neither thought nor knew any thing of the matter. WARBURTON.

[6] Shakſpeare is grievouſly ſuſpected of having been placed, while a boy, in an attorney's office. The line before us has an undoubted ſmack of legal common-place. Poetry diſclaims it. STEEVENS.

To you your father ſhould be as a god;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.[7]
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is Lyſander.

The. In himſelf he is:
But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other muſt be held the worthier.

Her. I would, my father look'd but with my eyes.

The. Rather your eyes muſt with his judgement look.

Her. I do entreat your grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold;
Nor how it may concern my modeſty,
In ſuch a preſence here, to plead my thoughts:
But I beſeech your grace, that I may know
The worſt that may befal me in this caſe,
If I refuſe to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to die the death,[8] or to abjure
For ever the ſociety of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, queſtion your deſires,
Know of your youth,[9] examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun;
For aye[2] to be in ſhady cloiſter mew'd,
To live a barren ſiſter all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitleſs moon.
Thrice bleſſed they, that maſter ſo their blood,
To undergo ſuch maiden pilgrimage:
But earthlier happy[3] is the roſe diſtill'd,[4]

Than

7 The ſenſe is, *you owe to your father a being which he may at pleaſure continue or deſtroy.* JOHNSON.

8 ——*to die the death,*] So, in the Second part of *The downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

"We will, my liege, elſe let us *die the death.*" STEEVENS.

9 Bring your youth to the queſtion. Conſider your youth. JOHNSON.

2 i. e. for *ever.* STEEVENS.

3 Thus all the copies: yet *earthlier* is ſo harſh a word, and *earthlier happy*, for *happier earthly*, a mode of ſpeech ſo unuſual, that I wonder none of the editors have propoſed *earlier happy.* JOHNSON.

Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in ſingle bleſſedneſs.

Her. So will I grow, ſo live, ſo die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordſhip, whoſe unwiſhed yoke
My ſoul conſents not to give ſovereignty.

The. Take time to pauſe: and, by the next new moon,
(The ſealing-day betwixt my love and me.
For everlaſting bond of fellowſhip,)
Upon that day either prepare to die,
For diſobedience to your father's will;
Or elſe to wed Demetrius, as he would:
Or on Diana's altar to proteſt,
For aye, auſterity and ſingle life.

Dem. Relent, ſweet Hermia;—And, Lyſander, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.

Lyſ. You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.[5]

Ege. Scornful Lyſander! true, he hath my love;
And what is mine, my love ſhall render him;
And ſhe is mine; and all my right of her
I do eſtate unto Demetrius.

Lyſ. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well poſſeſs'd; my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as Demetrius';
And, which is more than all theſe boaſts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia:

Why

It has ſince been obſerved, that Mr. Pope did propoſe *earlier*. We might read—*earthly happier*. STEEVENS.

[4] So, in Lyly's *Midas*, 1592: "—You bee all young and faire, endeavour to bee wiſe and vertuous; that when, like *roſes*, you ſhall fall from the ſtalke, you may be gathered, and put to the *ſtill*." This image however, muſt have been generally obvious, as in Shakſpeare's time the diſtillation of roſe water was a common proceſs in all families. STEEVENS.

This is a thought in which Shakſpeare ſeems to have much delighted. We meet with it more than once in his Sonnets. See 5th, 6th, and 54th *Sonnet*. MALONE.

[5] I ſuſpect that Shakſpeare wrote:
"Let me have Hermia; do you marry him."
TYRWHITT.

Why ſhould not I then proſecute my right?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her ſoul; and ſhe, ſweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this ſpotted [6] and inconſtant man.

The. I muſt confeſs, that I have heard ſo much,
And with Demetrius thought to have ſpoke thereof?
But, being over-full of ſelf-affairs,
My mind did loſe it.—But, Demetrius, come;
And come, Egeus; you ſhall go with me,
I have ſome private ſchooling for you both.—
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourſelf
To fit your fancies to your father's will;
Or elſe the law of Athens yields you up
(Which by no means we may extenuate,)
To death, or to a vow of ſingle life.—
Come, my Hippolyta; What cheer, my love?—
Demetrius, and Egeus, go along:
I muſt employ you in ſome buſineſs
Againſt our nuptial; and confer with you
Of ſomething nearly that concerns yourſelves.

Ege. With duty, and deſire, we follow you.

[*Exeunt* THES. HIP. EGE. DEM. *and train.*

Lyſ. How now, my love? Why is your cheek ſo pale?
How chance the roſes there do fade ſo faſt?

Her. Belike, for want of rain; which I could well
Beteem them [7] from the tempeſt of mine eyes.

Lyſ. Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or hiſtory,
The courſe of true love never did run ſmooth:
But, either it was different in blood;

Her. O croſs! too high to be enthrall'd to low! [8]

Lyſ.

[6] As *ſpotleſs* is innocent, ſo *ſpotted* is wicked. JOHNSON.

[7] Give them, beſtow upon them. The word is uſed by Spenſer. JOHNSON.

[8] *Love*—poſſeſſes all the editions, but carries no juſt meaning in it. Nor was Hermia diſpleas'd at being in love; but regrets the inconveniences that generally attend the paſſion; either, the parties are diſproportioned, in degree of blood and quality; or unequal, in reſpect of years;

or

Lyſ. Or elſe miſgraffed, in reſpect of years;
Her. O ſpite! too old to be engag'd to young!
Lyſ. Or elſe it ſtood upon the choice of friends:
Her. O hell! to chooſe love by another's eye!
Lyſ. Or, if there were a ſympathy in choice,
War, death, or ſickneſs did lay ſiege to it;
Making it momentany as a ſound,[9]
Swift as a ſhadow, ſhort as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,[2]
That, in a ſpleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to ſay,—Behold!
The jaws of darkneſs do devour it up:[3]
So quick bright things come to confuſion.
Her. If then true lovers have been ever croſs'd,
It ſtands as an edict in deſtiny:
Then let us teach our trial patience,
Becauſe it is a cuſtomary croſs;
As due to love, as thoughts, and dreams, and ſighs,
Wiſhes,

or brought together by the appointment of friends, and not by their own choice. Theſe are the complaints repreſented by Lyſander; and Hermia, to anſwer to the firſt, as ſhe has done to the other two, muſt neceſſarily ſay:

"*O croſs! too high to be enthrall'd to* low!

So the antitheſis is kept up in the terms; and ſo ſhe is made to condole the diſproportion of blood and quality in lovers. THEOBALD.

The emendation is fully ſupported, not only by the tenour of the preceding lines, but by a paſſage in our author's *Venus and Adonis*, in which the former predicts that the courſe of love never ſhall run ſmooth:

"Sorrow on love hereafter ſhall attend,
"Ne'er ſettled equally, *too high*, or *low*," &c. MALONE.

9 Thus the quartos. The firſt folio reads—*momentary*. *Momentany* (ſays Dr. Johnſon) is the old and proper word. STEEVENS.

"——that ſhort *momentany* rage,"—is an expreſſion of Dryden. HENLEY.

2 *Collied*, i. e. black, ſmutted with coal, a word ſtill uſed in the midland counties. STEEVENS.

3 Though the word *ſpleen* may be here employed oddly enough, yet I believe it right. Shakſpeare, always hurried on by the grandeur and multitude of his ideas, aſſumes every now and then, an uncommon licence in the uſe of his words. Particularly in complex moral modes it is uſual with him to employ one, only to expreſs a very few *ideas* of that number of which it is compoſed. Thus wanting here to expreſs the ideas—of a ſudden, or—*in a trice*, he uſes the word *ſpleen*; which, partially conſidered, ſignifying a haſty ſudden fit, is enough for him, and he never troubles himſelf

about

Wiſhes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.[4]

Lyſ. A good perſuaſion; therefore, hear me, Hermia.
I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and ſhe hath no child:
From Athens is her houſe remote ſeven leagues;
And ſhe reſpects me as her only ſon.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
And to that place the ſharp Athenian law
Cannot purſue us: If thou lov'ſt me then,
Steal forth thy father's houſe to-morrow night;
And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do obſervance to a morn of May,
There will I ſtay for thee.

Her. My good Lyſander!
I ſwear to thee, by Cupid's ſtrongeſt bow;
By his beſt arrow with the golden head;
By the ſimplicity of Venus' doves;
By that which knitteth ſouls, and proſpers loves;
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,[5]
When the falſe Trojan under ſail was ſeen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women ſpoke;—
In that ſame place thou haſt appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lyſ. Keep promiſe, love: Look, here comes Helena.

Enter HELENA.

Her. God ſpeed, fair Helena! Whither away?

Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unſay.
Demetrius loves your fair:[6] O happy fair!

Your

about the further or fuller ſignification of the word. Here he uſes the word *ſpleen* for a *ſudden haſty fit*; ſo juſt the contrary, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, he uſes *ſudden* for *ſplenetic*: "*ſudden quips*." And it muſt be owned this ſort of converſation adds a force to the diction.

WARBURTON.

4 *Fancy* is *love*. So afterwards in this play—
"Fair Helena in *fancy* following me." STEEVENS.

5 Shakſpeare had forgot that Theſeus performed his exploits before the Trojan war, and conſequently long before the death of Dido.

STEEVENS.

6 *Fair* is uſed again as a ſubſtantive in *The Comedy of Errors*, Act III. ſc. iv. STEEVENS.

Your eyes are lode-ſtars;[7] and your tongue's ſweet air
More tuneable than lark to ſhepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
Sickneſs is catching; O, were favour ſo![8]
Your's would I catch,[9] fair Hermia, ere I go;
My ear ſhould catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue ſhould catch your tongue's ſweet melody.
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The reſt I'll give to be to you tranſlated,[2]
O, teach me how you look; and with what art
You ſway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me ſtill.

Hel. O, that your frowns would teach my ſmiles ſuch ſkill!

Her. I give him curſes, yet he gives me love.

Hel. O, that my prayers could ſuch affection move!

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

Hel. None, but your beauty; 'Would that fault were mine![3]

Her. Take comfort; he no more ſhall ſee my face;
Lyſander and myſelf will fly this place.—

Before

[7] This was a compliment not unfrequent among the old poets. The lode ſtar is the *leading* or guiding ſtar, that is, the pole-ſtar. The magnet is, for the ſame reaſon, called the *lode-ſtone*, either becauſe it leads iron, or becauſe it guides the ſailor. JOHNSON.

[8] *Favour* is *feature, countenance.* STEEVENS.

[9] This emendation is taken from the Oxford edition. The old reading is—*Your words I catch.* JOHNSON.

Mr. Malone reads—"Your *words I'd* catch." STEEVENS.

The emendation [*I'd* catch] was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. Sir T. Hanmer reads—"Yours *would* I catch;" in which he has been followed by the ſubſequent editors. As the old reading (*words*) is intelligible, I have adhered to the ancient copies. MALONE.

I have deſerted the old copies, only becauſe I am unable to diſcover how Helena, by catching the *words* of Hermia, could alſo catch her *favour*, i. e. her beauty. STEEVENS.

[2] To *tranſlate*, in our author, ſometimes ſignifies to *change*, to *transform*. STEEVENS.

[3] I would point this line thus:

"None.—But your beauty:—Would that fault were mine!"

HENDERSON.

Before the time I did Lyſander ſee,[4]
Seem'd Athens as a paradiſe to me:
O then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell!

Lyſ. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:
To-morrow night when Phœbe doth behold
Her ſilver viſage in the wat'ry glaſs,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed graſs,
(A time that lovers' flights doth ſtill conceal,)
Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to ſteal.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primroſe-beds[5] were wont to lie,
Emptying our boſoms of their council ſweet;[6]
There my Lyſander and myſelf ſhall meet:
And thence, from Athens, turn away our eyes,
To ſeek new friends and ſtranger companies,
Farewel, ſweet play-fellow; pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!
Keep word, Lyſander: we muſt ſtarve our ſight,
From lovers' food, till morrow deep midnight.[7]

[*Exit* HERM.

Lyſ. I will, my Hermia.—Helena, adieu;
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you!

[*Exit* LYS.

Hel. How happy ſome, o'er other ſome, can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as ſhe.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not ſo;
He will not know what all but he do know.

And

[4] Perhaps every reader may not diſcover the propriety of theſe lines. Hermia is willing to comfort Helena, and to avoid all appearance of triumph over her. She therefore bids her not to conſider the power of pleaſing, as an advantage to be much envied or much deſired, ſince Hermia, who ſhe conſiders as poſſeſſing it in the ſupreme degree, has found no other effect of it than the loſs of happineſs. JOHNSON.

[5] Whether the epithet *faint* has reference to the colour or ſmell of primroſes, let the reader determine. STEEVENS.

[6] That is, emptying our boſoms of thoſe ſecrets upon which we were wont to conſult each other with ſo ſweet a ſatisfaction. HEATH.

[7] Shakſpeare has a little forgotten himſelf. It appears from p. 107. that to-morrow night would be within three nights of the new moon, when there is no moonſhine at all, much leſs at deep midnight. The ſame overſight occurs in Act III. ſc. i. BLACKSTONE.

And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things baſe and vile, holding no quantity,[8]
Love can tranſpoſe to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind:
Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taſte;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haſte:
And therefore is love ſaid to be a child,
Becauſe in choice he is ſo oft beguil'd.
As waggiſh boys in game[9] themſelves forſwear,
So the boy love is perjur'd every where:
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,[2]
He hail'd down oaths, that he was only mine;
And when this hail ſome heat from Hermia felt,
So he diſſolv'd, and ſhowers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,
Purſue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expence:[3]
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his ſight thither, and back again. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. A Room in a Cottage.

Enter SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, QUINCE, *and* STARVELING.[4]

Quin. Is all our company here?

Bot.

[8] *Quality* ſeems a word more ſuitable to the ſenſe than quantity, but either may ſerve. JOHNSON.

Quantity is our author's word. So, in *Hamlet*, Act III. ſc. ii.

"And women's fear and love *hold quantity*." STEEVENS.

[9] *Game* here ſignifies not contentious play, but *ſport, jeſt*. So Spenſer:

"———'*twixt earneſt, and 'twixt* game." JOHNSON.

[2] This plural is common both in Chaucer and Spenſer. STEEVENS.

[3] i. e. it will *coſt him much*, (be a ſevere conſtraint on his feelings,) to make even ſo ſlight a return for my communication. STEEVENS.

[4] In this ſcene Shakſpeare takes advantage of his knowledge of the theatre, to ridicule the prejudies and competitions of the players. Bottom,

Bot. You were beſt to call them generally, man by man, according to the ſcrip.[5]

Quin. Here is the ſcroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and ducheſs, on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. Firſt, good Peter Quince, ſay what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and ſo grow to a point.[6]

Quin. Marry, our play is—The moſt lamentable comedy,[7] and moſt cruel death of Pyramus and Thiſby.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I aſſure you, and a merry.[8]—Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the ſcroll: Maſters, ſpread yourſelves.[9]

Quin. Anſwer, as I call you.—Nick Bottom, the weaver.

Bot.

tom, who is generally acknowledged the principal actor, declares his inclination to be for a tyrant, for a part of fury, tumult, and noiſe, ſuch as every young man pants to perform when he firſt ſteps upon the ſtage. The ſame Bottom, who ſeems bred in a tiring-room, has another hiſtrionical paſſion. He is for engroſſing every part, and would exclude his inferiors from all poſſibility of diſtinction. He is therefore deſirous to play Pyramus, Thiſbe, and the Lion, at the ſame time. JOHNSON.

[5] A *ſcrip*, Fr. *eſcript*, now written *ecrit*. STEEVENS.

[6] Dr. Warburton reads—*go on*; but *grow* is uſed, in alluſion to his name, Quince. JOHNSON.

To *grow* to a point, I believe, has no reference to the name of *Quince*. I meet with the ſame kind of expreſſion in *Wily Beguiled*:

"As yet we are *grown* to no concluſion." STEEVENS.

The ſenſe, in my opinion, hath been hitherto miſtaken; and inſtead of a *point*, a ſubſtantive, I would read *appoint* a verb, that is, *appoint* what part each actor is to perform, which is the real caſe. Quince firſt tells them the name of the play, then calls the actors by their names, and after that, tells each of them what part is ſet down for him to act.

Perhaps, however, only the particle *a* may be inſerted by the printer, and Shakſpeare wrote to *point*, i. e. to appoint. WARNER.

[7] This is very probably a burleſque on the *title page* of *Cambyſes*: "A lamentable Tragedie, mixed full of pleaſant Mirth, containing, *The Life of Cambiſes King of Percia*," &c. By Thomas Preſton, bl. l. no date.

On the regiſters of the Stationer's company, however, appears "the boke of *Perymus and Theſbye*," 1562. Perhaps Shakſpeare copied ſome part of his interlude from it. STEEVENS.

[8] This is deſigned as a ridicule on the titles of our ancient moralities and interludes. Thus Skelton's *Magnificence* is called "a goodly interlude and a mery." STEEVENS.

[9] i. e. ſtand ſeparately, not in a group, but ſo that you may be diſtinctly ſeen, and called over. STEEVENS.

Bot. Ready: Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are ſet down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himſelf moſt gallantly for love.

Bot. That will aſk ſome tears in the true performing of it: If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move ſtorms, I will condole in ſome meaſure.[2] To the reſt:—Yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in,[3] to make all ſplit.[4]

"The raging rocks,
"5 With ſhivering ſhocks,
"Shall break the locks
"Of priſon gates:
"And Phibbus' car
"Shall ſhine from far,
"And make and mar
"The fooliſh fates."

This was lofty!—Now name the reſt of the players.—This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.[6]

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You muſt take Thiſby on you.

Flu.

[2] When we uſe this verb at preſent, we put *with* before the perſon for whoſe misfortune we profeſs concern. Anciently it ſeems to have been employed without it. STEEVENS.

[3] In the old comedy of *The Roaring Girl*, 1611, there is a character called *Tear-cat*, who ſays: "I am called, by thoſe who have ſeen my valour, *Tear-cat*." In an anonymous piece called *Hiſtriomaſtix*, or *The Player Whipt*, 1610, in ſix acts, a parcel of ſoldiers drag a company of players on the ſtage, and the captain ſays: "Sirrah, this is you that would rend and *tear a cat* upon a ſtage," &c. STEEVENS.

[4] This is to be connected with the previous part of the ſpeech; not with the ſubſequent rhymes. It was the deſcription of a bully. In the ſecond act of *The Scornful Lady*, we meet with "two *roaring boys* of Rome, that *made all ſplit*." FARMER.

[5] The old copy reads—"*And* ſhivering," &c. The emendation is Dr. Farmer's. STEEVENS.

[6] In Ben Jonſon's *Maſque of Pan's Anniverſary*, &c. a man of the ſame profeſſion is introduced. I have been told that a *bellows-mender* was one who had the care of *organs*, *regals*, &c. STEEVENS.

Flu. What is Thiſby? a wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus muſt love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let me not play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one; you ſhall play it in a maſk, and you may ſpeak as ſmall as you will.[7]

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thiſby too: I'll ſpeak in a monſtrous little voice;—*Thiſne, Thiſne,—Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear; thy Thiſby dear! and lady dear!*

Quin. No, no; you muſt play Pyramus, and Flute, you Thiſby.

Bot. Well proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you muſt play Thiſby's mother.[8] —Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snout.

[7] This paſſage ſhows how the want of women on the old ſtage was ſupplied. If they had not a young man who could perform the part with a face that might paſs for feminine, the character was acted in a maſk, which was at that time a part of a lady's dreſs ſo much in uſe that it did not give any unuſual appearance to the ſcene: and he that could modulate his voice in a female tone, might play the woman very ſucceſsfully. It is obſerved in Downes's *Roſcius Anglicanus*, that Kynaſton, one of theſe counterfeit heroines moved the paſſions more ſtrongly than the women that have ſince been brought upon the ſtage. Some of the cataſtrophes of the old comedies, which make lovers marry the wrong women, are, by recollection of the common uſe of maſks, brought nearer to probability. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon here ſeems to have quoted from memory. Downes does not ſpeak of Kynaſton's performance in ſuch unqualified terms. His words are—"it has ſince been diſputable among the judicious, whether any woman that ſucceeded him, (Kynaſton,) ſo ſenſibly touched the audience as he." REED.

Prynne, in his *Hiſtriomaſtix*, exclaims with great vehemence through ſeveral pages, becauſe a woman acted a part in a play at Blackfryars in the year 1628. STEEVENS.

[8] There ſeems a double forgetfulneſs of our poet, in relation to the characters of this interlude. The father and mother of Thiſby, and the father of Pyramus, are here mentioned, who do not appear at all in the interlude; but Wall and Moonſhine are both employed in it, of whom there is not the leaſt notice taken here. THEOBALD.

Theobald is wrong as to this laſt particular. The introduction of *Wall* and *Moonſhine* was an after-thought. See Act III. ſc. i. It may be obſerved,

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus's father; myſelf, Thiſby's father;—Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's part:—and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am ſlow of ſtudy.[8]

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke ſay, *Let him roar again, let him roar again.*

Quin. An you ſhould do it too terribly, you would fright the ducheſs and the ladies, that they ſhould ſhriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mother's ſon.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if that you ſhould fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more diſcretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voice ſo, that I will roar you as gently as any ſucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.[9]

Quin. Yon can play no part but Pyramus: for Pyramus is a ſweet-faced man; a proper man, as one ſhall ſee in a ſummer's day; a moſt lovely, gentleman-like man; therefore you muſt needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I beſt to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will diſcharge it in either your ſtraw-coloured beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.[2]

Quin.

ſerved, however, that no part of what is rehearſed is afterwards repeated, when the piece is acted before Theſeus. STEEVENS.

[8] *Study* is ſtill the cant term uſed in a theatre for getting any nonſenſe by rote. Hamlet aſks the player if he can "*ſtudy*" a ſpeech. STEEVENS.

[9] *An* means *as if*. So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*: — "He will weep you, *an* 'twere a man born in April." STEEVENS.

[2] Here Bottom again diſcovers a true genius for the ſtage by his ſolicitude for propriety of dreſs, and his deliberation which beard to chooſe among many beards, all unnatural. JOHNSON.

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced.[3]—But, maſters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, requeſt you, and deſire you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moon-light; there will we rehearſe: for if we meet in the city, we ſhall be dog'd with company, and our devices known. In the mean time, I will draw a bill of properties,[4] ſuch as our play wants. I pray you fail me not.

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearſe more obſcenely, and courageouſly. Take pains; be perfect; adieu.

Quin. At the duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough; Hold, or cut bow-ſtrings.[5] [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Wood near Athens.

Enter a Fairy *at one door, and* PUCK *at another.*

Puck. How now, ſpirit! whither wander you?

This cuſtom of wearing coloured beards, the reader will find more amply explained in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Act IV. ſc. ii.

[3] That is, a head from which the hair has fallen in one of the laſt ſtages of the *lues venerea*, called the *corona veneris*. To this our poet has too frequent alluſions. STEEVENS.

[4] *Properties* are whatever little articles are wanted in a play for the actors, according to their reſpective parts, dreſſes and ſcenes excepted. The perſon who delivers them out is to this day called the *property-man*. STEEVENS.

[5] This proverbial phraſe came originally from the camp. When a rendezvous was appointed, the militia ſoldiers would frequently make excuſe for not keeping word, that their *bow-ſtrings* were *broke*, i. e. their arms unſerviceable. Hence when one would give another abſolute aſſurance of meeting him, he would ſay proverbially—*hold or* cut *bow-ſtrings*—i. e. whether the bow-ſtrings held or broke. For *cut* is uſed as a neuter, like the verb *fret*. As when we ſay, the *ſtring frets*, the *ſilk frets*, for the paſſive, *it is cut* or *fretted*. WARBURTON.

This interpretation is very ingenious, but ſomewhat diſputable. The excuſe made by the militia ſoldiers is a mere ſuppoſition, without proof; and it is well known that while *bows* were in uſe, no archer ever entered the field without a ſupply of *ſtrings* in his pocket; whence originated the proverb, *to have two ſtrings to one's bow*. STEEVENS.

Fai. Over hill, over dale,
Thorough buſh, thorough briar,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moones ſphere; [6]
And I ſerve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green: [7]
The cowſlips tall her penſioners be; [8]
In their gold coats ſpots you ſee; [9]
Thoſe be rubies, fairy favours:
In thoſe freckles live their ſavours:

I muſt

To meet, *whether bow-ſtrings hold or are cut*, is to meet in all events. To cut the bowſtring, when bows were in uſe, was probably a common practice of thoſe who bore enmity to the archer. MALONE.

[6] Unleſs we ſuppoſe this to be the Saxon genitive caſe, (as it is here printed,) the metre will be defective.

So, in a letter from Gabriel Harvey to Spenſer, 1580: "Have we not *Gods hys wrath*, for God*des* wrath, and a thouſand of the ſame ſtampe, wherein the corrupte orthography in the moſte, hath been the ſole or principal cauſe of corrupte proſodye in over-many?" STEEVENS.

[7] The *orbs* here mentioned are the circles ſuppoſed to be made by the fairies on the ground, whoſe verdure proceeds from the fairies' care to water them. JOHNSON.

[8] The *cowſlip* was a favourite among the fairies. There is a hint in *Drayton* of their attention to May morning:

"———*For the queen a fitting tower,*
"*Quoth he, is that fair* cowſlip flower.———
"*In all your train there's not a fay*
"*That ever went to* gather May,
"*But ſhe hath made it in her way,*
"*The* talleſt *there that groweth.* JOHNSON.

This was ſaid in conſequence of Queen Elizabeth's faſhionable eſtabliſhment of a band of military courtiers, by the name of *penſioners*. They were ſome of the handſomeſt and *talleſt* young men of the beſt families and fortune, that could be found. Hence, ſays Mrs. Quickly, in *The Merry Wives*, Act II. ſc. ii: "and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, *Penſioners*." They gave the mode in dreſs and diverſions. They accompanied the queen in her progreſs to Cambridge, where they held ſtaff-torches at a play on a Sunday evening in King's College Chapel. T. WARTON.

[9] Shakſpeare, in *Cymbeline*, refers to the ſame red ſpots:

"*A mole cinque-ſpotted, like the crimſon* drops
"*I' th' bottom of a cowſlip.*" PERCY.

Perhaps there is likewiſe ſome alluſion to the habit of a *penſioner*.
STEEVENS.

I muſt go ſeek ſome dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowſlip's ear.
Farewel, thou lob of ſpirits,[2] I'll be gone;
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to night;
Take heed, the queen come not within his ſight.
For Oberon is paſſing fell and wrath,
Becauſe that ſhe, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy, ſtol'n from an Indian king;
She never had ſo ſweet a changeling: [3]
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the foreſts wild:
But ſhe, perforce, withholds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy:
And now they never meet in grove, or green,
By fountain clear, or ſpangled ſtar-light ſheen,[4]
But they do ſquare; [5] that all their elves, for fear,
Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

Fai. Either I miſtake your ſhape and making quite,
Or elſe you are that ſhrewd and knaviſh ſprite,
Call'd Robin Good-fellow: [6] are you not he,

[2] *Lob*, *lubber*, *looby*, *lobcock*, all denote both inactivity of body and dulneſs of mind. JOHNSON.

[3] *Changeling* is commonly uſed for the child ſuppoſed to be left by the fairies, but here for a child taken away. JOHNSON.

It is *here* properly uſed, and in its *common acceptation*; that is for a *child got in exchange*. A fairy is now ſpeaking. RITSON.

[4] ——*ſheen*,] Shining, bright, gay. JOHNSON.

[5] To *ſquare* here is to quarrel. The French word *contrecarrer* has the ſame import. JOHNSON.

It is ſomewhat whimſical, that the glaſiers uſe the words *ſquare* and *quarrel* as ſynonymous terms, for a pane of glaſs. BLACKSTONE.

[6] This account of Robin Good-fellow correſponds, in every article, with that given of him in *Harſenet's Declaration*, ch. xx. p. 134: "And if that the bowle of curds and creame were not duly ſet out for Robin Good-fellow, the frier, and Siſſe the dairy-maid, why then either the pottage was burnt to next day in the pot, or the cheeſes would not curdle, or the butter would not come, or the ale in the fat never would have good head. But if a Peter-penny, or an houſle-egge were behind, or a patch of tythe unpaid, then ware of bull-beggars, ſpirits," &c. He is mentioned by Cartwright [*Ordinary*, Act III. ſc. i.] as a ſpirit particularly fond of diſconcerting and diſturbing domeſtic peace and economy.

T. WARTON.

That fright the maidens of the villag'ry;
Skim milk; and ſometimes labour in the quern,
And bootleſs make the breathleſs houſewife churn; [7]
And ſometime make the drink to bear no barm; [8]
Miſlead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
[9] Thoſe that Hobgoblin call you, and ſweet Puck,[2]
You do their work, and they ſhall have good luck:

Are

Reginald Scot gives the ſame account of this frolickſome ſpirit, in his *Diſcoverie of Witchcraft*, Lond. 1584, 4to. p. 66: "Your grandames' maids were wont to ſet a bowl of milk for him, for his pains in grinding malt and muſtard, and ſweeping the houſe at midnight—this white bread and bread and milk, was his ſtanding fee." STEEVENS.

[7] The ſenſe of theſe lines is confuſed. *Are not you he*, ſays the fairy, *that fright the country girls, that ſkim milk, work in the hand-mill, and make the tired dairy-woman churn without effect?* The mention of the mill ſeems out of place, for ſhe is not now telling the good, but the evil that he does. I would regulate the lines thus:

"*And ſometimes make the breathleſs houſewife churn*
"*Skim milk, and bootleſs labour in the quern.*"

Or, by a ſimple tranſpoſition of the lines:

"*And bootleſs make the breathleſs houſewife churn*
"*Skim milk, and ſometimes labour in the quern.*"

Yet there is no neceſſity of alteration. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon thinks the mention of the *mill* out of place, as the Fairy is not now telling the good but the evil he does. The obſervation will apply, with equal force, to his *ſkimming the milk*, which, if it were done at a proper time, and the cream preſerved, would be a piece of ſervice. But we muſt underſtand both to be miſchievous pranks. He ſkims the milk, when it ought not to be ſkimmed:—and grinds the corn, when it is not wanted; at the ſame time perhaps throwing the flour about the houſe.

RITSON.

A *Quern* is a hand-mill, kuerna, *mola*. Iſlandic. STEEVENS.

[8] *Barme* is a name for *yeaſt*, yet uſed in our midland counties, and univerſally in Ireland. STEEVENS.

[9] It will be apparent to him that ſhall compare Drayton's poem with this play, that either one of the poets copied the other, or, as I rather believe, that there was then ſome ſyſtem of the fairy empire generally received, which they both repreſented as accurately as they could. Whether Drayton or Shakſpeare wrote firſt, I cannot diſcover. JOHNSON.

The editor of *The Canterbury Tales of Chaucer*, in 4 vols. 8vo. 1775, ſuppoſes Drayton to have been the follower of Shakſpeare; for, ſays he, "*Don Quixote* (which was not publiſhed till 1605,) is cited in *The Nymphidia*, whereas we have an edition of *A Midſummer-Night's Dream* in 1600." In this century ſome of our poets have been as little ſcrupulous in adopting the ideas of their predeceſſors.

Mr.

Are not you he?

Puck. Thou ſpeak'ſt aright;[3]
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jeſt to Oberon, and make him ſmile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horſe beguile,
Neighing in likeneſs of a filly foal:
And ſometime lurk I in a goſſip's bowl,
In very likeneſs of a roaſted crab;[4]
And, when ſhe drinks, againſt her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale.
The wiſeſt aunt,[5] telling the ſaddeſt tale,
Sometime for three-foot ſtool miſtaketh me;
Then ſlip I from her bum, down topples ſhe,

Mr. Pope is more indebted to Chaucer for beauties inſerted in his Eloiſa to Abelard, than he has been willing to acknowledge. STEEVENS.

Don Quixote, though publiſhed in Spain in 1605, was probably little known in England till Skelton's tranſlation appeared in 1612. Drayton's poem was, I have no doubt, ſubſequent to that year. The earlieſt edition of it that I have ſeen, was printed in 1619. MALONE.

[2] The epithet is by no means ſuperfluous; as *Puck* alone was far from being an endearing appellation. It ſignified nothing better than *fiend*, or *devil*.

It ſeems to have been an old Gothic word. *Puke*, *puken*; Sathanas. *Gudm. And. Lexicon Iſland.* TYRWHITT.

[3] I would fill up the verſe which I ſuppoſe the author left complete:

"*I am*, thou ſpeak'ſt aright;

It ſeems that in the Fairy mythology, Puck, or Hobgoblin, was the truſty ſervant of Oberon, and always employed to watch or detect the intrigues of Queen Mab, called by Shakſpeare Titania. For in Drayton's *Nymphidia*, the ſame fairies are engaged in the ſame buſineſs. Mab has an amour with Pigwiggen: Oberon being jealous, ſends Hobgoblin to catch them, and one of Mab's nymphs oppoſes him by a ſpell. JOHNSON.

[4] i. e. the wild apple of that name. STEEVENS.

[5] *Aunt* is ſometimes uſed for *procureſs*. In Gaſcoigne's *Glaſs of Government*, 1575, the *bawd* Pandarina is always called *aunt*. Among Ray's proverbial phraſes is the following. "She is one of mine *aunts* that made mine uncle to go a begging." The *wiſeſt aunt* may therefore mean the moſt *ſentimental bawd*, or, perhaps, the moſt *proſaic old woman*. STEEVENS.

The firſt of theſe conjectures is much too wanton and injurious to the word *aunt*, which in this place at leaſt certainly means no other than an *innocent old woman*. RITSON.

And *tailor* cries,[6] and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe;
And waxen [7] in their mirth, and neeze, and ſwear
A merrier hour was never waſted there.—
But room, Faery,[8] here comes Oberon.

Fai. And here my miſtreſs:—'Would that he were gone!

SCENE II.

Enter OBERON,[9] *at one doar, with his train, and* TITANIA,[2] *at another, with hers.*

Obe. Ill met by moon-light, proud Titania.

Tita.

[6] The cuſtom of crying *tailor* at a ſudden fall backwards, I think I remember to have obſerved. He that ſlips beſide his chair, falls as a tailor ſquats upon his board. The Oxford editor, and Dr. Warburton after him, read *and rails or cries*, plauſibly, but I believe not rightly. Beſides, the trick of the fairy is repreſented as producing rather merriment than anger. JOHNSON.

This phraſe perhaps originated in a pun. *Your* tail *is now on the ground.* See Camden's *Remaines*, 1614. PROVERBS. "Between two ſtools the *tayle* goeth to the ground." MALONE.

[7] And *encreaſe*, as the *moon waxes.* JOHNSON.

A feeble ſenſe may be extracted from the foregoing words as they ſtand; but Dr. Farmer obſerves to me that *waxen* is probably corrupted from *yoxen*, or *yexen*. *Yoxe*, Saxon, to *hiccup*. Yyxyn, *Singultio*. Prompt. Parv.

That *yex*, however, was a familiar word ſo late as the time of Ainſworth the lexicographer, is clear from his having produced it as a tranſlation of the Latin ſubſtantive—*ſingultus*.

The meaning of the paſſage before us will then be, that the objects of Puck's waggery laughed till their laughter ended in a *yex* or *hiccup*.

It ſhould be remembered, in ſupport of this conjecture, that Puck is at preſent ſpeaking with an affectation of ancient phraſeology. STEEVENS.

[8] Thus the old copies. Some of our modern editors read—"But *make* room, Fairy." The word Fairy, or Faery, was ſometimes of three ſyllables, as often in Spenſer. JOHNSON.

[9] *Oberon* had been introduced on the ſtage in 1594, by ſome other author. In the Stationers' books is entered "The Scottiſhe ſtory of James the fourthe, ſlain at Flodden, intermixed with a pleaſant comedie preſented by *Oberon, King of Fairies.*" STEEVENS.

[2] As to the *Fairy Queen*, (ſays Mr. Warton in his *Obſervations on Spenſer*,) conſidered apart from the race of fairies, the notion of ſuch an imaginary perſonage was very common. STEEVENS.

Tita. What, jealous Oberon? Fairy, ſkip hence;
I have forſworn his bed and company.
Obe. Tarry, raſh wanton; Am not I thy lord?
Tita. Then I muſt be thy lady: But I know
When thou haſt ſtol'n away from fairy land,
And in the ſhape of Corin ſat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and verſing love
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the fartheſt ſteep of India?
But that, forſooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buſkin'd miſtreſs, and your warrior love,
To Theſeus muſt be wedded; and you come
To give their bed joy and proſperity.
Obe. How canſt thou thus, for ſhame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theſeus?
Didſt thou not lead him through the glimmering night?[3]
From Perigenia, whom he raviſhed?[4]
And make him with fair Æglé break his faith,
With Ariadne, and Antiopa?
Tita. Theſe are the forgeries of jealouſy:
And never, ſince the middle ſummer's ſpring,[5]

3 The *glimmering night* is the night *faintly illuminated* by ſtars. In *Macbeth* our author ſays:

"The weſt yet *glimmers* with ſome ſtreaks of day." STEEVENS.

4 Thus all the editors, but our author who diligently perus'd Plutarch, and glean'd from him, where his ſubject would admit, knew, from the life of *Theſeus*, that her name was Perygine, (or Perigune,) by whom Theſeus had his ſon Melanippus. She was the daughter of Sinnis, a cruel robber, and tormenter of paſſengers in the Iſthmus. Plutarch and Athenæus are both expreſs in the circumſtance of Theſeus raviſhing her.

THEOBALD.

In North's tranſlation of Plutarch (Life of Theſeus) this lady is called *Perigouna*. The alteration was probably intentional, for the ſake of harmony. Her real name was *Perigune*. MALONE.

5 By the *middle ſummer's ſpring*, our author ſeems to mean the *beginning* of *middle* or *mid* ſummer. STEEVENS.

The middle ſummer's ſpring, is, I apprehend, the ſeaſon when trees put forth their *ſecond*, or as they are frequently called their *midſummer ſhoots*. Thus, Evelyn in his Silva: "Cut off all the ſide boughs, and eſpecially at midſummer, if you ſpy them *breaking* out." And again, "Where the rows and bruſh lie longer than *midſummer*, unbound, or made up, you endanger the loſs of the *ſecond ſpring*." HENLEY.

Met we on hill, in dale, foreſt, or mead.
By paved fountain,[6] or by ruſhy brook,
Or on the beached margent of the ſea,
To dance our ringlets to the whiſtling wind,
But with thy brawls thou haſt diſturb'd our ſport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have ſuck'd up from the ſea
Contagious fogs; which falling in the land,
Have every pelting river[7] made ſo proud,
That they have overborne their continents:[8]
The ox hath therefore ſtretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman loſt his ſweat; and the green corn
Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:
The fold ſtands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock;[9]
The nine-men's morris is fill'd up with mud;[2]

And

[6] A fountain laid round the edge with ſtone. JOHNSON.
Perhaps *paved* at the bottom. So, Lord Bacon in his *Eſſay on Gardens*: "As for the other kind of *fountaine*, which we may call a bathing poole, it may admit much curioſity and beauty. . . . . As that the bottom be finely *paved* . . . . the *ſides* likewiſe," &c. STEEVENS.
The epithet ſeems here intended to mean no more than that the beds of theſe fountains were covered with pebbles in oppoſition to thoſe of the ruſhy brooks which are oozy. HENLEY.

[7] Thus the quartos: the folio reads—*petty*. Shakſpeare has in *Lear* the ſame word, *low pelting farms*. The meaning is plainly, *deſpicable*, *mean*, *ſorry*, *wretched*; but as it is a word without any reaſonable etymology, I ſhould be glad to diſmiſs it for *petty*: yet it is undoubtedly right. We have "*petty pelting officer*" in *Meaſure for Meaſure*. JOHNSON.

[8] Born down the banks that contain them. MALONE.

[9] The *murrain* is the plague in cattle. It is here uſed by Shakſpeare as an adjective: as a ſubſtantive by others. STEEVENS.

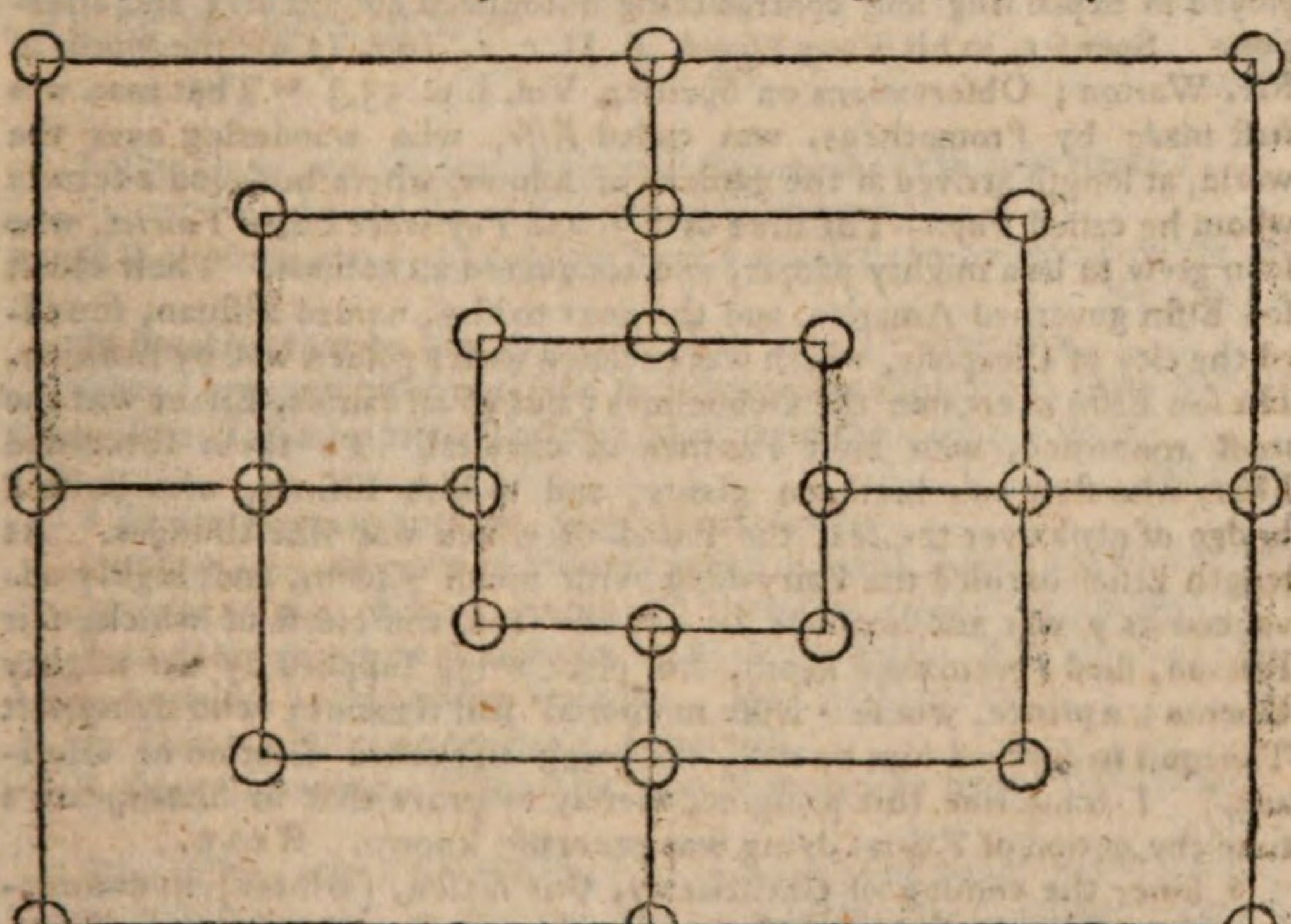
[2] In that part of Warwickſhire where Skakſpeare was educated, and the neighbouring parts of Northamptonſhire, the ſhepherds and other boys dig up the turf with their knives to repreſent a ſort of imperfect cheſs-board. It conſiſts of a ſquare, ſometimes only a foot diameter, ſometimes three or four yards. Within this is another ſquare, every ſide of which is parallel to the external ſquare; and theſe ſquares are joined by lines drawn from each corner of both ſquares, and the middle of each line. One party, or player, has wooden pegs, the other ſtones, which they move in ſuch a manner as to take up each other's men as they are called, and the area of the inner ſquare is called the Pound, in which the men taken up are impounded. Theſe figures are by the country people

And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,[3]
For lack of tread, are undiſtinguiſhable:
The human mortals[4] want their winter here;

people called *Nine Men's Morris*, or *Merrils*; and are ſo called, becauſe each party has nine men. Theſe figures are always cut upon the green turf or leys, as they are called, or upon the graſs at the end of ploughed lands, and in rainy ſeaſons never fail to be *choaked up with mud*. JAMES.

Nine mens' morris is a game ſtill play'd by the ſhepherds, cow-keepers, &c. in the midland counties, as follows:

A figure is made on the ground (like this which I have drawn) by cutting out the turf; and two perſons take each nine ſtones, which they place by turns in the angles, and afterwards move alternately, as at cheſs or draughts. He who can place three in a ſtraight line, may then take



off any one of his adverſary's, where he pleaſes, till one, having loſt all his men, loſes the game. ALCHORNE.

3 This alludes to a ſport ſtill followed by boys; i. e. what is now called *running the figure of eight*. STEEVENS.

4 Shakſpeare might have employed this epithet, which, at firſt ſight, appears redundant, to mark the difference between *men* and *fairies*. *Fairies* were not *human*, but they were yet *ſubject to mortality*. It appears from the Romance of *Sir Huon of Bordeaux*, that *Oberon* himſelf was mortal. STEEVENS.

No night is now with hymn or carol bleſt : [5]—
Therefore the moon, the governeſs of floods,
Pale in her anger, waſhes all the air,
That rheumatic diſeaſes do abound : [6]
And, thorough this diſtemperature,[7] we ſee

The

" This however (ſays Mr. Ritſon,) does not by any means appear to be the caſe. Oberon, Titania, and Puck, *never dye*; *the inferior agents muſt neceſſarily be ſuppoſed to enjoy the ſame privilege*; and the ingenious commentator may rely upon it, that the oldeſt woman in England never heard of *the death of a Fairy*. *Human mortals* is, notwithſtanding, evidently put in oppoſition to fairies who partook of a middle nature between *men* and *ſpirits*." It is a misfortune as well to the commentators, as to the readers of Shakſpeare, that ſo much of their time is obliged to be employed in explaining and contradicting unfounded conjectures and aſſertions. Spenſer, in his *Faery Queen*, B. II. c x. ſays, (I uſe the words of Mr. Warton; Obſervations on Spenſer, Vol. I. p. 55.) " That man was firſt made by Prometheus, was called *Elfe*, who wandering over the world, at length arrived at the gardens of Adonis, where he found a female whom he called *Fay*.—The iſſue of *Elfe* and *Fay* were called *Fairies*, who ſoon grew to be a mighty people, and conquered all nations. Their eldeſt ſon Elfin governed America, and the next to him, named Elfinan, founded the city of Cleopolis, which was encloſed with a golden wall by Elfinine. His ſon Elfin overcame the Gobbelines; but of all fairies, Elfant was the moſt renowned, who built Panthea of chryſtal. To theſe ſucceeded Elfar, who ſlew two brethren giants; and to him Elfinor, who built a bridge of glaſs over the ſea, the ſound of which was like thunder. At length Elficleos ruled the Fairy-land with much wiſdom, and highly advanced its power and honour: he left two ſons, the eldeſt of which, fair Elferon, died a premature death, his place being ſupplied by the mighty Oberon; a prince, whoſe 'wide memorial' ſtill remains; who dying left Tanaquil to ſucceed him by will, ſhe being alſo called Glorian or Gloriana." I tranſcribe this pedigree, merely to prove that in Shakſpeare's time the notion of Fairies dying was generally known. REED.

5 Since the coming of Chriſtianity, this ſeaſon, [winter] in commemoration of the birth of Chriſt, has been particularly devoted to feſtivity. And to this cuſtom, notwithſtanding the impropriety, *hymn or carol bleſt* certainly alludes. WARBURTON.

Hymns and carols, in the time of Shakſpeare, during the ſeaſon of Chriſtmas, were ſung every night about the ſtreets, as a pretext for collecting money from houſe to houſe. STEEVENS.

6 *Rheumatick diſeaſes*, ſignified in Shakſpeare's time, not what we now call *rheumatiſm*, but diſtillations from the head, catarrhs, &c. MALONE.

7 This *perturbation* of the elements. STEEVENS.

By *diſtemperature*, I imagine is meant in this place, the perturbed ſtate in which the king and queen had lived for ſome time paſt.

MALONE.

The ſeaſons alter; hoary headed froſts
Fall in the freſh lap of the crimſon roſe;
And on old Hyems' chin,[8] and icy crown,
An odorous chaplet of ſweet ſummer buds
Is, as in mockery, ſet: The ſpring, the ſummer,
The childing autumn,[9] angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries; and the 'mazed world,
By their increaſe,[2] now knows not which is which:
And this ſame progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our diſſention;
We are their parents and original.

Obe. Do you amend it then; it lies in you:
Why ſhould Titania croſs her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my henchman.[3]

8 Dr. Grey, not inelegantly, conjectures, that the poet wrote:

"—on old Hyems' *chill* and icy crown."

It is not indeed eaſy to diſcover how a chaplet can be placed on *the chin*.
STEEVENS.

It ſhould rather be *thin*, i. e. thin-hair'd. TYRWHITT.

Thinne is nearer to *chinne* (the ſpelling of the old copies) than *chill*, and therefore, I think, more likely to have been the author's word.
MALONE.

9 Is the *pregnant* autumn, *frugifer autumnus*.

Childing is an old term in botany, when a ſmall flower grows out of a large one; "the *childing* autumn," therefore means the autumn which unſeaſonably produces flowers on thoſe of ſummer. Floriſts have alſo a *childing* daiſy, and a *childing* ſcabious. HOLT WHITE.

2 This is, *By their produce*. JOHNSON.

3 Page of honour. This office was aboliſhed by queen Elizabeth.
GREY.

The office might be aboliſhed at court, but probably remained in the city. Glapthorne, in his comedy called *Wit in a Conſtable*, 1640, has this paſſage:

"When ſhe was lady may'reſs, and you humble
"As her trim *bench-boys*."

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Chriſtmas Maſque*: "—he ſaid grace as well as any of the ſheriff's *bench-boys*."

Skinner derives the word from Hine A. S. quaſi domeſticus famulus. Spelman from Hengſtman, equi curator, ἱππονόμος. STEEVENS.

In a letter to the Earl of Shrewſbury dated 11th of December 1565, it is ſaid, "Her Highneſs (i. e. Queen Elizabeth) hathe of late, wherat ſome doo moche marvell, diſſolved the auncient office of *Henchemen*."

Tita. Set your heart at reſt,
The fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a vot'reſs of my order:
And, in the ſpiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath ſhe goſſip'd by my ſide;
And ſat with me on Neptune's yellow ſands,
Marking the embarked traders on the flood;
When we have laugh'd to ſee the ſails conceive,
And grow big-bellied, with the wanton wind:
Which ſhe, with pretty and with ſwimming gait,
(Following her womb, then rich with my young 'ſquire,[4])
Would

men." (Lodge's *Illuſtrations*, Vol. I. p. 358.) On this paſſage Mr. Lodge obſerves that *Henchmen* were "a certain number of youths, the ſons of gentlemen, who ſtood or walked near the perſon of the monarch on all publick occaſions. They are mentioned in the ſumptuary ſtatutes of the 4th of Edward the Fourth, and 24th of Henry VIII. and a patent is preſerved in the Fœdera, Vol. XV. 242, whereby Edward VI. gives to William Bukley, M. A. *propter gravitatem morum et doctrinæ abundantiam, officium docendi, erudiendi, atque inſtituendi adoleſcentulos vocatos* HENCHMEN; with a ſalary of 40l. per annum. *Henchman*, or *Heinſman*, is a German word, as Blount informs us in his *Gloſſographia*, ſignifying a domeſtic, whence our ancient term *Hind*, a ſervant in the houſe of a farmer. Dr. Percy, in a note on the Earl of Northumberland's houſehold book, with leſs probability, derives the appellation from their cuſtom of ſtanding by the ſide, or *Haunch* of their Lord." REED.

At the funeral of Henry VIII. nine *henchmen* attended with Sir Francis Bryan, *maſter of the henchmen.*

Strype's Eccl. Mem. v. 2. App. n. 1. TYRWHITT.

——*Henchman.* Quaſi haunch-man. One that goes behind another. *Pediſequus.* BLACKSTONE.

+ Perhaps the parentheſis ſhould begin ſooner; as I think Mr. Kenrick obſerves:

"*(Following her womb*, then rich with my young ſquire,)"

So, in Trulla's combat with Hudibras:

"——————She preſs'd ſo home,
"That he retir'd, and *follow'd's bum.*"

And Dryden ſays of his *Spaniſh Friar*, "his great belly walks in ſtate *before him*, and his gouty legs come limping *after it.*" FARMER.

I have followed this regulation, (which is likewiſe adopted by Mr. Steevens,) though I do not think that of the old copy at all liable to the objection made to it by Dr. Warburton. "She did not, (he ſays) follow the ſhip whoſe motion ſhe imitated; for that ſailed on the water, ſhe on land." But might ſhe not on land move in the ſame direction with the ſhip at ſea, which certainly would outſtrip her? and what is this but *following?*

Would imitate; and ſail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.
But ſhe, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And, for her ſake, I do rear up her boy:
And, for her ſake, I will not part with him.

Obe. How long within this wood intend you ſtay?

Tita. Perchance, till after Theſeus' wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round,
And ſee our moon-light revels, go with us;
If not, ſhun me, and I will ſpare your haunts.

Obe. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Tita. Not for thy kingdom.—Fairies, away: [5]
We ſhall chide down-right, if I longer ſtay.

[*Exeunt* TITANIA, *and her train.*

Obe. Well, go thy way: thou ſhalt not from this grove,
Till I torment thee for this injury.—
My gentle Puck, come hither: Thou remember'ſt
Since once I ſat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering ſuch dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude ſea grew civil at her ſong;
And certain ſtars ſhot madly from their ſpheres,
To hear the ſea-maid's muſick.[6]

Puck.

Which, according to the preſent regulation, muſt mean—*which motion of the ſhip with ſwelling ſails*, &c: according to the old regulation it muſt refer to "embarked traders." MALONE.

[5] The ancient copies read—

"Not for thy *fairy* kingdom.—Fairies away."

By the advice of Dr. Farmer I have omitted the uſeleſs adjective *fairy*, as it ſpoils the metre; *Fairies*, the following ſubſtantive, being apparently uſed, in an earlier inſtance, as a triſſyllable. STEEVENS.

[6] The firſt thing obſervable on theſe words is, that this action of the *mermaid* is laid in the ſame time and place with Cupid's attack upon the *veſtal*. By the *veſtal* every one knows is meant queen Elizabeth. It is very natural and reaſonable then to think that the *mermaid* ſtands for ſome eminent perſonage of her time. And if ſo, the allegorical covering, in which there is a mixture of ſatire and panegyric, will lead us to conclude that this perſon was one of whom it had been inconvenient for the author to ſpeak openly, either in praiſe or diſpraiſe. All this agrees with Mary Queen of Scots, and with no other. Q. Elizabeth could not bear to hear her commended; and her ſucceſſor would not forgive her ſatiriſt. But

the

Puck. I remember.

Obe. That very time I ſaw, (but thou could'ſt not,)

Flying

the poet has ſo well marked out every diſtinguiſhed circumſtance of her life and character in this beautiful allegory, as will leave no room to doubt about his ſecret meaning. She is called a *mermaid*, 1. to denote her reign over a kingdom ſituate in the ſea, and 2. her beauty, and intemperate luſt:

" ——— ——*Ut turpiter atrum*
" *Deſinat in piſcem mulier formoſa ſuperne.*"

for as Elizabeth for her chaſtity is called a *veſtal*, this unfortunate lady on a contrary account is called a *mermaid*. 3. An ancient ſtory may be ſuppoſed to be here alluded to. The emperor Julian tells us, Epiſtle 41. that the Sirens (which, with all the modern poets, are *mermaids*) contended for precedency with the Muſes, who overcoming them, took away their wings. The quarrels between Mary and Elizabeth had the ſame cauſe, and the ſame iſſue.

———*on a dolphin's back,*] This evidently marks out that diſtinguiſhing circumſtance of Mary's fortune, her marriage with the dauphin of France, ſon of Henry II.

Uttering ſuch dulcet and harmonious breath,] This alludes to her great abilities of genius and learning, which rendered her the moſt accompliſhed princeſs of her age. The French writers tell us, that, while ſhe was in that court, ſhe pronounced a Latin oration in the great hall of the Louvre, with ſo much grace and eloquence, as filled the whole court with admiration.

That the rude ſea grew civil at her ſong;] By the *rude ſea* is meant Scotland encircled with the ocean; which roſe up in arms againſt the regent, while ſhe was in France. But her return home preſently quieted thoſe diſorders: and had not her ſtrange ill conduct afterwards more violently inflamed them, ſhe might have paſſed her whole life in peace. There is the greater juſtneſs and beauty in this image, as the vulgar opinion is, that the mermaid always ſings in ſtorms:

And certain ſtars ſhot madly from their ſpheres,
To hear the ſea-maid's muſick.] Thus concludes the deſcription, with that remarkable circumſtance of this unhappy lady's fate, the deſtruction ſhe brought upon ſeveral of the Engliſh nobility, whom ſhe drew in to ſupport her cauſe. This, in the boldeſt expreſſion of the ſublime, the poet images by *certain ſtars ſhooting madly from their ſpheres*: By which he meant the earls of Northumberland and Weſtmoreland, who fell in her quarrel; and principally the great duke of Norfolk, whoſe projected marriage with her was attended with ſuch fatal conſequences. Here again the reader may obſerve a peculiar juſtneſs in the imagery. The vulgar opinion being that the mermaid allured men to deſtruction by her ſongs. To which opinion Shakſpeare alludes in his *Comedy of Errors*:

" *O train me not, ſweet* mermaid, with thy note,
" *To* drown me *in thy ſiſter's flood of tears.*"

On

Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: [7] a certain aim he took

At

On the whole, it is the nobleſt and juſteſt allegory that was ever written. The laying it in *fairy land*, and out of nature, is in the character of the ſpeaker. And on theſe occaſions Shakſpeare always excels himſelf. He is borne away by the magic of his enthuſiaſm, and hurries his reader along with him into theſe ancient regions of poetry, by that power of verſe, which we may well fancy to be like what,

"————*Olim fauni vateſque canebant.*" WARBURTON.

So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"And little *ſtars ſhot from their fixed places.*" MALONE.

Every reader may be induced to wiſh that the foregoing alluſion, pointed out by ſo acute a critic as Dr. Warburton, ſhould remain uncontroverted; and yet I cannot diſſemble my doubts concerning it.——Why is the *thrice-married* Queen of Scotland ſtiled a *Sea-*MAID? and is it probable that Shakſpeare (who underſtood his own political as well as poetical intereſt,) ſhould have ventured ſuch a panegyric on this ill-fated Princeſs, during the reign of her rival Elizabeth? If it was unintelligible to his audience, it was thrown away; if obvious, there was danger of offence to her Majeſty.

"A ſtar diſ-orb'd," however, (See *Troilus and Creſſida*,) is one of our author's favourite images; and he has no where ſo happily expreſſed it as in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"————the good *ſtars*, that were my former guides,
"*Have empty left their orbs*, and *ſhot* their fires
"Into th' abyſm of hell."

To theſe remarks may be added others of a like tendency, which I met with in the *Edinburgh Magazine*, Nov. 1786. "That a compliment to Queen Elizabeth was intended in the expreſſion of the *fair Veſtal throned in the Weſt*, ſeems to be generally allowed; but how far Shakſpeare deſigned, under the image of the Mermaid, to figure Mary Queen of Scots, is more doubtful. If by the *rude ſea grew civil at her ſong*, is meant, as Dr. Warburton ſuppoſes, that the tumults of Scotland were appeaſed by her addreſs, the obſervation is not true; for that *ſea* was in a ſtorm during the whole of Mary's reign. Neither is the figure juſt, if by the *ſtars ſhooting madly from their ſpheres to hear the ſea-maid's muſick*, the poet alluded to the fate of the Earls of Northumberland and Weſtmoreland, and particularly of the Duke of Norfolk, whoſe projected marriage with Mary, was the occaſion of his ruin. It would have been abſurd and irreconcileable to the good ſenſe of the poet, to have repreſented a nobleman *aſpiring* to marry a Queen, by the image of a ſtar *ſhooting* or *deſcending* from its ſphere."

See alſo Mr. Ritſon's obſervations on the ſame ſubject. On account of their length, they are given at the end of the play. STEEVENS.

[7] *All arm'd*, does not ſignify *dreſſed in panoply*, but only enforces the word *armed*, as we might ſay, *all booted*. JOHNSON.

Shak-

At a fair veſtal, throned by the weſt;[8]
And loos'd his love-ſhaft ſmartly from his bow,
As it ſhould pierce a hundred thouſand hearts:
But I might ſee young Cupid's fiery ſhaft
Quench'd in the chaſte beams of the wat'ry moon;
And the imperial vot'reſs paſſed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.[9]
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little weſtern flower,—
Before, milk-white; now purple with love's wound,—
And maidens call it, love-in-idleneſs.[2]
Fetch me that flower; the herb I ſhow'd thee once;
The juice of it, on ſleeping eye-lids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it ſees.
Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again,
Ere

Shakſpeare's compliment to queen Elizabeth has no ſmall degree of propriety and elegance to boaſt of. The ſame can hardly be ſaid of the following, with which the tragedy of *Solimar and Perſeda*, 1599, concludes. *Death* is the ſpeaker, and vows he will ſpare

"———none but ſacred *Cynthia*'s friend,
" Whom *Death* did fear before her life began;
" For holy fates have grav'n it in their tables,
" That *Death* ſhall die, if he attempt her end
" Whoſe life is heav'n's delight, and *Cynthia*'s friend."

If incenſe was thrown in cart-loads on the altar, this propitious deity was not diſguſted by the ſmoke of it. STEEVENS.

[8] A compliment to queen Elizabeth. POPE.

It was no uncommon thing to introduce a compliment to her majeſty in the body of a play. STEEVENS.

[9] i. e. exempt from the power of love. STEEVENS.

[2] This is as fine a metamorphoſis as any in *Ovid*: With a much better moral, intimating that irregular love has only power when people are idle, or not well employed. WARBURTON.

I believe the ſingular beauty of this metamorphoſis to have been quite accidental, as the poet is of another opinion, in *The Taming of a Shrew*, A&. I. ſc. iv: And Lucentio's was ſurely a regular and honeſt paſſion. It is ſcarce neceſſary to mention that *love-in-idleneſs* is a flower. STEEVENS.

The flower or violet, commonly called pan ſies, or heart's eaſe, is named *love-in-idleneſs* in Warwickſhire, and in Lyte's Herbal. There is a reaſon why Shakſpeare ſays it is "now *purple* with love's wound," becauſe one or two of its petals are of a purple colour. TOLLET.

It is called in other counties the *Three coloured violet*, the *Herb of Trinity*, *Three faces in a hood*, *Cuddle me to you*, &c. STEEVENS.

Ere the leviathan can ſwim a league.
Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes. [*Exit* PUCK.
Obe. Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when ſhe is aſleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing then ſhe waking looks upon,
(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on buſy ape,)
She ſhall purſue it with the ſoul of love.
And ere I take this charm off from her ſight,
(As I can take it with another herb,)
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am inviſible;[3]
And I will over-hear their conference.

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA *following him.*

Dem. I love thee not, therefore purſue me not.
Where is Lyſander, and fair Hermia?
The one I'll ſlay, the other ſlayeth me.
Thou told'ſt me, they were ſtol'n into this wood,
And here am I, and wood within this wood,[4]
Becauſe I cannot meet with Hermia.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.
Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
But yet you draw not iron,[5] for my heart
Is true as ſteel: Leave you your power to draw,
And I ſhall have no power to follow you.

Dem.

[3] I thought proper here to obſerve, that, as Oberon and Puck his attendant, may be frequently obſerved to ſpeak, when there is no mention of their entering, they are deſigned by the poet to be ſuppoſed on the ſtage during the greateſt part of the remainder of the play; and to mix, as they pleaſe, as ſpirits, with the other actors; and embroil the plot, by their interpoſition, without being ſeen, or heard, but when to their own purpoſe. THEOBALD.

[4] Wood, *or* mad, wild, raving. POPE.

[5] I learn from Edward Fenton's *Certaine Secrete Wonders of Nature*, bl. l. 1569, that—"there is now a dayes a kind of adamant which draweth unto it fleſhe, and the ſame ſo ſtrongly, that it hath power to knit and tie together, two mouthes of contrary perſons, and drawe the heart of a man out of his bodie without offendyng any parte of him. STEEVENS.

Dem. Do I entice you? Do I ſpeak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plaineſt truth
Tell you—I do not, nor I cannot love you?
Hel. And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your ſpaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Uſe me but as your ſpaniel, ſpurn me, ſtrike me,
Neglect me, loſe me: only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worſer place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high reſpect with me,)
Than to be uſed as you uſe your dog?
Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my ſpirit;
For I am ſick, when I do look on thee.
Hel. And I am ſick, when I look not on you.
Dem. You do impeach your modeſty [6] too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourſelf
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To truſt the opportunity of night,
And the ill counſel of a deſert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.
Hel. Your virtue is my privilege for that. [7]
It is not night, when I do ſee your face, [8]
Therefore I think I am not in the night:
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company;
For you, in my reſpect, are all the world:
Then how can it be ſaid, I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?
Dem. I'll run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beaſts.
Hel. The wildeſt hath not ſuch a heart as you.

Run

[6] i. e. bring it into queſtion. STEEVENS.

[7] i. e. For *leaving the city*, &c. TYRWHITT.

[8] This paſſage is paraphraſed from two lines of an ancient poet [Tibullus]:

" ——*Tu nocte vel atra*
" *Lumen, et inſolis tu mihi turba locis.*" JOHNSON.

As the works of King David might be more familiar to Shakſpeare than Roman poetry, perhaps on the preſent occaſion, the eleventh verſe of the 139th Pſalm, was in his thoughts. " Yea, the darkneſs is no darkneſs with thee, but the night is as clear as the day." STEEVENS.

Run when you will, the ſtory ſhall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chaſe;
The dove purſues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes ſpeed to catch the tiger: Bootleſs ſpeed!
When cowardice purſues, and valour flies.

Dem. I will not ſtay thy queſtions;[9] let me go:
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I ſhall do thee miſchief in the wood.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me miſchief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do ſet a ſcandal on my ſex:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We ſhould be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love ſo well.[2]

[*Exeunt* DEM. *and* HEL.

Obe. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this grove,
Thou ſhalt fly him, and he ſhall ſeek thy love.—

Re-enter PUCK.

Haſt thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Obe. I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips[3] and the nodding violet[4] grows;
Quite over-canopied with luſh woodbine,[5]

With

9 Though Helena certainly puts a few inſignificant *queſtions* to Demetrius, I cannot but think our author wrote—*queſtion*, i. e. diſcourſe, converſation. So, in *As you like it*: "I met the duke yeſterday, and had much *queſtion* with him." STEEVENS.

2 To *die upon*, &c. in our author's language, I believe, means—"to *die by* the hand." STEEVENS.

3 The *oxlip* is the greater *cowſlip*. STEEVENS.

4 i. e. that declines its head, like a drowſy perſon. STEEVENS.

5 All the old editions read—*luſcious* woodbine. On the margin of one of my folios an unknown hand has written *luſh* woodbine, which, I think, is right. This hand I have ſince diſcovered to be Theobald's. JOHNSON.

Luſh is clearly preferable in point of ſenſe, and abſolutely neceſſary in point of metre. Oberon is ſpeaking in rhime; but *woodbine*, as hitherto accented upon the firſt ſyllable, cannot poſſibly correſpond with *eglantine*.

The

With ſweet muſk-roſes, and with eglantine:
There ſleeps Titania, ſome time of the night,
Lull'd in theſe flowers with dances and delight;
And there the ſnake throws her enamel'd ſkin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll ſtreak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantaſies.
Take thou ſome of it, and ſeek through this grove:
A ſweet Athenian lady is in love
With a diſdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
But do it, when the next thing he eſpies,
May be the lady: Thou ſhalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.[6]
Effect it with ſome care; that he may prove
More fond on her, than ſhe upon her love:
And look thou meet me ere the firſt cock crow.

Puck. Fear not my lord, your ſervant ſhall do ſo.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another part of the Wood.

Enter TITANIA *with her train.*

Tita. Come, now a roundel, and a fairy ſong;[7]

Then,

The ſubſtitution of *luſh* will reſtore the paſſage to its original harmony, and the author's idea. RITSON.

I have inſerted *luſh* in the text, as it is a word already uſed by Shakſpeare in *The Tempeſt*, Act II:

"How *luſh* and luſty the graſs looks? how green?"

Both *luſh* and *luſcious* (ſays Mr. Henley) are words of the ſame origin.

Dr. Farmer, however, would omit the word *quite*, as a uſeleſs expletive, and read—

"O'er-canopied with luſcious woodbine." STEEVENS.

[6] I deſire no ſurer evidence to prove that the broad Scotch pronunciation once prevailed in England, that ſuch a rhyme as the firſt of theſe words affords to the ſecond. STEEVENS.

[7] *Rounds*, or *roundels*, were like the preſent country dances. REED.

A *roundel*, *rondill*, or *roundelay*, is ſometimes uſed to ſignify a ſong beginning or ending with the ſame ſentence; *redit in orbem*.

Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry*, 1589, has a chapter *On the roundel, or ſphere*, and produces what he calls *A general reſemblance of the roundel to God, the world, and the queen.* STEEVENS.

Then, for the third part of a minute, hence; [8]
Some, to kill cankers in the muſk-roſe buds; [9]
Some, war with rear-mice [2] for their leathern wings,
To make my ſmall elves coats; and ſome, keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our quaint ſpirits: [3] Sing me now aſleep;
Then to your offices, and let me reſt.

SONG.

1. Fai. *You ſpotted ſnakes, with double tongue,* [4]
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not ſeen;
Newts,

A *roundel* is, as I ſuppoſe, *a circular dance.* Ben Jonſon ſeems to call *the rings* which ſuch dances are ſuppoſed to make in the graſs, *rondels.*

TYRWHITT.

So, in *The Boke of the Governour by Sir Thomas Elyot*, 1537: "In ſtede of theſe we have now baſe daunces, bargenettes, pavyons, turgions, and *roundes.*" STEEVENS.

[8] Dr. Warburton reads—

"———*for the third part of the* midnight—."

But the perſons employed are *fairies*, to whom the third part of a *minute* might not be a very ſhort time to do ſuch work in. The critick might as well have objected to the epithet *tall*, which the fairy beſtows on the *cowſlip.* But Shakſpeare, throughout the play, has preſerved the proportion of other things in reſpect of theſe tiny beings, compared with whoſe ſize, a cowſlip might be tall, and to whoſe powers of execution, a minute might be equivalent to an age. STEEVENS.

[9] What is at preſent called the *Muſk Roſe*, was a flower unknown to Engliſh botaniſts in the time of Shakſpeare. About fifty years ago it was brought into this country from Spain. STEEVENS.

[2] *A rere-mouſe* is a bat, a *mouſe* that *rears* itſelf from the ground by the aid of wings. STEEVENS.

[3] ———quaint *ſpirits:*] For this Dr. Warburton reads againſt all authority:

"———*quaint* ſports."———

But Proſpero, in *The Tempeſt*, applies *quaint* to Ariel. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon is right in the word, and Dr. Warburton in the interpretation. A *ſpirit* was ſometimes uſed for a *ſport.* In Decker's play, *If it be not good, the Devil is in It*, the king of Naples ſays to the devil Ruffman, diſguiſed in the character of Shalcan: "Now Shalcan, ſome new *ſpirits? Ruff.* A thouſand wenches ſtark-naked to play at *leap-frog. Omnes.* O rare ſight!" FARMER.

[4] The ſame epithet occurs in a future ſcene of this play:

"———with *doubler* tongue
"Than thine, thou *ſerpent*," &c.

Again,

Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong; [5]
Come not near our fairy queen:

Chorus.

Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our ſweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm, nor ſpell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

II.

2. Fai. *Weaving ſpiders, come not here;*
Hence, you long-legg'd ſpinners, hence:
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm, nor ſnail, do no offence.

Chorus.

Philomel, with melody, &c.

1. *Fai.* Hence, away; now all is well:
One, aloof, ſtand ſentinel.
[*Exeunt* Fairies. TITANIA *ſleeps.*

Enter OBERON.

Obe. What thou ſeeſt, when thou doſt wake,
[*ſqueezes the flower on* Titania's *eye-lids.*
Do it for thy true love take;
Love, and languiſh for his ſake:
Be it ounce,[6] or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with briſtled hair,

In

Again, in *The Tempeſt*:

"——*adders*, who, with *cloven* tongues,
"Do hiſs me into madneſs."

By both theſe terms, I ſuppoſe, our author means—*forked*; as the tongues of ſnakes are ſometimes repreſented in ancient tapeſtry and paintings. STEEVENS.

[5] The *newt* is the *eft*, the *blind-worm* is the *Cæcilia* or *ſlow-worm*. They are both ingredients in the cauldron of *Macbeth*. STEEVENS.

[6] The ounce is a ſmall tiger, or tiger-cat. JOHNSON.

In thy eye that ſhall appear
When thou wak'ſt, it is thy dear;
Wake, when ſome vile thing is near. [*Exit.*

Enter LYSANDER *aad* HERMIA.

Lyſ. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood;
And to ſpeak troth, I have forgot our way:
We'll reſt us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.
Her. Be it ſo, Lyſander: find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will reſt my head.
Lyſ. One turf ſhall ſerve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two boſoms, and one troth.
Her. Nay, good Lyſander; for my ſake, my dear,
Lie further off yet, do not lie ſo near.
Lyſ. O, take the ſenſe, ſweet, of my innocence;[7]
Love takes the meaning, in love's conference.[8]
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit;
So that but one heart we can make of it:
Two boſoms interchained with an oath;
So then, two boſoms, and a ſingle troth.
Then, by your ſide no bed-room me deny;
For, lying ſo, Hermia, I do not lie.
Her. Lyſander riddles very prettily:—

Now

[7] Lyſander in the language of love profeſſes, that as they have one heart, they ſhall have one bed; this Hermia thinks rather too much, and intreats him to *lye further off.* Lyſander anſwers:

"*O, take the ſenſe, ſweet, of my* innocence;"

Underſtand *the meaning of my innocence*, or *my innocent meaning*. Let no ſuſpicion of ill enter thy mind. JOHNSON.

[8] In the converſation of thoſe who are aſſured of each other's kindneſs, not *ſuſpicion* but *love takes the meaning*. No malevolent interpretation is to be made, but all is to be received in the ſenſe which *love* can find, and which *love* can dictate. JOHNSON.

The latter line is certainly intelligible as Dr. Johnſon has explained it; but, I think, it requires a ſlight alteration to make it connect well with the former. I would read:

"*Love* take *the meaning in love's conference.*"

That is, Let *love take the meaning*. TYRWHITT.

There is no occaſion for alteration. The idea is exactly ſimilar to that of St. Paul: "Love thinketh no evil." HENLEY.

Now much beſhrew [9] my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to ſay, Lyſander lied.
But, gentle friend, for love and courteſy
Lie further off; in human modeſty
Such ſeparation, as, may well be ſaid,
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid:
So far be diſtant; and good night, ſweet friend:
Thy love ne'er alter, till thy ſweet life end!

Lyſ. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, ſay I;
And then end life, when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed: Sleep give thee all his reſt!

Her. With half that wiſh the wiſher's eyes be preſs'd!

[*They ſleep.*

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Through the foreſt have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,
On whoſe eyes I might approve
This flower's force in ſtirring love.
Night and ſilence! who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This is he, my maſter ſaid,
Deſpiſed the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, ſleeping ſound,
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty ſoul! ſhe durſt not lie
Near this lack-love, kill-courteſy.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe: [2]
When thou wak'ſt, let love forbid
Sleep his ſeat on thy eye-lid.
So awake, when I am gone;
For I muſt now to Oberon.

[*Exit.*

Enter

9 This word, of which the etymology is not exactly known, implies a ſiniſter wiſh, and means the ſame as if ſhe had ſaid "now *ill befall* my manners," &c. STEEVENS.

See Minſheu's etymology of it, which ſeems to be an imprecation or wiſh of ſuch evil to one, as the venomous biting of the *ſhrew-mouſe*.
TOLLET.

2 i. e. all the power it *poſſeſſes*. STEEVENS.

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* HELENA, *running.*

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, ſweet Demetrius.
Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.
Hel. O, wilt thou darkling leave me?[3] do not ſo.
Dem. Stay, on thy peril; I alone will go.

[*Exit* DEMETRIUS.

Hel. O, I am out of breath, in this fond chaſe!
The more my prayer, the leſſer is my grace.[4]
Happy is Hermia, whereſoe'er ſhe lies;
For ſhe hath bleſſed, and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes ſo bright? Not with ſalt tears:
If ſo, my eyes are oftner waſh'd than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
For beaſts that meet me, run away for fear:
Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius
Do, as a monſter, fly my preſence thus.
What wicked and diſſembling glaſs of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's ſphery eyne?—
But who is here? Lyſander! on the ground!
Dead? or aſleep? I ſee no blood, no wound:
Lyſander, if you live, good ſir, awake.
Lyſ. And run through fire I will, for thy ſweet ſake.

[*Waking.*

Tranſparent Helena! Nature here ſhows art,
That through thy boſom makes me ſee thy heart.
Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
Is that vile name, to periſh on my ſword!
Hel. Do not ſay ſo, Lyſander; ſay not ſo:
What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what though?
Yet Hermia ſtill loves you: then be content.
Lyſ. Content with Hermia? No: I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have ſpent.
Not Hermia, but Helena I love:
Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reaſon ſway'd;
And reaſon ſays you are the worthier maid.

[3] i. e. in the dark. The word is likewiſe uſed by Milton. STEEVENS.

[4] My acceptableneſs, the favour that I can gain. JOHNSON.

Things growing are not ripe until their ſeaſon:
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reaſon;[5]
And touching now the point of human ſkill,[6]
Reaſon becomes the marſhal to my will,[7]
And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook
Love's ſtories, written in love's richeſt book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
When, at your hands, did I deſerve this ſcorn?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deſerve a ſweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you muſt flout my inſufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong, good ſooth, you do,
In ſuch diſdainful manner me to woo.
But fare you well: perforce I muſt confeſs,
I thought you lord of more true gentleneſs.[8]
O, that a lady, of one man refus'd,
Should, of another, therefore be abus'd! [*Exit.*

Lyſ. She ſees not Hermia:—Hermia, ſleep thou there;
And never may'ſt thou come Lyſander near!
For, as a ſurfeit of the ſweeteſt things
The deepeſt loathing to the ſtomach brings;
Or, as the hereſies, that men do leave,
Are hated moſt of thoſe they did deceive;
So thou, my ſurfeit, and my hereſy,
Of all be hated; but the moſt of me!
And all my powers, addreſs your love and might,
To honour Helen, and to be her knight!— [*Exit.*

Her. [*ſtarting.*] Help me, Lyſander, help me! do thy beſt,
To pluck this crawling ſerpent from my breaſt!
Ah me, for pity!—what a dream was here?
Lyſander, look, how I do quake with fear:
Methought, a ſerpent eat my heart away,
And you ſat ſmiling at his cruel prey:—
Lyſander!

5 i. e. do not *ripen* to it. *Ripe*, in the preſent inſtance, is a verb. STEEVENS.

6 i. e. my ſenſes being now at the utmoſt height of perfection. STEEVENS.

7 That is, My will now follows reaſon. JOHNSON.

8 *Gentleneſs* is equivalent to what, in modern language, we ſhould call the *ſpirit of a gentleman*. PERCY.

Lyſander! what, remov'd? Lyſander! lord!
What, out of hearing? gone? no ſound, no word?
Alack, where are you? ſpeak, an if you hear;
Speak, of all loves; [9] I ſwoon almoſt with fear.
No?—then I well perceive you are not nigh:
Either death, or you, I'll find immediately. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.[2]

The ſame. The Queen of Fairies lying aſleep.

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearſal: This green plot ſhall be our ſtage, this hawthorn brake our tyring-houſe; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

Bot. Peter Quince,—

Quin. What ſay'ſt thou, bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of *Pyramus and Thiſby*, that will never pleaſe. Firſt, Pyramus muſt draw a ſword to kill himſelf; which the ladies cannot abide. How anſwer you that?

Snout. By'rlakin, a parlous fear.[3]

Star. I believe, we muſt leave the killing out, when all is done.

[9] *Of all loves* is an adjuration more than once uſed by our author. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, Act II. ſc. viii:

"_____to ſend her your little page, *of all loves*." STEEVENS.

[2] In the time of Shakſpeare there were many companies of players, ſometimes five at the ſame time, contending for the favour of the publick. Of theſe ſome were undoubtedly very unſkilful and very poor, and it is probable that the deſign of this ſcene was to ridicule their ignorance, and the odd expedients to which they might be driven by the want of proper decoration. Bottom was perhaps the head of a rival houſe, and is therefore honoured with an aſs's head. JOHNSON.

[3] By our *ladykin*, or *little lady*, as *ifakins* is a corruption of *by my faith*. *Parlous* is a word corrupted from *perilous*, i. e. dangerous. STEEVENS.

Bot. Not a whit; I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue: and let the prologue ſeem to ſay, we will do no harm with our ſwords; and that Pyramus is not killed indeed: and, for the more better aſſurance, tell them, that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: This will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have ſuch a prologue; and it ſhall be written in eight and ſix.[4]

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promiſe you.

Bot. Maſters, you ought to conſider with yourſelves: to bring in, God ſhield us! a lion among ladies, is a moſt dreadful thing: for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion, living; and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore, another prologue muſt tell, he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you muſt name his name, and half his face muſt be ſeen through the lion's neck; and he himſelf muſt ſpeak through, ſaying thus, or to the ſame defect,—Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wiſh you, or, I would requeſt you, or, I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: No, I am no ſuch thing; I am a man as other men are:—and there, indeed, let him name his name; and tell them plainly, he is Snug the joiner.[5]

Quin.

[4] i. e. in alternate verſes of eight and ſix ſyllables. MALONE.

[5] There are probably many temporary alluſions to particular incidents and characters ſcattered through our author's plays, which gave a poignancy to certain paſſages, while the events were recent, and the perſons pointed at, yet living.—In the ſpeech now before us, I think it not improbable that he meant to allude to a fact which happened in his time, at an entertainment exhibited before queen Elizabeth. It is recorded in a manuſcript collection of anecdotes, ſtories, &c. entitled, *Merry Paſſages and Jeaſts*, MS. *Harl.* 6395: "There was a ſpectacle preſented to Queen Elizabeth upon the water, and among others *Harry Goldingham* was to repreſent *Arion* upon the dolphin's backe; but finding his voice to be verye hoarſe and unpleaſant, when he came to perform it, he tears off his diſguiſe, and *ſwears he was none of Arion, not he, but even honeſt Harry Goldingham*; which blunt diſcoverie pleaſed the queene better than if it had

Quin. Well, it ſhall be ſo. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moon-light into a chamber: for you know, Pyramus and Thiſby meet by moon-light.

Snug. Doth the moon ſhine, that night we play our play?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanack; find out moon-ſhine, find out moon-ſhine.

Quin. Yes, it doth ſhine that night.

Bot. Why, then you may leave a caſement of the great chamber window, where we play, open; and the moon may ſhine in at the caſement.

Quin. Ay; or elſe one muſt come in with a buſh of thorns and a lanthorn, and ſay, he comes to diſfigure, or preſent, the perſon of moon-ſhine. Then, there is another thing: we muſt have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thiſby, ſays the ſtory, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You never can bring in a wall.—What ſay you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other muſt preſent wall: and let him have ſome plaſter, or ſome lome, or ſome rough-caſt about him, to ſignify wall; or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny ſhall Pyramus and Thiſby whiſper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, ſit down, every mother's ſon, and rehearſe your parts. Pyramus you begin: when you have ſpoken your ſpeech, enter into that brake;[6] and ſo every one according to his cue.

Enter PUCK *behind.*

Puck. What hempen home-ſpuns have we ſwaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen?
What, a play toward? I'll be an auditor;
An actor too, perhaps, if I ſee cauſe.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus:—Thiſby, ſtand forth.

had gone through in the right way:—yet he could order his voice to an inſtrument exceeding well." The collector of theſe *Merry Paſſages* appears to have been nephew to Sir Roger L'Eſtrange. MALONE.

[6] *Brake*, in the preſent inſtance, ſignifies a *thicket* or *furze-buſh*. STEEVENS.

Brake in the weſt of England is uſed to expreſs a large extent of ground overgrown with furze, and appears both here and in the next ſcene to convey the ſame idea. HENLEY.

Pyr. Thiſby, the flowers of odious ſavours ſwtet,—
Quin. Odours, odours.
Pyr. ——*odours ſavours ſweet:*
So doth thy breath, my deareſt Thiſby dear.—
But, hark, a voice! ſtay thou but here a while,
And by and by I will to thee appear. [*Exit.*
Puck. A ſtranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here! [7]
[*aſide.—Exit.*

This. Muſt I ſpeak now?
Quin. Ay, marry, muſt you: for you muſt underſtand, he goes but to ſee a noiſe that he heard, and is to come again.

This. *Moſt radiant Pyramus, moſt lilly-white of hue,*
Of colour like the red roſe on triumphant brier,
Moſt briſky juvenal,[8] *and eke moſt lovely Jew,*
As true as trueſt horſe, that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

Quin. Ninus' tomb, man: Why you muſt not ſpeak that yet; that you anſwer to Pyramus: you ſpeak all your part at once, cues and all.[9]—Pyramus enter; your cue is paſt; it is, *never tire.*

Re-enter PUCK, *and* BOTTOM *with an aſs's head.*

This. O,—*As true as trueſt horſe, that yet would never tire.*
Pyr. If I were fair, Thiſby, I were only thine.
Quin. O monſtrous! O ſtrange! we are haunted.
Pray, maſters! fly, maſters! help! [*Exeunt* Clowns.
Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through buſh, through brake, through brier; [2]

Sometime

[7] I ſuppoſe he means in the theatre where the piece was acting. STEEVENS.

[8] i. e. young man. So, Falſtaff, "—the *juvenal* thy maſter." STEEVENS.

[9] A *cue*, in ſtage cant, is that laſt words of the preceding ſpeech, and ſerves as a hint to him who is to ſpeak next. MALONE.

[2] Here are two ſyllables wanting. Perhaps, it was written:
"*Through bog*, through mire,"—— JOHNSON.
The alliteration evidently requires ſome word beginning with a *b*. We may therefore read:

"Through

Sometime a horſe I'll be, ſometime a hound,
A hog, a headleſs bear, ſometime a fire;
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horſe, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. [*Exit.*

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them, to make me afeard.[3]

Re-enter SNOUT.

Snout. O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I ſee on thee? [4]

Bot. What do you ſee? you ſee an aſs' head of your own; Do you?

Re-enter QUINCE.

Quin. Bleſs thee, Bottom! bleſs thee! thou art tranſlated. [*Exit.*

Bot. I ſee their knavery: this is to make an aſs of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not ſtir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will ſing, that they ſhall hear I am not afraid, [*Sings.*

The ouſel-cock,[5] *ſo black of hue.*
With orange-tawny bill,
The throſtle[6] *with his note ſo true,*
The wren with little quill;

Tita. What angel wakes me from my flowery bed? [*Waking.*

"Through bog, *through burn*, through buſh, through brake, through brier." RITSON.

[3] *Afeard* is from *to fear*, by the old form of the language, as *an hungered*, from *to hunger*. So *adry*, for *thirſty*. JOHNSON.

[4] It is plain by Bottom's anſwer, that Snout mentioned an *aſs's head*. Therefore we ſhould read:

Snout. *O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I ſee on thee?* An aſs's head? JOHNSON.

[5] The *ouſel cock* is generally underſtood to be the cock blackbird. STEEVENS.

The *Ouzel* differs from the *Black-bird* by having a white creſcent upon the breaſt, and is beſides rather larger. See Lewin's *Engliſh Birds*. DOUCE.

[6] It appears from the following paſſage in Thomas Newton's *Herball to the Bible*, 8vo. 1587, that the *throſtle* is a diſtinct bird from the *thruſh*.

"—There

Bot. *The finch, the ſparrow, and the lark,*
The plain-ſong cuckoo gray,[7]
Whoſe note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not anſwer, nay;—
for, indeed, who would ſet his wit to ſo fooliſh a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry, *cuckoo*, never ſo?

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, ſing again:
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,
So is mine eye enthralled to thy ſhape;
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me,
On the firſt view, to ſay, to ſwear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, miſtreſs, you ſhould have little reaſon for that: And yet, to ſay the truth, reaſon and love keep little company together now-a-days: The more the pity, that ſome honeſt neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek,[8] upon the occaſion.

Tita. Thou art as wiſe as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not ſo, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to ſerve mine own turn.

Tita. Out of this wood do not deſire to go;
Thou ſhalt remain here whether thou wilt or no.
I am a ſpirit, of no common rate;
The ſummer ſtill doth tend upon my ſtate,
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;

And

"—There is alſo another ſort of myrte or myrtle which is wild, whoſe berries the maviſes, *throſſels*, owſells, and *thruſhes* delite much to eate."
STEEVENS.

[7] That is, the cuckoo, who, having no variety of ſtrains, ſings in *plain ſong*, or in *plano cantu*; by which expreſſion the uniform modulation or ſimplicity of the *chaunt* was anciently diſtinguiſhed, in oppoſition to *prick-ſong*, or variegated muſick ſung by note. Skelton introduces the birds ſinging the different parts of the ſervice of the funeral of his favourite ſparrow: among the reſt is the cuckoo. T. WARTON.

[8] ——*gleek*,] Joke or ſcoff. POPE.

Gleek was originally a game at cards. The word is often uſed by other ancient comic writers, in the ſame ſenſe as by our author.

Mr. Lambe obſerves in his notes on the ancient metrical hiſtory of *The Battle of Floddon*, that in the North to *gleek* is to *deceive*, or *beguile*; and that the reply made by the queen of the fairies, proves this to be the meaning of it. STEEVENS.

And they ſhall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And ſing, while thou on preſſed flowers doſt ſleep:
And I will purge thy mortal groſſneſs ſo,
That thou ſhalt like an airy ſpirit go.—
Peas-bloſſom! Cobweb! Moth! and Muſtard-ſeed!

Enter four Fairies.

1. *Fai.* Ready.
2. *Fai.* And I.
3. *Fai.* And I.
4. *Fai.* Where ſhall we go?[9]

Tita. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks, and dewberries;[2]
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
The honey-bags ſteal from the humble-bees,
And, for night tapers, crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes.[3]

[9] In the ancient copies, this, and the three preceding ſpeeches, are given to the Fairies collectively. By the advice of Dr. Farmer I have omitted a uſeleſs repetition of—"*and I*," which overloaded the meaſure. STEEVENS.

[2] *Dewberries* ſtrictly and properly are the fruit of one ſpecies of wild bramble called the creeping or the leſſer bramble: but as they ſtand here among the more delicate fruits, they muſt be underſtood to mean raſpberries, which are alſo of the bramble kind. T. HAWKINS.

Dewberries are *gooſeberries*, which are ſtill ſo called in ſeveral parts of the kingdom. HENLEY.

[3] I know not how Shakſpeare, who commonly derived his knowledge of nature from his own obſervation, happened to place the glow-worm's light in his eyes, which is only in his tail. JOHNSON.

The blunder is not in Shakſpeare, but in thoſe who have conſtrued too literally a poetical expreſſion. It appears from every line of his writings that he had ſtudied with attention the book of nature, and was an accurate obſerver of any object that fell within his notice. He muſt have known that the light of the glow-worm was ſeated in the tail; but ſurely a poet is juſtified in calling the luminous part of a glow-worm the *eye*. It is a liberty we take in plain proſe; for the point of greateſt brightneſs in a furnace is commonly called the *eye* of it. Dr. Johnſon might have arraigned him with equal propriety for ſending his fairies to *light* their tapers at the fire of the glow-worm, which in *Hamlet* he terms *ineffectual*:

"The

To have my love to bed, and to ariſe;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies:
To fan the moon-beams from his ſleeping eyes:
Nod to him, elves, and do him courteſies.

1. *Fai.* Hail, mortal!
2. *Fai.* Hail!
3. *Fai.* Hail!
4. *Fai.* Hail!

Bot. I cry your worſhips mercy, heartily.—I beſeech, your worſhip's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I ſhall deſire you of more acquaintance, good maſter Cobweb: If I cut my finger, I ſhall make bold with you.—Your name, honeſt gentleman?

Peas. Peas-bloſſom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to miſtreſs Squaſh, your mother,[4] and to maſter Peaſcod, your father. Good maſter Peas-bloſſom, I ſhall deſire you of more acquaintance too.—Your name, I beſeech you, ſir?

Muſ. Muſtard-ſeed.

Bot. Good maſter Muſtard-ſeed, I know your patience[5] well: that ſame cowardly, giant-like, ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your houſe: I promiſe you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I deſire you more acquaintance, good maſter Muſtard-ſeed.

Tita. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.

The

" The glow-worm ſhews the matin to be near,
" And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire." M. MASON.

[4] A *ſquaſh* is an immature peaſcod. STEEVENS.

[5] The Oxford edition reads—*I know your* parentage *well.* I believe the correction is right. JOHNSON.

Parentage was not eaſily corrupted to *patience.* I fancy, the true word is, *paſſions*, ſufferings.

There is an ancient ſatirical Poem entitled—" The Poor Man's *Paſſions*, [i. e. ſufferings,] or Poverty's *patience.*" *Patience* and *Paſſions* are ſo alike in ſound, that a careleſs tranſcriber or compoſitor might eaſily have ſubſtituted the former word for the latter. FARMER.

Theſe words are ſpoken ironically. According to the opinion prevailing in our author's time, muſtard was ſuppoſed to excite to choler. REED.

Perhaps we ſhould read—" I know you *paſſing* well." M. MASON.

The moon, methinks, looks with a wat'ry eye;
And when ſhe weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting ſome enforced chaſtity.
Tie up my love's tongue, and bring him ſilently.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another part of the Wood.

Enter OBERON.

Obe. I wonder, if Titania be awak'd;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which ſhe muſt dote on in extremity.

Enter PUCK.

Here comes my meſſenger.—How now, mad ſpirit?
What night-rule [6] now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My miſtreſs with a monſter is in love,
Near to her cloſe and conſecrated bower,
While ſhe was in her dull and ſleeping hour,
A crew of patches,[7] rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian ſtalls,
Were met together to rehearſe a play,
Intended for great Theſeus' nuptial day.

[6] *Night-rule* in this place ſhould ſeem to mean, what frolick of the night, what revelry is going forward?

It appears, from the old ſong of *Robin-Goodfellow*, in the third volume of Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry*, that it was the office of this waggiſh ſpirit "to viewe [or ſuperintend] the night-ſports."

STEEVENS.

[7] *Patch* was in the old language uſed as a term of opprobry; perhaps with much the ſame import as we uſe *raggamuffin*, or *tatterdemalion*.

JOHNSON.

Puck calls the players, "a crew of *patches*." A common opprobrious term, which probably took its riſe from *Patch*, cardinal Wolſey's fool. In the weſtern counties, *croſs-patch* is ſtill uſed for *perverſe*, *ill-natur'd fool*. T. WARTON.

The name was rather taken from the *patch'd* or *py'd* coats worn by the fools or jeſters of thoſe times.

I ſhould ſuppoſe *patch* to be merely a corruption of the Italian *pazzo*, which ſignifies properly *a fool*. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*, A. II. ſc. v. Shylock ſays of Launcelot: *The* patch *is kind enough*;—after having juſt called him, *that fool of Hagar's off-ſpring*. TYRWHITT.

The ſhalloweſt thick-ſkin of that barren ſort,[8]
Who Pyramus preſented, in their ſport
Forſook his ſcene, and enter'd in a brake:
When I did him at this advantage take,
An aſs's nowl[9] I fixed on his head;
Anon, his Thiſbe muſt be anſwered,
And forth my mimick[2] comes: When they him ſpy,
As wild geeſe that the creeping fowler eye,
Or ruſſet-pated choughs,[3] many in ſort,[4]
Riſing and cawing at the gun's report
Sever themſelves, and madly ſweep the ſky;
So, at his ſight, away his fellows fly:
And, at our ſtamp,[5] here o'er and o'er one falls;

He

[8] *Barren* is *dull, unpregnant.* STEEVENS.

[9] A head. Saxon. JOHNSON.

The following receipt for the proceſs tried on Bottom, occurs in *Albertus Magnus de Secretis*: "Si vis quod caput hominis aſſimiletur *capiti aſini*, ſume de ſegimine aſelli, & unge hominem in capite, & ſic apparebit." There was a tranſlation of this book in Shakſpeare's time. DOUCE.

[2] *Minnock* is the reading of the old quarto, and I believe right. *Minnekin*, now *minx*, is a nice trifling girl. *Minnock* is apparently a word of contempt. JOHNSON.

[3] The *chough* is a bird of the daw kind. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*ſort*,] Company. So above:

"——*that barren* ſort." JOHNSON.

[5] This ſeems to be a vicious reading. Fairies are never repreſented ſtamping, or of a ſize that ſhould give force to a ſtamp, nor could they have diſtinguiſhed the ſtamps of Puck from thoſe of their own companions. I read:

"*And at* a ſtump *here o'er and o'er one falls.*"

So Drayton:

"*A pain he in his head-piece feels,*
"*Againſt a* ſtubbed tree *he reels,*
"*And up went poor Hobgoblin's heels;*
"*Alas, his brain was dizzy.*——
"*At length upon his feet he gets,*
"*Hobgoblin fumes, Hobgoblin frets,*
"*And as again he forward ſets,*
"*And through the buſhes ſcrambles,*
"*A* ſtump *doth* trip him *in his pace,*
"*Down fell poor Hob upon his face,*
"*And lamentably tore his caſe,*
"*Among the briers and brambles.*" JOHNSON.

I adhere to the old reading. The *ſtamp* of a fairy might be efficacious though not loud; neither is it neceſſary to ſuppoſe, when ſupernatural

beings

He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
Their ſenſe, thus weak, loſt with their fears, thus ſtrong,
Made ſenſeleſs things begin to do them wrong:
For briers and thorns at their apparel ſnatch;
Some, ſleeves; ſome, hats: [6] from yielders all things catch.
I led them on in this diſtracted fear,
And left ſweet Pyramus tranſlated there:
When in that moment (ſo it came to paſs,)
Titania wak'd, and ſtraightway lov'd an aſs.

Obe. This falls out better than I could deviſe.
But haſt thou yet latch'd [7] the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Puck. I took him ſleeping,—that is finiſh'd too,—
And the Athenian woman by his ſide;
That, when he wak'd, of force ſhe muſt be ey'd.

Enter

beings are ſpoken of, that the ſize of the agent determines the force of the action. That fairies did *ſtamp* to ſome purpoſe, may be known from the following paſſage in *Olaus Magnus de Gentibus Septentrionalibus.*— "Vero ſaltum *adeo profundé in terram impreſſerant*, ut locus inſigni ardore orbiculariter pereſus, non parit arenti redivivum ceſpite gramen." Shakſpeare's own authority, however, is moſt deciſive. See the concluſion of the firſt ſcene of the fourth act:

"Come, my queen, take hand with me,
"And *rock* the ground whereon theſe ſleepers be."

STEEVENS.

Honeſt Reginald Scott, ſays, "Our grandams maides were wont to ſet a boll of milke before Incubus, and his couſin Robin Good-fellow, for grinding of malt or muſtard, and ſweeping the houſe at midnight: and—that he would chafe exceedingly, if the maid or good wife of the houſe, having compaſſion of his nakednes, laid anie clothes for him beeſides his meſſe of white bread and milke, which was his ſtanding fee. For in that caſe he ſaith, What have we here? Hemton, hamten, here will I never more tread nor *ſtampen*." *Diſcoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584, p. 85. RITSON.

[6] There is the like image in Drayton, of queen Mab and her fairies flying from Hobgoblin:

"*Some tore a ruff, and ſome a gown,*
"*'Gainſt one another juſtling;*
"*They flew about like chaff i' th' wind,*
"*For haſte ſome left their maſks behind,*
"*Some could not ſtay their gloves to find,*
"*There never was ſuch buſtling.*" JOHNSON.

[7] Or letch'd, lick'd over, *lecher*, to lick, French. HANMER.
In the North, it ſignifies to *infect*. STEEVENS.

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* HERMIA.

Obe. Stand close; this is the same Athenian.
Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.
Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.
Her. Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse;
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse,
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood,[8] plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.
The sun was not so true unto the day,
As he to me: Would he have stol'n away
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon,
This whole earth may be bor'd; and that the moon
May through the center creep, and so displease
Her brother's noon-tide with the Antipodes.[9]
It cannot be, but thou hast murder'd him;
So should a murderer look; so dead, so grim.
Dem. So should the murder'd look; and so should I,
Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty:
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.
Her. What's this to my Lysander? where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?
Dem. I had rather give his carcase to my hounds.
Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!
O! once tell true, tell true, even for my sake;
Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake,
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch![2]

Could

[8] An allusion to the proverb, *Over shoes, over boots.* JOHNSON.

[9] Dr. Warburton would read—*i' th' antipodes*, which Mr. Edwards ridicules without mercy. The alteration is certainly not necessary, but it is not so unlucky, as he imagined. Shirley has the same expression in his *Andromana*:

"To be a whore, is more unknown to her,
"Then what is done *in the antipodes.*"

In for *among* is frequent in old language. FARMER.

[2] She means, Hast thou kill'd him sleeping, whom, when awake, thou didst not dare to look upon? MALONE.

Could not a worm, an adder, do ſo much?
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou ſerpent, never adder ſtung.
Dem. You ſpend your paſſion on a miſpris'd mood: [3]
I am not guilty of Lyſander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.
Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.
Dem. An if I could, what ſhould I get therefore?
Her. A privilege, never to ſee me more.—
And from thy hated preſence part I ſo:
See me no more, whether he be dead or no. [*Exit.*
Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein:
Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.
So ſorrow's heavineſs doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrupt ſleep doth ſorrow owe;
Which now in ſome ſlight meaſure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make ſome ſtay. [*Lies down.*
Obe. What haſt thou done? thou haſt miſtaken quite,
And laid the love-juice on ſome true-love's ſight:
Of thy miſpriſion muſt perforce enſue
Some true love turn'd, and not a falſe turn'd true.
Puck. Then fate o'er-rules; that, one man holding troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.
Obe. About the wood go ſwifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find:
All fancy-ſick ſhe is, and pale of cheer [4]
With ſighs of love, that coſt the freſh blood dear;
By ſome illuſion ſee thou bring her here;
I'll charm his eyes, againſt ſhe do appear.

Puck.

Touch in Shakſpeare's time was the ſame with our *exploit*, or rather *ſtroke*. A brave touch, a noble ſtroke, *un grand coup*. "*Maſon was very merry, pleaſantly playing both with the ſhrewd* touches *of many curſt boys, and the ſmall diſcretion of many lewd ſchoolmaſters.*" Aſcham. JOHNSON.

A *touch* anciently ſignified a *trick*. In the old black letter ſtory of *Howleglas*, it is always uſed in that ſenſe: "—for at all times he did ſome mad *touch*." STEEVENS.

3 Miſtaken; ſo below *miſpriſion* is miſtake. JOHNSON.
Mood is *anger*, or perhaps rather in this place, *capricious fancy*. MALONE.

4 *Cheer*, from the Italian *cara*, is frequently uſed by old Engliſh writers for countenance. STEEVENS.

Puck. I go, I go; look, how I go;
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [*Exit.*

Obe. Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye!
When his love he doth eſpy,
Let her ſhine as glorioufly
As the Venus of the ſky.—
When thou wak'ſt, if ſhe be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter PUCK.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand;
And the youth, miſtook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee;
Shall we their fond pageant ſee?
Lord, what fools theſe mortals be!

Obe. Stand aſide: the noiſe they make,
Will cauſe Demetrius to awake.

Puck. Then will two, at once, woo one;
That muſt needs be ſport alone:
And thoſe things do beſt pleaſe me,
That befal prepoſterouſly.

Enter LYSANDER *and* HELENA.

Lyſ. Why ſhould you think, that I ſhould woo in ſcorn?
Scorn and deriſion never come in tears:
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows ſo born,
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can theſe things in me ſeem ſcorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true? [5]

Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more.
When truth kills truth, O deviliſh-holy fray!
Theſe vows are Hermia's; Will you give her o'er?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:
Your vows, to her and me, put in two ſcales,
Will even weigh; and both as light as tales.

Lyſ.

[5] This is ſaid in alluſion to the *badges* (i. e. family creſts) anciently worn on the ſleeves of ſervants and retainers. STEEVENS.

Lyſ. I had no judgement, when to her I ſwore.
Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.
Lyſ. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.
Dem. [*awaking.*] O Helen, goddeſs, nymph, perfect, divine!
To what, my love, ſhall I compare thine eyne?
Cryſtal is muddy. O, how ripe in ſhow
Thy lips, thoſe kiſſing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high Taurus' ſnow,[6]
Fann'd with the eaſtern wind, turns to a crow,
When thou hold'ſt up thy hand: O let me kiſs
This princeſs of pure white, this ſeal of bliſs!
Hel. O ſpite! O hell! I ſee you all are bent
To ſet againſt me, for your merriment.
If you were civil, and knew courteſy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you muſt join, in ſouls,[7] to mock me too?
If you were men, as men you are in ſhow,
You would not uſe a gentle lady ſo:
To vow, and ſwear, and ſuperpraiſe my parts,
When, I am ſure, you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia;
And now both rivals, to mock Helena:
A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes,
With your deriſion! none, of noble ſort,[8]
Would ſo offend a virgin; and extort[9]
A poor ſoul's patience, all to make you ſport.

Lyſ.

[6] Taurus is the name of a range of mountains in Aſia. JOHNSON.
[7] i. e. join heartily, unite in the ſame mind. STEEVENS.
I rather believe the line ſhould read thus:
"But you muſt join, *ill* ſouls, to mock me too?
Ill is often uſed for *bad, wicked.* TYRWHITT.
This is a very reaſonable conjecture, though I think it hardly right. JOHNSON.
We meet with this phraſe in an old poem by Robert Dabourne:
"———Men ſhift their faſhions—
"They are *in ſouls* the ſame." FARMER.
[8] *Sort* is here uſed for *degree* or *quality.* MALONE.
[9] Harraſs, torment. JOHNSON.

Lyſ. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not ſo;
For you love Hermia; this, you know, I know:
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waſte more idle breath.

Dem. Lyſander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
My heart with her but, as gueſt-wiſe, ſojourn'd;
And now to Helen it is home return'd,
There to remain.

Lyſ. Helen, it is not ſo.

Dem. Diſparage not the faith thou doſt not know,
Leſt, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.—
Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehenſion makes;
Wherein it doth impair the ſeeing ſenſe,
It pays the hearing double recompence:—
Thou art not by my mine eye, Lyſander, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy ſound.
But why unkindly did'ſt thou leave me ſo?

Lyſ. Why ſhould he ſtay, whom love doth preſs to go?

Her. What love could preſs Lyſander from my ſide?

Lyſ. Lyſander's love, that would not let him bide,
Fair Helena; who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery oes [2] and eyes of light.
Why ſeek'ſt thou me? could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee made me leave thee ſo?

Her. You ſpeak not as you think; it cannot be.

Hel. Lo, ſhe is one of this confederacy!
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd, all three,
To faſhion this falſe ſport in ſpite of me.

In-

[2] Shakſpeare uſes O for a circle. STEEVENS.

D'Ewes's *Journal of Queen Elizabeth's Parliaments*, p. 650, mentions a patent to make ſpangles and *oes* of gold; and I think haberdaſhers call ſmall curtain rings, O's, as being circular. TOLLET.

Injurious Hermia! moſt ungrateful maid!
Have you conſpir'd, have you with theſe contriv'd
To bait me with this foul deriſion?
Is all the counſel that we two have ſhar'd,
The ſiſters' vows, the hours that we have ſpent,
When we have chid the haſty-footed time
For parting us,—O, and is all forgot? [3]
All ſchool-days' friendſhip, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods, [4]
Have with our neelds created both one flower,
Both on one ſampler, ſitting on one cuſhion,
Both warbling of one ſong, both in one key;
As if our hands, our ſides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, ſeeming parted;
But yet a union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one ſtem:
So, with two ſeeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the firſt, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one creſt. [5]

And

[3] ——*O, and is all forgot?*] Mr. Gibbon obſerves, that in a poem of Gregory Nazianzen on his own life, are ſome beautiful lines which burſt from the heart, and ſpeak the pangs of injured and loſt friendſhips, reſembling theſe. He adds "Shakſpeare had never read the poems of Gregory Nazianzen: he was ignorant of the Greek language; but his mother tongue, the language of nature, is the ſame in Cappadocia and in Britain."

Gibbon's Hiſt. Vol. III. p. 15. REED.

[4] *Artificial* is ingenious, artful. STEEVENS.

[5] The old copies read—*life* coats, &c. STEEVENS.

The true correction of the paſſage I owe to the friendſhip and communication of the ingenious Martin Folkes, eſq.—Two of the *firſt*, *ſecond*, &c. are terms peculiar in heraldry, to diſtinguiſh the different *quarterings* of *coats*. THEOBALD.

Theſe are, as Theobald obſerves, terms peculiar to heraldry; but that obſervation does not help to explain them.—Every branch of a family is called a *houſe*; and none but the *firſt* of the *firſt houſe* can bear the arms of the family, without ſome diſtinction. *Two of the firſt*, therefore, means *two coats of the firſt houſe*, which are properly *due but to one*. M. MASON.

According to the rules of heraldry, the *firſt* houſe only, (e. g. a father who has a ſon living, or an elder brother as diſtinguiſhed from a younger,) has a right to bear the family coat. The ſon's coat is diſtinguiſhed from the father's by a label; the younger brother's from the elder's by a mullet.

The

And will you rent our ancient love aſunder,
To join with men in ſcorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
Our ſex, as well as I, may chide you for it;
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your paſſionate words:
I ſcorn you not; it ſeems that you ſcorn me.

Hel. Have you not ſet Lyſander, as in ſcorn,
To follow me, and praiſe my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius,
(Who even but now did ſpurn me with his foot,)
To call me goddeſs, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celeſtial? Wherefore ſpeaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lyſander
Deny your love, ſo rich within his ſoul,
And tender me, forſooth, affection;
But by your ſetting on, by your conſent?
What though I be not ſo in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, ſo fortunate;
But miſerable moſt, to love unlov'd?
This you ſhould pity, rather than deſpiſe.

Her. I underſtand not what you mean by this.

Hel. Ay, do, perſéver, counterfeit ſad looks,
Make mows upon me when I turn my back;
Wink at each other; hold the ſweet jeſt up:
This ſport, well carried, ſhall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me ſuch an argument.[6]
But, fare ye well: 'tis partly mine own fault;
Which death, or abſence, ſoon ſhall remedy.

Lyſ. Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuſe;
My love, my life, my ſoul, fair Helena!

Hel. O excellent!

Her. Sweet, do not ſcorn her ſo.

Dem. If ſhe cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lyſ.

The ſame creſt is common to both. Helena therefore means to ſay, that ſhe and her friend were as cloſely united, as much *one* perſon, as if they were *both of the firſt* houſe; as if they both had the privilege *due but to one* perſon, (viz. to him of the firſt houſe;) the right of bearing the family coat without any diſtinguiſhing mark. MALONE.

[6] Such a *ſubject* of light merriment. JOHNSON.

Lyſ. Thou canſt compel no more than ſhe entreat;
Thy threats have no more ſtrength, than her weak prayers.—
Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do;
I ſwear by that which I will loſe for thee,
To prove him falſe, that ſays I love thee not.
Dem. I ſay, I love thee more than he can do.
Lyſ. If thou ſay ſo, withdraw, and prove it too.
Dem. Quick, come,—
Her. Lyſander, whereto tends all this?
Lyſ. Away, you Ethiop!
Dem. No, no, ſir:—he will
Seem to break looſe; take on, as you would follow;
But yet come not: You are a tame man, go!
Lyſ. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr: vile thing, let looſe;
Or I will ſhake thee from me, like a ſerpent.
Her. Why are you grown ſo rude? what change is this,
Sweet love?
Lyſ. Thy love? out, tawny Tartar, out!
Out, loathed medicine! hated potion, hence!
Her. Do you not jeſt?
Hel. Yes, 'ſooth; and ſo do you.
Lyſ. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.
Dem. I would, I had your bond: for, I perceive,
A weak bond holds you; I'll not truſt your word.
Lyſ. What, ſhould I hurt her, ſtrike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her ſo.
Her. What, can you do me greater harm, than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?
Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lyſander?
I am as fair now, as I was erewhile.
Since night, you lov'd me; yet, ſince night, you left me:
Why, then you left me,—O, the gods forbid!—
In earneſt, ſhall I ſay?
Lyſ. Ay, by my life;
And never did deſire to ſee thee more.
Therefore, be out of hope, of queſtion, doubt,
Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jeſt,
That I do hate thee, and love Helena.
Her. O me! you juggler! you canker-bloſſom! [7]

You

[7] The *canker-bloſſom* is not in this place the bloſſom of the *canker* or *wild*

You thief of love! what, have you come by night,
And ſtol'n my love's heart from him?
Hel. Fine, i'faith!
Have you no modeſty, no maiden ſhame,
No touch of baſhfulneſs? What, will you tear
Impatient anſwers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!
Her. Puppet! why ſo? Ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that ſhe hath made compare
Between our ſtatures, ſhe hath urg'd her height;
And with her perſonage, her tall perſonage,
Her height, forſooth, ſhe hath prevail'd with him.—
And are you grown ſo high in his eſteem,
Becauſe I am ſo dwarfiſh, and ſo low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? ſpeak;
How low am I? I am not yet ſo low,
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.
Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curſt;[8]
I have no gift at all in ſhrewiſhneſs;
I am a right maid for my cowardice;
Let her not ſtrike me: You, perhaps, may think,
Becauſe ſhe's ſomething lower than myſelf,
That I can match her.
Her. Lower! hark, again.
Hel. Good Hermia, do not be ſo bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counſels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your ſtealth unto this wood:
He follow'd you; for love, I follow'd him.
But he hath chid me hence; and threaten'd me
To ſtrike me, ſpurn me, nay, to kill me too:
And

wild roſe, which our author alludes to in *Much ado about Nothing*, Act I. ſc. iii:

"I had rather be a *canker* in a hedge, than a roſe in his grace:" but a worm that preys on the leaves or buds of flowers, always beginning in the middle. So, in this play, Act II. ſc. iii:

"Some to kill *cankers* in the muſk-roſe buds." STEEVENS.

[8] i. e. ſhrewiſh or miſchievous. Thus in the old proverbial ſaying; "*Curſt* cows have ſhort horns." STEEVENS.

And now, ſo you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further: Let me go:
You ſee how ſimple and how fond I am.[9]

Her. Why, get you gone: Who is't that hinders you?

Hel. A fooliſh heart, that I leave here behind.

Her. What, with Lyſander?

Hel. With Demetrius.

Lyſ. Be not afraid: ſhe ſhall not harm thee, Helena.

Dem. No, ſir; ſhe ſhall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O, when ſhe's angry, ſhe is keen and ſhrewd:
She was a vixen, when ſhe went to ſchool;[2]
And, though ſhe be but little, ſhe is fierce.

Her. Little again? nothing but low and little?—
Why will you ſuffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.

Lyſ. Get you gone, you dwarf;
You minimus, of hind'ring knot-graſs made;[3]
You bead, you acorn.

Dem. You are too officious,
In her behalf that ſcorns your ſervices,
Let her alone; ſpeak not of Helena;
Take not her part: for if thou doſt intend[4]
Never ſo little ſhow of love to her,
Thou ſhalt aby it.[5]

Lyſ. Now ſhe holds me not;
Now follow, if thou dar'ſt, to try whoſe right,
Or thine or mine, is moſt in Helena.

Dem. Follow? nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jole.

[*Exeunt* Lys. *and* Dem.

Her.

9 *Fond*, i. e. fooliſh. Steevens.

2 *Vixen* or *fixen* primitively ſignifies a *female fox*. Steevens.

3 It appears that knot-graſs was anciently ſuppoſed to prevent the growth of any animal or child.

That prince of verboſe and pedantic coxcombs, Richard Tomlinſon, apothecary, in his tranſlation of *Renodæus his Diſpenſatory*, 1657, informs us that *knot-graſs* "is a low reptant hearb, with exile, copious, nodoſe, and geniculated branches." Perhaps no hypochondriack is to be found, who might not derive his cure from the peruſal of any ſingle chapter in this work. Steevens.

4 ———*intend*—] i. e. pretend. Steevens.

5 To *aby* is to pay dear for, to ſuffer. Steevens.

Her. You, miſtreſs, all this coil is 'long of you:
Nay, go not back.
Hel. I will not truſt you, I;
Nor longer ſtay in your curſt company.
Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray;
My legs are longer though, to run away. [*Exit.*
Her. I am amaz'd, and know not what to ſay.
[*Exit, purſuing* HELENA.

Obe. This is thy negligence: ſtill thou miſtak'ſt,
Or elſe commit'ſt thy knaveries wilfully.
Puck. Believe me, king of ſhadows, I miſtook.
Did not you tell me, I ſhould know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on?
And ſo far blameleſs proves my enterprize,
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes:
And ſo far am I glad it ſo did ſort,[6]
As this their jangling I eſteem a ſport.
Obe. Thou ſeeſt, theſe lovers ſeek a place to fight;
Hie therefore, Robin, overcaſt the night;
The ſtarry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog, as black as Acheron;
And lead theſe teſty rivals ſo aſtray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to Lyſander ſometime frame thy tongue,
Then ſtir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;
And ſometime rail thou like Demetrius;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
'Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting ſleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep:
Then cruſh this herb into Lyſander's eye;
Whoſe liquor hath this virtuous property,[7]
To take from thence all error, with his might,
And make his eye-balls roll with wonted ſight.
When they next wake, all this deriſion
Shall ſeem a dream, and fruitleſs viſion;
And back to Athens ſhall the lovers wend,[8]
With leagues, whoſe date till death ſhall never end.
Whiles

6 ——*ſo did* ſort,] So happen in the iſſue. JOHNSON.
7 —virtuous *property*,] Salutiferous. So he calls, in *The Tempeſt*, *poiſonous dew*, wicked *dew*. JOHNSON.
8 ——*wend*,] i. e. go. STEVEENS.

Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy;
And then I will her charmed eye releaſe
From monſter's view, and all things ſhall be peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this muſt be done with haſte;
For night's ſwift dragons cut the clouds full faſt,
And yonder ſhines Aurora's harbinger;
At whoſe approach, ghoſts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to church-yards; damned ſpirits all,
That in croſs-ways and floods, have burial,[9]
Already to their wormy beds are gone;
For fear leſt day ſhould look their ſhames upon,
They wilfully themſelves exile from light,
And muſt for aye conſort with black-brow'd night.

Obe. But we are ſpirits of another ſort:
I with the morning's love have oft made ſport;[2]
And, like a foreſter, the groves may tread,
Even till the eaſtern gate,[3] all fiery-red,
Opening on Neptune with fair bleſſed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his ſalt-green ſtreams.
But, notwithſtanding, haſte; make no delay:
We may effect this buſineſs yet ere day. [*Exit* Obe.

Puck. Up and down, up and down;
I will lead them up and down:

9 i. e. The ghoſts of ſelf murderers, who are buried in croſs-roads; and of thoſe who being drowned, were condemned (according to the opinion of the ancients) to wander for a hundred years, as the rites of ſepulture had never been regularly beſtowed on their bodies. That the waters were ſometimes the place of reſidence for *damned ſpirits*, we learn from the ancient bl. l. Romance of *Syr Eglamoure of Artoys*. STEEVENS.

2 How ſuch a waggiſh ſpirit as the King of the Fairies might make ſport with an antiquated lover, or his miſtreſs in his abſence, may be eaſily underſtood. Dr. Johnſon reads with all the modern editors, "I with the *morning light*," &c. STEEVENS.

Will not this paſſage bear a different explanation? By the *morning's love* I apprehend Cephalus, the mighty hunter and paramour of *Aurora*, is intended. The context, "And, like a foreſter," &c. ſeems to ſhow that the chace was the *ſport* which *Oberon* boaſts he partook with the *morning's love*. HOLT WHITE.

3 What the fairy Monarch means to inform Puck of, is this. That he was not compelled, like meaner ſpirits, to vaniſh at the firſt appearance of the dawn. STEEVENS.

I am fear'd in field and town;
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one.

Enter LYSANDER.

Lyſ. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? ſpeak thou now.
Puck. Here, villain; drawn and ready. Where art thou?
Lyſ. I will be with thee ſtraight.
Puck. Follow me then
To plainer ground.

[*Exit* LYS. *as following the voice.*

Enter DEMETRIUS.

Dem. Lyſander! ſpeak again.
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak. In ſome buſh? Where doſt thou hide thy head?
Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the ſtars,
Telling the buſhes that thou look'ſt for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child;
I'll whip thee with a rod: He is defil'd,
That draws a ſword on thee.
Dem. Yea; art thou there?
Puck. Follow my voice; we'll try no manhood here.

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter LYSANDER.

Lyſ. He goes before me, and ſtill dares me on:
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
The villain is much lighter-heel'd, than I:
I follow'd faſt, but faſter he did fly;
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
And here will reſt me. Come, thou gentle day!

[*Lies down.*

For if but once thou ſhow me thy grey light,
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this ſpite.

Re-enter PUCK *and* DEMETRIUS.

Puck. Ho, ho! ho, ho! [4] Coward, why com'ſt thou not?
Dem.

4 This exclamation would have been utter'd by Puck with greater propriety, if he were not now playing an aſſumed character, which he, in the preſent inſtance, ſeems to forget. MALONE.

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'ſt; for well I wot,
Thou runn'ſt before me, ſhifting every place;
And dar'ſt not ſtand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou?

Puck. Come hither; I am here.

Dem. Nay, then thou mock'ſt me. Thou ſhalt buy this dear,[5]
If ever I thy face by day-light ſee:
Now, go thy way. Faintneſs conſtraineth me
To meaſure out my length on this cold bed.—
By day's approach look to be viſited. [*Lies down and ſleeps.*

Enter HELENA.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours: ſhine, comforts, from the eaſt;
That I may back to Athens, by day-light,
From theſe that my poor company deteſt:—
And, ſleep, that ſometime ſhuts up ſorrow's eye,
Steal me a while from mine own company. [*Sleeps.*

Puck. Yet but three? Come one more;
Two of both kinds makes up four.
Here ſhe comes, curſt, and ſad:—
Cupid is a knaviſh lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Never ſo weary, never ſo in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers;
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keep no pace with my deſires.
Here will I reſt me, till the break of day.
Heavens ſhield Lyſander, if they mean a fray! [*Lies down.*

Puck. On the ground
Sleep ſound:
I'll apply
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.
[*Squeezing the juice on* LYSANDER'S *eye.*

[5] i. e. *thou ſhalt dearly pay for this.* Though this is ſenſe, and may well

When thou wak'ſt,
Thou tak'ſt[6]
True delight
In the ſight
Of thy former lady's eye:
And the country proverb known,
That every man ſhould take his own,
In your waking ſhall be ſhown:
Jack ſhall have Jill;
Nought ſhall go ill;
The man ſhall have his mare again, and all ſhall be well.
[*Exit* PUCK.—DEM. HEL. &c. *ſleep.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.[7]

The ſame.

Enter TITANIA *and* BOTTOM, Fairies *attending*; OBERON *behind, unſeen.*

Tita. Come, ſit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,[8]
And ſtick muſk-roſes in thy ſleek ſmooth head,
And kiſs thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.
Bot. Where's Peas-bloſſom?
Peas. Ready.
Bot. Scratch my head, Peas-bloſſom.—Where's monſieur Cobweb?

Cob.

well enough ſtand, yet the poet perhaps wrote *thou ſhalt 'by it dear.* So, in another place, *thou ſhalt* aby it. So, *Milton*, "*How* dearly I abide *that boaſt ſo vain.*" JOHNSON.

6 The ſecond line would be improved, I think, both in its meaſure and conſtruction, if it were written thus:

When thou wak'ſt,
See *thou tak'ſt,*
True delight, &c. TYRWHITT.

7 I ſee no reaſon why the fourth act ſhould begin here, when there ſeems no interruption of the action. In the old quartos of 1600, there is no diviſion of acts, which ſeems to have been afterwards arbitarily made in the firſt folio, and may therefore be altered at pleaſure. JOHNSON.

8 To *coy* is to ſooth, to ſtroke. STEEVENS.

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monſieur Cobweb; good monſieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hip'd humble-bee on the top of a thiſtle; and, good monſieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourſelf too much in the action, monſieur; and, good monſieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loth to have you over-flown with a honey-bag, ſignior.—Where's monſieur Muſtard-ſeed?

Muſt. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neif,[9] monſieur Muſtard-ſeed. Pray you, leave your courteſy, good monſieur.

Muſt. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good monſieur, but to help cavalero Cobweb[9] to ſcratch. I muſt to the barber's, monſieur; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face: and I am ſuch a tender aſs, if my hair do but tickle me, I muſt ſcratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou hear ſome muſick, my ſweet love?

Bot. I have a reaſonable good ear in muſick: let us have the tongs[2] and the bones.

Tita. Or, ſay, ſweet love, what thou deſir'ſt to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks, I have a great deſire to a bottle of hay: good hay, ſweet hay, hath no fellow.

Tita. I have a venturous fairy that ſhall ſeek
The ſquirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful, or two, of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people ſtir me; I have an expoſition of ſleep come upon me.

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.
Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.[3]
So doth the woodbine, the ſweet honeyſuckle,[4]

9 ——*neif,*] i. e. fiſt.

9 Without doubt it ſhould be *Cavalero Peas-bloſſom*, as for *cavalero Cobweb*, he had juſt been diſpatched upon a perilous adventure. GREY.

2 The old ruſtic muſick of the *tongs and key*. STEEVENS.

3 i. e. diſperſe yourſelves, and ſcout out ſeverally, in your *watch*, that danger approach us from no quarter. THEOBALD.

4 What does the *woodbine* entwiſt? The *honey-ſuckle*. But the *woodbine* and *honey-ſuckle* were, till now, but two names for one and the ſame plant. Florio, in his Italian Dictionary, interprets *Madre Selva* by *woodbine*

Gently entwiſt,—the female ivy ſo
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee! [*they ſleep.*

OBERON

bine or *honie-ſuckle.* We muſt therefore find a ſupport for the *woodbine* as well as for the *ivy.* Which is done by reading the lines thus:

" *So doth the woodbine, the ſweet honey-ſuckle,*
" *Gentle entwiſt the* maple; *ivy ſo*
" *Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.*"

The corruption might happen by the firſt blunderer dropping the *p* in writing the word *maple,* which word thence became *male.* A following tranſcriber, for the ſake of a little ſenſe and meaſure, thought fit to change this *male* into *female*; and then tacked it as an epithet to *ivy.*

WARBURTON.

Mr. Upton reads:

" *So doth the* woodrine *the ſweet honey-ſuckle,*"

for bark of the wood. Shakſpeare perhaps only meant, ſo the leaves involve the flower, uſing *woodbine* for the plant, and *honeyſuckle* for the flower; or perhaps Skakſpeare made a blunder. JOHNSON.

The thought is Chaucer's. See his *Troilus and Creſſeide,* v. 1236.

What Shakſpeare ſeems to mean, is this—*So the woodbine,* i. e. *the ſweet honey-ſuckle, doth gently entwiſt the barky fingers of the elm, and ſo does the female ivy enring the ſame fingers.* It is not unfrequent in the poets, as well as other writers, to explain one word by another which is better known. The reaſon why Shakſpeare thought *woodbine* wanted illuſtration, perhaps is this. In ſome counties, by *woodbine* or *woodbind* would have been generally underſtood the ivy, which he had occaſion to mention in the very next line. In the following inſtance from *Old Fortunatus,* 1600, *woodbind* is uſed for *ivy*:

" And, as the running *woodbind,* ſpread her arms
" To choak thy with'ring boughs in her embrace."

And Barrett in his *Alvearie,* or Quadruple Dictionary, 1580, enforces the ſame diſtinction that Shakſpeare thought it neceſſary to make:

" *Woodbin* that beareth the *honey-ſuckle.* STEEVENS.

This paſſage has given riſe to various conjectures. It is certain, that the *woodbine* and the *honey-ſuckle* were ſometimes conſidered as different plants. In one of Taylor's poems, we have

" The *woodbine,* primroſe, and the cowſlip fine,
" The *honiſuckle,* and the daffadill."

But I think Mr. Steevens's interpretation the true one. The old writers did not always carry the auxiliary verb forward, as Mr. Capell ſeems to ſuppoſe by his altertaion of *enrings* to *enring.* So biſhop Lowth, in his excellent *Introduction to Grammar,* p. 126, has without reaſon corrected a ſimilar paſſage in our tranſlation of *St. Matthew.* FARMER.

Were any change neceſſary, I ſhould not ſcruple to read the *weedbind,* i. e. ſmilax: a plant that twiſts round every other that grows in its way.

STEEVENS.

OBERON *advances.* *Enter* PUCK.

Obe. Welcome, good Robin. See'ſt thou this ſweet ſight?
Her dotage now I do begin to pity.
For meeting her of late, behind the wood,
Seeking ſweet ſavours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her:
For ſhe his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of freſh and fragrant flowers;
And that ſame dew, which ſometime on the buds
Was wont to ſwell, like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flouret's eyes, [6]
Like tears, that did their own diſgrace bewail.
When I had, at my pleaſure, taunted her,
And ſhe, in mild terms, begg'd my patience,
I then did aſk of her her changeling child;
Which ſtraight ſhe gave me, and her fairy ſent
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes.
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed ſcalp
From off the head of this Athenian ſwain;

I 4 That

In lord Bacon's *Nat. Hiſt.* Experiment 496, it is obſerved that there are two kinds of "*honeyſuckles*, both the *woodbine* and the *trefoil.*" i. e. the firſt is a *plant* that winds about trees, and the other is a three-leaved *graſs*. Perhaps theſe are meant in Dr. Farmer's quotation. The diſtinction, however, may ſerve to ſhew why Shakſpeare and other authors frequently added *woodbine* to *honey-ſuckle*, when they mean the *plant* and not the *graſs*. TOLLET.

The interpretation of either Dr. Johnſon or Mr. Steevens removes all difficulty.

If Dr. Johnſon's explanation be right, there ſhould be no point after *woodbine*, *honey ſuckle*, or *enrings*. MALONE.

[5] Shakſpeare calls it *female* ivy, becauſe it always requires ſome ſupport, which is poetically called its huſband. STEEVENS.

Though the *ivy* here repreſents the *female*, there is, notwithſtanding, an evident reference in the words *enrings* and *fingers*, to the *ring* of the *marriage rite*. HENLEY.

In our ancient marriage ceremony, (or rather, perhaps, contract,) the woman gave the man a ring, as well as received one from him.
STEEVENS.

[8] The *eye* of a flower is the technical term for its center.
STEEVENS.

That he awaking when the other do,
May all to Athens back again repair;
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will releaſe the fairy queen.
Be, as thou waſt wont to be;
[*Touching her eyes with an herb.*
See, as thou waſt wont to ſee:
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower[7]
Hath ſuch force and bleſſed power.
Now, my Titania; wake you, my ſweet queen.
Tita. My Oberon! what viſions have I ſeen!
Methought, I was enamour'd of an aſs.
Obe. There lies your love.
Tita. How came theſe things to paſs?
O, how mine eyes do loath this viſage now!
Obe. Silence, a while.—Robin, take off this head.—
Titania, muſick call; and ſtrike more dead
Than common ſleep, of all theſe five the ſenſe.
Tita. Muſick, ho! muſick; ſuch as charmeth ſleep.
Puck. Now, when thou wak'ſt, with thine own fool's eyes peep.
Obe. Sound, muſick. [*Still muſick.*] Come, my queen, take hands with me,
And rock the ground whereon theſe ſleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity;
And will, to-morrow midnight, ſolemnly,
Dance in duke Theſeus' houſe triumphantly,
And bleſs it to all fair poſterity:[8]
There ſhall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theſeus, all in jollity.

Puck.

[7] *Dian's bud*, is the bud of the *Agnus Caſtus*, or *Chaſte Tree*. *Cupid's flower*, is the *Viola tricolor, or Love in Idleneſs*. STEEVENS.

[8] We ſhould read:

"——— *to all* far *poſterity.*"

i. e. to the remoteſt poſterity. WARBURTON.

Fair poſterity is the right reading.

In the concluding ſong, where Oberon bleſſes the nuptial bed, part of his benediction is, that the poſterity of Theſeus ſhall be *fair*:

M. MASON.

Puck. Fairy king, attend, and mark;
I do hear the morning lark.
Obe. Then, my queen, in ſilence ſad,
Trip we after the night's ſhade:[9]
We the globe can compaſs ſoon,
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.
Tita. Come, my lord; and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I ſleeping here was found,
With theſe mortals, on the ground. [*Exeunt.*

[*Horns ſound within.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, *and train.*

The. Go, one of you, find out the foreſter;—
For now our obſervation is perform'd:[2]
And ſince we have the vaward of the day,[3]
My love ſhall hear the muſick of my hounds.—
Uncouple in the weſtern valley; go:—

15 Deſpatch

[9] *Sad* ſignifies only grave, ſober; and is oppoſed to their dances and revels, which were now ended at the ſinging of the morning lark. So, in *The Winter's Tale*, Act IV: "*My father and the gentlemen are in* ſad *talk.*" For *grave* or *ſerious.* WARBURTON.

A ſtatute 3 Henry VII. c. xiv. directs certain offences committed in the king's palace, to be tried by twelve *ſad* men of the king's houſhold. BLACKSTONE.

[2] The honours due to the morning of *May.* I know not why Shakſpeare calls this play *A Midſummer Night's-Dream*, when he ſo carefully informs us that it happened on the night preceding *May* day. JOHNSON.

The title of this play ſeems no more intended, to denote the preciſe *time of the action*, than that of *The Winter's Tale*; which we find, was at the ſeaſon of ſheep-ſhearing. FARMER.

The ſame phraſe has been uſed in a former ſcene:

"To do *obſervance* to a morn of May."

I imagine that the title of this play was ſuggeſted by the time it was firſt introduced on the ſtage, which was probably at *Midſummer.* "A Dream for the *entertainment* of a Midſummer-night." *Twelfth Night* and *The Winter's Tale* had probably their titles from a ſimilar circumſtance. MALONE.

In *Twelfth Night*, Act III. ſc. iv. Olivia obſerves of Malvolio's ſeeming frenzy, that it, "is a very *Midſummer* madneſs." That time of the year we may therefore ſuppoſe was anciently thought productive of mental vagaries reſembling the ſcheme of Shakſpeare's Play. To this circumſtance it might have owed its title. STEEVENS.

[3] *Vaward* is compounded of *van* and *ward*, the forepart. STEEVENS.

Deſpatch, I ſay, and find the foreſter.—
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the muſical confuſion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules, and Cadmus, once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear [4]
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; [5] for, beſides the groves,
The ſkies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard
So muſical a diſcord, ſuch ſweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, [6] ſo ſanded; [7] and their heads are hung
With

[4] *Bearbaiting* was once a diverſion eſteemed proper for royal perſonages, even of the ſofter ſex. While the princeſs Elizabeth remained at Hatfield houſe, under the cuſtody of Sir Thomas Pope, ſhe was viſited by queen Mary. The next morning they were entertained with a grand exhibition of *bearbaiting, with which their highneſſes were right well content.* See life of Sir Thomas Pope, cited by Warton in his Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry, Vol. II. p. 391. STEEVENS.

In *The Winter's Tale* Antigonus is deſtroyed by a *bear*, who is chaced by hunters. MALONE.

Holinſhed, with whoſe hiſtories our poet was well acquainted, ſays, "the *beare* is a beaſt commonlie hunted in the Eaſt countrie." See Vol. I. p. 206; and in p. 226, he ſays, "Alexander at vacant time hunted the tiger, the pard, the bore, and the *beare*." Pliny, Plutarch, &c. mention bear-hunting. Turberville, in his *Book of Hunting*, has two chapters on hunting the *bear*. As the perſons mentioned by the poet are foreigners of the heroic ſtrain, he might perhaps think it nobler ſport for them to hunt the *bear* than the *boar*. Shakſpeare muſt have read the *Knight's Tale* in Chaucer, wherein are mentioned Theſeus's "white alandes, [grey-hounds,] to huntin at the lyon, or the wild *bere*." TOLLET.

[5] *Chiding* in this inſtance means only *ſound*. STEEVENS.

[6] Sir T. Hanmer juſtly remarks, that *flews* are the large chaps of a deep mouth'd hound. Arthur Golding uſes this word in his tranſlation of *Ovid's Metamorphoſis*, finiſhed 1567, a book with which Shakſpeare appears to have been well acquainted. The poet is deſcribing Actæon's hounds, B. III. p. 34. b. 1575. Two of them, like our author's, were of Spartan kind; bred from a Spartan bitch and a Cretan dog:

"—with other twaine, that had a ſyre of Crete,
"And dam of Sparta: tone of them called Jollyboy, a great
"And *large-flew'd* hound."

Shakſpeare mentions Cretan hounds (with Spartan) afterwards in this ſpeech of Theſeus. And Ovid's tranſlator, Golding, in the ſame deſcription, has them both in one verſe, ibid. p. 34. a.

"This latter was a hounde of Crete, the other was of Spart."

T. WARTON.

With ears that ſweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lap'd like Theſſalian bulls;
Slow in purſuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Theſſaly:
Judge, when you hear.—But, ſoft; what nymphs are theſe?

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here aſleep;
And this, Lyſander; this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:
I wonder of their being here together.

The. No doubt, they roſe up early, to obſerve
The rite of May;[8] and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our ſolemnity.—
But, ſpeak, Egeus; is not this the day
That Hermia ſhould give anſwer of her choice?

Ege. It is, my lord.

The. Go, bid the huntſmen wake them with their horns.

Horns, and ſhout within. DEMETRIUS, LYSANDER, HERMIA, *and* HELENA, *wake and ſtart up.*

The. Good-morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is paſt;[9]
Begin theſe wood-birds but to couple now?

Lyſ. Pardon, my lord. [*He and the reſt kneel to* THESEUS.

The. I pray you all, ſtand up.
I know, you two are rival enemies;
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is ſo far from jealouſy,
To ſleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

Lyſ. My lord, I ſhall reply amazedly,
Half 'ſleep, half waking: But as yet, I ſwear,
I cannot truly ſay how I came here:

[7] *So ſanded*;] So marked with ſmall ſpots. JOHNSON.
Sandy'd means of a ſandy colour, which is one of the true denotements of a blood hound. STEEVENS.

[8] The rite of this month was once ſo univerſally obſerved, that even authors thought their works would obtain a more favourable reception, if publiſhed on *May-day*.

[9] Alluding to the old ſaying, that birds begin to couple on St. Valentine's day. STEEVENS.

But, as I think, (for truly would I ſpeak,—
And now I do bethink me, ſo it is;)
I came with Hermia hither: our intent
Was, to be gone from Athens, where we might be
Without the peril of the Athenian law.

Ege. Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough:
I beg the law, the law, upon his head.—
They would have ſtol'n away, they would, Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated you and me:
You, of your wife; and me, of my conſent;
Of my conſent that ſhe ſhould be your wife.

Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their ſtealth,
Of this their purpoſe hither, to this wood;
And I in fury hither follow'd them;
Fair Helena in fancy following me.[2]
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,
(But by ſome power it is,) my love to Hermia,
Melted as doth the ſnow, ſeems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gawd,
Which in my childhood I did dote upon:
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object, and the pleaſure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betroth'd ere I ſaw Hermia:
But, like in ſickneſs, did I loath this food:
But, as in health, come to my natural taſte,
Now do I wiſh it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
Of this diſcourſe we more will hear anon.—
Egeus, I will overbear your will;
For in the temple, by and by with us,
Theſe couples ſhall eternally be knit.
And, for the morning now is ſomething worn,
Our purpos'd hunting ſhall be ſet aſide.—
Away,

2 *Fancy* is here taken for *love* or *affection*, and is oppoſed to *fury*, as before:

"*Sighs and tears, poor* Fancy's *followers.*"

Some now call that which a man takes particular delight in, his *fancy*. *Flower-fancier*, for a floriſt, and *bird-fancier*, for a lover and feeder of birds, are colloquial words. JOHNSON.

Away, with us, to Athens: Three and three,
We'll hold a feaſt in great ſolemnity.—
Come, Hippolyta.

[*Exeunt* THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS *and train.*

Dem. Theſe things ſeem ſmall, and undiſtinguiſhable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks, I ſee theſe things with parted eye,
When every thing ſeems double.

Hel. So methinks:
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.[3]

Dem. It ſeems to me,
That yet we ſleep, we dream.—Do not you think,
The duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea; and my father.

Hel. And Hippolyta.

Lyſ.

[3] Hermia had obſerved that things appeared *double* to her. Helena replies, *ſo methinks*; and then ſubjoins, that Demetrius was like a *jewel*, her own and not her own. He is here, then, compared to ſomething which had the property of appearing to be one thing when it was another. Not the property ſure of a jewel: or, if you will, of none but a falſe one. We ſhould read:

"*And I have found Demetrius like a* gemell,
"*Mine own, and not mine own.*"

From *Gemellus*, a *twin*. For Demetrius had that night acted two ſuch different parts, that ſhe could hardly think them both played by one and the ſame Demetrius; but that there were twin Demetriuſes like the two Soſias in the farce. From *Gemellus* comes the French, *Gemeau* or *Jumeau*, and in the feminine, *Gemelle* or *Jumelle*: So, in Maçon's tranſlation of *The Decameron of Boccace*—"*Il avoit trois filles plus âgées que les maſles, des quelles les deux qui eſtoient* jumelles *avoient quinze ans.*" Quatrieme Jour. Nov. 3. WARBURTON.

This emendation is ingenious enough to deſerve to be true. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton has been accuſed of coining the word, *gemell*: but Drayton has it in the preface to his *Baron's Wars*, "The *quadrin* doth never double; or to uſe a word of heraldrie, never bringeth forth *gemels.*" FARMER.

Again:

"—unleſs they had been all *gemels* or couplets." STEEVENS.

Helena, I think, means to ſay, that having *found* Demetrius *unexpectedly*, ſhe conſidered her property in him as inſecure as that which a perſon has in a jewel that he has *found* by *accident*; which he knows not whether he ſhall retain, and which therefore may properly enough be called *his own and not his own*. She does not ſay, as Dr. Warburton has repreſented, that Demetrius *was like a jewel*, but that ſhe had *found him*, like a jewel, &c. MALONE.

Lyſ. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why then, we are awake: let's follow him; And, by the way, let us recount our dreams. [*Exeunt.*

As they go out, BOTTOM *awakes.*

Bot. When my cue comes, call me, and I will anſwer:—my next is, *Moſt fair Pyramus.*——Hey, ho!—Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout the tinker! Starveling! God's my life! ſtolen hence, and left me aſleep! I have had a moſt rare viſion. I have had a dream,—paſt the wit of man to ſay what dream it was: Man is but an aſs, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had,—But man is but a patch'd fool,[5] if he will offer to ſay what methought I had. The eye of man[6] hath not heard, the ear of man hath not ſeen; man's hand is not able to taſte, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it ſhall be call'd Bottom's Dream, becauſe it hath no bottom; and I will ſing it in the latter end of a play, before the duke: Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I ſhall ſing it at her death. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Athens. *A Room in* Quince's *Houſe.*

Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.

Quin. Have you ſent to Bottom's houſe? is he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is tranſported.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marr'd; It goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not poſſible: you have not a man in all Athens, able to diſcharge Pyramus, but he.

Flu.

[5] That is, a fool in a particolour'd coat. JOHNSON.

[6] He is here blundering upon the ſcriptural paſſage of "Eye hath not ſeen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things," &c. 1. Cor. ii. 9. DOUCE.

Flu. No: he hath ſimply the beſt wit of any handycraft man in Athens.

Quin. Yea, and the beſt perſon too: and he is a very paramour, for a ſweet voice.

Flu. You muſt ſay, paragon: a paramour is, God bleſs us! a thing of nought.[7]

Enter SNUG.

Snug. Maſters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married: if our ſport had gone forward, we had all been made men.[8]

Flu. O ſweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he loſt ſix-pence a-day during his life; he could not have 'ſcaped ſix-pence a-day: an the duke had not given him ſix-pence a-day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hang'd; he would have deſerv'd it: ſix-pence a-day, in Pyramus, or nothing.[9]

Enter BOTTOM.

Bot. Where are theſe lads? where are theſe hearts?

Quin. Bottom!—O moſt courageous day! O moſt happy hour!

Bot. Maſters, I am to diſcourſe wonders: but aſk me not what; for, if I tell you, I am no true Athenian, I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, ſweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you, is, that the duke hath dined: Get your apparel together; good ſtrings to your beards,[2] new ribbons to your pumps; meet preſently

[7] This Mr. Theobald changes with great pomp to *a thing of naught*; i. e. a *good for nothing thing*. JOHNSON.

[8] In the ſame ſenſe as in *The Tempeſt*, "*any monſter in England* makes *a man*." JOHNSON.

[9] Shakſpeare has already ridiculed the title-page of *Cambyſes* by Thomas Preſton; and here he ſeems to allude to him, or ſome other perſon who, like him, had been penſioned for his dramatic abilities. *Preſton* acted a part in John Ritwiſe's play of *Dido* before queen Elizabeth at Cambridge, in 1564; and the queen was ſo well pleaſed, that ſhe beſtowed on him a penſion of *twenty* pounds a year, which is little more than a *ſhilling a day*. STEEVENS.

[2] i. e. to prevent the falſe beards, which they were to wear, from falling off. MALONE.

preſently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for the ſhort and the long is, our play is preferr'd. In any caſe, let Thiſby have clean linen; and let not him, that plays the lion, pare his nails, for they ſhall hang out for the lion's claws. And, moſt dear actors, eat no onions, nor garlick, for we are to utter ſweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them ſay, it is a ſweet comedy. No more words; away; go, away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The ſame. An Apartment in the Palace of Theſeus.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Hip. 'Tis ſtrange, my Theſeus, that theſe lovers ſpeak of.
The. More ſtrange than true. I never may believe
Theſe antique fables, nor theſe fairy toys.
Lovers, and madmen, have ſuch ſeething brains,
Such ſhaping fantaſies, that apprehend
More than cool reaſon ever comprehends.
The lunatick, the lover, and the poet,[9]
Are of imagination all compact: [2]
One ſees more devils than vaſt hell can hold;
That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantick,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt: [3]

The

As no falſe beard could be worn, without a ligature to faſten it on, (and a ſlender one would ſuffice,) the caution of Bottom, conſidered in ſuch a light, is ſuperfluous. I ſuſpect therefore that the *good ſtrings* recommended by him, were ornamental, or employed to give an air of novelty to the countenances of the performers. STEEVENS.

9 An ingenious modern writer ſuppoſes that our author had here in contemplation Oreſtes, Mark Antony, and himſelf; but I do not recollect any paſſage in his works that ſhows him to have been acquainted with the ſtory of Agamemnon's ſon,—*ſcelerum furiis agitatus Oreſtes:* and indeed, if even ſuch were found, the ſuppoſed alluſion would ſtill remain very problematical. MALONE.

2 i. e. made up of mere imagination. STEEVENS.

3 By "a brow of Egypt" Shakſpeare means no more than, the *brow of a gipſy*. So much for ſome ingenious modern's ideal *Cleopatra*. STEEVENS.

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to ſhapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation, and a name.
Such tricks hath ſtrong imagination;
That, if it would but apprehend ſome joy,
It comprehends ſome bringer of that joy;
Or, in the night, imagining ſome fear,
How eaſy is a buſh ſuppos'd a bear?

Hip. But all the ſtory of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigur'd ſo together,
More witneſſeth than fancy's images,
And grows to ſomething of great conſtancy;[4]
But, howſoever, ſtrange, and admirable.

Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, *and* HELENA.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.—
Joy, gentle friends! joy, and freſh days of love,
Accompany your hearts!

Lyſ. More than to us
Wait on your royal walks, your board, your bed!

The. Come now; what maſks, what dances ſhall we have,
To wear away this long age of three hours,
Between our after-ſupper, and bed-time?
Where is our uſual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To eaſe the anguiſh of a torturing hour?
Call Philoſtrate.

Philoſt. Here, mighty Theſeus.

The. Say, what abridgment[5] have you for this evening?
What maſk? what muſick? How ſhall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with ſome delight?

Philoſt.

[4] Conſiſtency, ſtability, certainty. JOHNSON.

[5] By *abridgment* our author may mean a dramatick performance, which crowds the events of years into a few hours. It may be worth while, however, to obſerve, that in the North the word *abatement* had the ſame meaning as *diverſion* or *amuſement*. STEEVENS.

Does not *abridgement* in the preſent inſtance, ſignify *amuſement to beguile the tediouſneſs of the evening?* or, in one word, *paſtime?* HENLEY.

Philoſt. There is a brief,[6] how many ſports are ripe;
Make choice of which your highneſs will ſee firſt.

[*Giving a paper.*

The. reads.] *The battle with the Centaurs, to be ſung*
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.[7]
We'll none of that: that have I told my love,
In glory of my kinſman Hercules.
The riot of the tipſy Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian ſinger in their rage.
That is an old device; and it was play'd
When I from Thebes came laſt a conqueror.
The thrice three Muſes mourning for the death
Of learning,[8] *late deceas'd in beggary.*
That is ſome ſatire, keen, and critical,[9]
Not ſorting with a nuptial ceremony.
A tedious brief ſcene of young Pyramus,
And his love Thiſbe; very tragical mirth.
Merry and tragical? Tedious and brief?
That is, hot ice, and wonderous ſtrange ſnow.[2]
How ſhall we find the concord of this diſcord?

Philoſt.

[6] i. e. a ſhort account or enumeration. STEEVENS.

[7] This ſeems to imply a more ancient practice of caſtration for the voice, than can be found in opera annals. BURNEY.

[8] I do not know whether it has been before obſerved, that Shakſpeare here, perhaps, alluded to Spenſer's poem, entitled *The Tears of the Muſes*, on the neglect and contempt of learning. This piece appeared in quarto, with others 1591. The oldeſt edition of this play now known is dated 1600. If Spenſer's poem be here intended, may we not preſume that there is ſome earlier edition of this? But however, if the alluſion be allowed, at leaſt it ſeems to bring the play below 1591.

T. WARTON.

[9] *Critical*, here means *criticiſing*, *cenſuring*. STEEVENS.

[2] The nonſenſe of this line ſhould be corrected thus:

"That is, hot ice, *a* wonderous ſtrange *ſhow*." WARBURTON.

Mr. Upton reads, not improbably:

"And wonderous ſtrangd *black ſnow*." JOHNSON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—*wonderous ſcorching ſnow*. Mr. Pope omits the line entirely. I think the paſſage needs no change, on account of the verſification; for *wonderous* is as often uſed as *three*, as it is as *two* ſyllables. The meaning of the line is—

"———*hot ice*, and ſnow of *as ſtrange a quality*." STEEVENS.

As there is no antitheſis between *ſtrange* and *ſnow*, as there is between *hot* and *ice*, I believe we ſhould read—"and wonderous *ſtrong* ſnow."

M. MASON.

Philoſt. A play there is, my lord, ſome ten words long;
Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long;
Which makes it tedious: for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And tragical, my noble lord, it is;
For Pyramus therein doth kill himſelf.
Which, when I ſaw rehears'd, I muſt confeſs,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The paſſion of loud laughter never ſhed.

The. What are they, that do play it?

Philoſt. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here,
Which never labour'd in their minds till now;
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories[3]
With this ſame play, againſt your nuptial.

The. And we will hear it.

Philoſt. No, my noble lord,
It is not for you: I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unleſs you can find ſport in their intents,[4]
Extremely ſtretch'd, and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you ſervice.

The. I will hear that play:
For never any thing can be amiſs,
When ſimpleneſs and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in;—and take your places, ladies.

[*Exit* PHILOSTRATE.

Hip. I love not to ſee wretchedneſs o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his ſervice periſhing.

The. Why, gentle ſweet, you ſhall ſee no ſuch thing.

Hip. He ſays, they can do nothing in this kind.

The.

In ſupport of Mr. Maſon's conjecture it may be obſerved that the words *ſtrong* and *ſtrange* are often confounded in our old plays. MALONE.

[3] That is, unexerciſed, unpractiſed memories. STEEVENS.

[4] Thus all the copies. But as I know not what it is to *ſtretch* and *con* an *intent*, I ſuſpect a line to be loſt. JOHNSON.

To *intend* and to *attend* were anciently ſynonymous. Of this uſe ſeveral inſtances are given in a note on the third ſcene of the firſt act of *Othello*. *Intents* therefore may be put for the object of their *attention*. We ſtill ſay a perſon is *intent* on his buſineſs. STEEVENS.

The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.
Our ſport ſhall be,[6] to take what they miſtake:
And what poor duty cannot do,
Noble reſpect takes it in might, not merit.[7]
Where I have come, great clerks have purpoſed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have ſeen them ſhiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midſt of ſentences,
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
And, in concluſion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome: Truſt me, ſweet,
Out of this ſilence, yet, I pick'd a welcome;
And in the modeſty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of ſawcy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied ſimplicity,
In leaſt, ſpeak moſt, to my capacity.

Enter

[6] Voltaire ſays ſomething like this of Louis XIV. who took a pleaſure in ſeeing his courtiers in confuſion when they ſpoke to him. I am told, however, by a writer in the *Edinburgh Magazine*, for Nov. 1786, that I have aſſigned a malignant inſtead of humane ſentiment to Theſeus, and that he really means—*We will accept with pleaſure even their blundering attempts.* STEEVENS.

[7] The ſenſe of this paſſage, as it now ſtands, if it has any ſenſe, is this: *What the inability of duty cannot perform, regardful generoſity receives as an act of ability, though not of merit.* The contrary is rather true: *What dutifulneſs tries to perform without ability, regardful generoſity receives as having the merit, though not the power, of complete performance.*

We ſhould therefore read:

And what poor duty cannot do,
Noble reſpect takes not in might, but merit. JOHNSON.

In *might*, is perhaps an elliptical expreſſion for *what might have been.* STEEVENS.

If this paſſage is to ſtand as it is, the meaning appears to be this:—"and what poor duty would do, but cannot accompliſh, noble reſpect conſiders as it *might* have been, not as it is." M. MASON.

And what dutifulneſs tries to perform without ability, regardful generoſity receives with complacency, eſtimating it not by the actual *merit* of the performance, but by what it *might* have been, were the abilities of the performers equal to their zeal.—Such, I think, is the true interpretation of this paſſage; for which the reader is indebted partly to Dr. Johnſon, and partly to Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

Enter PHILOSTRATE.

Philoſt. So pleaſe your grace, the prologue is addreſt.[8]
The. Let him approach. [*Flouriſh of Trumpets.*[9]

Enter Prologue.

Pro. *If we offend, it is with our good will.*
That you ſhould think, we come not to offend,
But with good-will. To ſhow our ſimple ſkill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Conſider then, we come but in deſpite.
We do not come, as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
We are not here. That you ſhould here repent you,
The actors are at hand; and, by their ſhow,
You ſhall know all, that you are like to know.

The. This fellow doth not ſtand upon points.

Lyſ. He hath rid his prologue, like a rough colt; he knows not the ſtop. A good moral, my lord: It is not enough to ſpeak, but to ſpeak true.

Hip. Indeed he hath play'd on this prologue, like a child on a recorder;[2] a ſound, but not in government.[3]

The. His ſpeech was like a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but all diſordered. Who is next?

Enter

[8] ——*addreſt.*] That is, ready. STEEVENS.

[9] It appears from *The Guls Hornbook*, by Decker, 1609, that the prologue was anciently uſher'd in by trumpets. "Preſent not yourſelfe on the ſtage (eſpecially at a new play) until the quaking prologue hath (by rubbing) got cullor in his cheekes, and is ready to give the *trumpets* their cue that hee's upon point to enter." STEEVENS.

[2] Lord Bacon in his natural hiſtory, cent. iii. ſect. 221, ſpeaks of *recorders* and flutes at the ſame inſtant, and ſays, that the *recorder* hath a leſs bore, and a greater, above and below; and elſewhere, cent. ii. ſect. 187, he ſpeaks of it as having ſix holes, in which reſpect it anſwers to the Tibia minor or Flajolet of Merſennus. From all which particulars it ſhould ſeem that the flute and the *recorder* were different inſtruments, and that the latter in propriety of ſpeech was no other than the flagelet. *Hawkins's Hiſtory of Muſick*, Vol. IV. p. 479. REED.

Shakſpeare introduces the ſame inſtrument in *Hamlet*; and *Milton* ſays:

"To the ſound of ſoft *recorders*."

The *recorder* is mentioned in many of the old plays. STEEVENS.

[3] That is, not regularly, according to the tune. STEEVENS.

Enter PYRAMUS, *and* THISBE, Wall, Moonſhine, *and* Lion, *as in dumb ſhow*,[4]

Prol. " Gentles, perchance, you wonder at this ſhow;
" But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
" This man is Pyramus, if you would know;
" This beauteous lady Thiſby is, certain.[5]
" This man, with lime and rough-caſt, doth preſent
" Wall, that vile wall which did theſe lovers ſunder:
" And through wall's chink, poor ſouls, they are content
" To whiſper; at the which let no man wonder.
" This man, with lantern, dog, and buſh of thorn,
" Preſenteth moon-ſhine: for, if you will know,
" By moon-ſhine did theſe lovers think no ſcorn
" To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.
" This griſly beaſt, which by name lion hight,
" The truſty Thiſby, coming firſt by night,
" Did ſcare away, or rather did affright:
" And, as ſhe fled, her mantle ſhe did fall;
" Which lion vile with bloody mouth did ſtain:
" Anon comes Pyramus, ſweet youth, and tall,
" And finds his truſty Thiſby's mantle ſlain:
" Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,[6]
" He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breaſt;
" And, Thiſby tarrying in mulberry ſhade,
" His dagger drew, and died. For all the reſt,

" Let

Hamlet, ſpeaking of a *recorder*, ſays,—" *Govern* theſe ventages with your fingers and thumb; give it breath with your mouth; and it will diſcourſe moſt eloquent muſic."—This explains the meaning of *government* in this paſſage. M. MASON.

4 In this place the folio, 1623, exhibits the following prompter's direction. *Tawyer with a trumpet before them.* STEEVENS.

5 A burleſque was here intended on the frequent recurrence of "*certain*" as a bungling rhime in poetry more ancient than the age of Shakſpeare. STEEVENS.

6 Mr. Upton rightly obſerves, that Shakſpeare in this line ridicules the affectation of beginning many words with the ſame letter. He might have remarked the ſame of

" *The raging rocks*
" *And ſhivering ſhocks.*"

Gaſcoigne, contemporary with our poet, remarks and blames the ſame affectation. JOHNSON.

" Let lion, moon-ſhine, wall, and lovers twain,
" At large diſcourſe, while here they do remain."

[*Exeunt* Prol. THISBE, Lion, *and* Moonſhine.

The. I wonder ,if the lion be to ſpeak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when many aſſes do.

Wall. " In this ſame interlude, it doth befall,
" That I, one Snout by name, preſent a wall:
" And ſuch a wall, as I would have you think,
" That had in it a cranny'd hole, or chink,
" Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thiſby,
" Did whiſper often very ſecretly.
" This loam, this rough-caſt, and this ſtone, doth ſhow
" That I am that ſame wall; the truth is ſo:
" And this the cranny is, right and ſiniſter,
" Through which the fearful lovers are to whiſper."

The. Would you deſire lime and hair to ſpeak better?

Dem. It is the wittieſt partition that ever I heard diſcourſe, my lord.[7]

The. Pyramus draws near the wall: ſilence!

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. " O grim-look'd night! O night with hue ſo black?
" O night, which ever art, when day is not!
" O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,
" I fear my Thiſby's promiſe is forgot!—
" And thou, O wall, O ſweet, O lovely wall,
" That ſtand'ſt between her father's ground and mine;
" Thou wall, O wall, O ſweet and lovely wall,
" Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne.

[Wall *holds up his fingers.*

" Thanks, courteous wall: Jove ſhield thee well for this!
" But what ſee I? No Thiſby do I ſee.
" O wicked wall, through whom I ſee no bliſs;
" Curſt be thy ſtones for thus deceiving me!"

The.

[7] Demetrius is repreſented as a punſter: I believe the paſſage ſhould be read: This is the wittieſt *partition*, that ever I heard *in diſcourſe*. Alluding to the many ſtupid *partitions* in the argumentative writings of the time. Shakſpeare himſelf, as well as his contemporaries, uſes *diſcourſe* for *reaſoning*: and he here avails himſelf of the double ſenſe; as he had done before in the word, *partition*. FARMER.

The. The wall, methinks, being ſenſible, ſhould curſe again.

Pyr. No, in truth, ſir, he ſhould not. *Deceiving me*, is Thiſby's cue; ſhe is to enter now, and I am to ſpy her through the wall. You ſhall ſee, it will fall pat as I told you:—Yonder ſhe comes.

Enter THISBE.

This. "O wall, full often haſt thou heard my moans,
"For parting my fair Pyramus and me:
"My cherry lips have often kiſs'd thy ſtones;
"Thy ſtones with lime and hair knit up in thee."

Pyr. "I ſee a voice: now will I to the chink,
"To ſpy an I can hear my Thiſby's face.
"Thiſby!"

This. "My love! thou art my love, I think."

Pyr. "Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;
"And like Limander am I truſty ſtill." [8]

This. "And I like Helen, till the fates me kill."

Pyr. "Not Shafalus to Procrus was ſo true."

This. "As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you."

Pyr. "O, kiſs me through the hole of this vile wall."

This. "I kiſs the wall's hole, not your lips at all."

Pyr. "Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me ſtraightway?"

This. "Tide life, tide death, I come without delay."

Wall. "Thus have I, wall, my part diſcharged ſo;
"And, being done, thus wall away doth go."

[*Exeunt* Wall, PYRAMUS, *and* THISBE.

The. Now is the mural down between the two neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are ſo wilful to hear without warning.[9]

Hip. This is the ſilliеſt ſtuff that ever I heard.

The. The beſt in this kind are but ſhadows: and the worſt are no worſe, if imagination amend them.

Hip.

[8] Limander and Helen, are ſpoken by the blundering player, for Leander and Hero. Shafalus and Procrus, for Cephalus and Procris.

JOHNSON.

[9] This alludes to the proverb, "*Walls* have *ears*." A *wall* between almoſt any *two neighbours* would ſoon be *down*, were it to exerciſe this faculty without previous *warning*. FARMER.

Hip. It muſt be your imagination then, and not theirs.

The. If we imagine no worſe of them, than they of themſelves, they may paſs for excellent men. Here come two noble beaſts in, a moon and a lion.[2]

Enter Lion *and* Moonſhine.

Lion. " You, ladies, you, whoſe gentle hearts do fear
" The ſmalleſt monſtrous mouſe that creeps on floor,
" May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
" When lion rough in wildeſt rage doth roar.
" Then know, that I, one Snug the joiner, am
" A lion fell, nor elſe no lion's dam:[3]
" For if I ſhould as lion come in ſtrife
" Into this place, 'twere pity on my life."

The. A very gentle beaſt, and of a good conſcience.

Dem. The very beſt at a beaſt, my lord, that e'er I ſaw.

Lyſ. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

The. True; and a gooſe for his diſcretion.

Dem. Not ſo, my lord: for his valour cannot carry his diſcretion; and the fox carries the gooſe.

The. His diſcretion, I am ſure, cannot carry his valour; for the gooſe carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his diſcretion, and let us liſten to the moon.

Moon. " This lantern doth the horned moon preſent:"

Dem. He ſhould have worn the horns on his head.

The. He is no creſcent, and his horns are inviſible within the circumference.

[2] I cannot help ſuppoſing that we ſhould have it, a *moon-calf*; The old copies read a *man:* poſſibly *man* was the marginal interpretation of *moon-calf*; and being more intelligible, got into the text.

The *man in the moon* was no new character on the ſtage, and is here introduced in ridicule of ſuch exhibitions. Ben Jonſon in one of his maſques, call'd *News from the New World in the Moon*, makes his *Factor* doubt of the perſon who brings the intelligence. " I muſt ſee his dog at his girdle, and the buſh of thorns at his back, ere I believe it."—" Thoſe, replies one of the heralds, are *ſtale enſigns o' the ſtage.*"

FARMER.

[3] That is, that I am ſnug the joiner; and neither a lion, nor a lion's dam. Dr. Johnſon has juſtly obſerved in a note on *All's well that ends well*, that *nor* in the phraſeology of our author's time often related to two members of a ſentence. MALONE.

Moon. "This lantern doth the horned moon preſent;
"Myſelf the man i'th'moon do ſeem to be."

The. This is the greateſt error of all the reſt: the man ſhould be put into the lantern: How is it elſe the man i'the moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle: for, you ſee, it is already in ſnuff.[4]

Hip. I am aweary of this moon: Would, he would change!

The. It appears, by his ſmall light of diſcretion, that he is in the wane: but yet, in courteſy, in all reaſon, we muſt ſtay the time.

Lyſ. Proceed, moon.

Moon. All that I have to ſay, is, to tell you, that the lantern is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-buſh, my thorn-buſh; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all theſe ſhould be in the lantern; for they are in the moon. But, ſilence; here comes Thiſbe.

Enter THISBE.

This. "This is old Ninny's tomb: Where is my love?

Lion. "Oh—." [*The* Lion *roars.* THISBE *runs off.*

Dem. Well roar'd, lion.

The. Well run, Thiſbe.

Hip. Well ſhone, moon.—Truly, the moon ſhines with a good grace.

The. Well mous'd, lion.[5]

[*The* Lion *tears* THISBE'S *mantle, and exit.*

Dem. And ſo comes Pyramus.

Lyſ. And then the moon vaniſhes.

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. "Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy ſunny beams;
"I thank thee, moon, for ſhining now ſo bright:
"For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering ſtreams,
"I truſt to taſte of trueſt Thiſby's ſight.

"But

4 An equivocation. *Snuff* ſignifies both the cinder of a candle, and haſty anger. JOHNSON.

5 To *mouſe* ſignified to mammock, to tear in pieces, as a cat tears a mouſe. MALONE.

" But ſtay;—O ſpite!
" But mark;—Poor knight,
" What dreadful dole is here?
" Eyes, do you ſee?
" How can it be?
" O dainty duck! O dear!
" Thy mantle good,
" What, ſtain'd with blood?
" Approach, ye furies fell!
" O fates! come, come;
" Cut thread and thrum; [6]
" Quail, cruſh, conclude, and quell! [7]

The. This paſſion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look ſad.

Hip. Beſhrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. " O, wherefore, nature, didſt thou lions frame?
" Since lion vile hath here deflour'd my dear:
" Which is—no, no—which was the faireſt dame,
" That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd, with cheer. [7]
" Come, tears, confound;
" Out, ſword, and wound
" The pap of Pyramus:
" Ay, that left pap,
" Where heart doth hop:—
" Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
" Now am I dead,
" Now am I fled;
" My ſoul is in the ſky:
" Tongue, loſe thy light!
" Moon, take thy flight!
" Now, die, die, die, die, die. [*Dies. Exit* Moonſhine.

Dem. No die, but an ace, for him: for he is but one.

Lyſ. Leſs than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.

[6] *Thrum* is the end or extremity of a weaver's warp; it is popularly uſed for very coarſe yarn. The maids now call a mop of yarn a *thrum mop.* WARNER.

[7] To *quell* is to murther, to deſtroy. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*cheer.*] i. e. countenance. STEEVENS.

The. With the help of a ſurgeon, he might yet recover, and prove an aſs.[8]

Hip. How chance moonſhine is gone, before Thiſbe comes back and finds her lover?

The. She will find him by ſtar-light.—Here ſhe comes; and her paſſion ends the play.

Enter THISBE.

Hip. Methinks, ſhe ſhould not uſe a long one, for ſuch a Pyramus: I hope, ſhe will be brief.

Dem. A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thiſbe, is the better.

Lyſ. She hath ſpied him already, with thoſe ſweet eyes.

Dem. And thus ſhe moans,[9] *videlicet.*——

This. "Aſleep, my love?
"What, dead, my dove?
"O Pyramus, ariſe,
"Speak, ſpeak. Quite dumb?
"Dead, dead? A tomb
"Muſt cover thy ſweet eyes.

"Theſe

[8] The character of Theſeus throughout this play is more exalted in its humanity, than its greatneſs. Though ſome ſenſible obſervations on life, and animated deſcriptions fall from him, as it is ſaid of Iago, *you ſhall taſte him more as a ſoldier than as a wit*, which is a diſtinction he is here ſtriving to deſerve, though with little ſucceſs; as in ſupport of his pretenſions he never riſes higher than a *pun*, and frequently ſinks as low as a *quibble*. STEEVENS.

[9] Mr. Theobald alters *means* to *moans*: but *means* had anciently had the ſame ſignification. Mr. Pinkerton (under the name of Robert Heron, Eſq.) obſerves that it is a common term in the Scotch law, ſignifying to *tell*, to *relate*, to *declare*; and that petitions to the lords of ſeſſion in Scotland, run, "To the lords of council and ſeſſion humbly *means* and ſhows your petitioner." Here, however, it evidently ſignifies *complains*. Bills in Chancery begin in a ſimilar manner. "Humbly *complaining* ſaeweth unto your lordſhip," &c. The word occurs in an ancient manuſcript in my own poſſeſſion:

"This ender day wen me was wo,
"Under a bugh ther I lay,
"Naght gale to *mene* me to."

So again, in a very ancient Scottiſh ſong:
"I hard ane may ſair mwrne and *meyne*." RITSON.

" Theſe lilly [2] brows,
" This cherry noſe,
" Theſe yellow cowſlip cheeks,
" Are gone, are gone:
" Lovers, make moan!
" His eyes were green as leeks,
" O ſiſters three,
" Come, come, to me,
" With hands as pale as milk;
" Lay them in gore,
" Since you have ſhore
" With ſhears his thread of ſilk.
" Tongue, not a word:—
" Come, truſty ſword;
" Come, blade, my breaſt imbrue:
" And farewel, friends;—
" Thus Thiſby ends:
" Adieu, adieu, adieu." [*Dies.*

The. Moonſhine and lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and wall too.

Bot. No, I aſſure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it pleaſe you to ſee the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomaſk dance,[3] between two of our company? [4]

[2] *Lily lips* are changed to *lily brows* for the ſake of the rhyme, but this cannot be right: Thiſbe has before celebrated her Pyramus, as

" Lilly-white of hue."

It ſhould be:

" Theſe lips lilly,
" This noſe cherry."

This mode of poſition adds not a little to the burleſque of the paſſage. FARMER.

[3] Sir Thomas Hanmer obſerves in his *Gloſſary*, that this is a dance after the manner of the peaſants of *Bergomaſco*, a country in Italy, belonging to the Venetians. All the buffoons in Italy affect to imitate the ridiculous jargon of that people; and from thence it became alſo a cuſtom to imitate their manner of dancing. STEEVENS.

[4] At the concluſion of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Beggar's Buſh*, there ſeems to be a ſneer at this character of *Bottom*; but I do not very clearly perceive its drift. The beggars have reſolved to embark for England, and exerciſe their profeſſion there. One of them adds:

" ——— we have a courſe;——
" The ſpirit of *Bottom*, is grown bottomleſs."

This

The. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuſe. Never excuſe; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it, had play'd Pyramus, and hang'd himſelf in Thiſbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and ſo it is, truly; and very notably diſcharg'd. But come, your Bergomaſk: let your epilogue alone. [*Here a dance of* Clowns.

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:—
Lovers, to bed; 'tis almoſt fairy time.
I fear, we ſhall out-ſleep the coming morn,
As much as we this night have overwatch'd.
This palpable-groſs play hath well beguil'd
The heavy gait [5] of night.—Sweet friends, to bed.—
A fortnight hold we this ſolemnity,
In nightly revels, and new jollity. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,[6]
And the wolf behowls the moon; [7]

Whilſt

This may mean, that either the publick grew indifferent to bad actors, to plays in general, or to characters, the humour of which conſiſted in blunders. STEEVENS.

[5] i. e. *ſlow paſſage, progreſs.* So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*: "You muſt ſend the aſs upon the horſe, for he is ſlow-*gaited*." In another play we have—"*heavy-gaited* toads." STEEVENS.

[6] It has been juſtly obſerved by an anonymous writer, that, "among this aſſemblage of familiar circumſtances attending midnight, either in England or its neighbouring kingdoms, Shakſpeare would never have thought of intermixing the exotick idea of the *hungry lion roaring*, which can be heard no nearer than in the deſarts of Africa, if he had not read in the 104th Pſalm: 'Thou makeſt darkneſs that it may be *night*, wherein all the beaſts of the foreſt do move; the *lions roaring* after their prey, do ſeek their meat from God." MALONE.

[7] *And the wolf* behowls *the moon*;] In the old copies: "And the wolf *beholds* the moon." As 'tis the deſign of theſe lines to characterize the animals, as they preſent themſelves at the hour of midnight; and as the wolf is not juſtly characterized by ſaying he *beholds* the moon, which other beaſts of prey, then awake, do: and as the ſounds theſe animals make at that ſeaſon, ſeem alſo intended to be repreſented, I make no queſtion but the poet wrote:

"*And the wolf* behowls *the moon*."

Whilſt the heavy ploughman ſnores,
All with weary taſk fordone.[8]
Now the waſted brands do glow,
Whilſt the ſcritch-owl, ſcritching loud;
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a ſhroud.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his ſprite,
In the church-way paths to glide:
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecat's team,
From the preſence of the ſun,
Following darkneſs like a dream,
Now are frolick; not a mouſe
Shall diſturb this hallow'd houſe:
I am ſent, with broom, before,
To ſweep the duſt behind the door.[9]

For ſo the wolf is exactly characterized, it being his peculiar property to *howl at the moon.* (*Behowl*, as *bemoan*, *beſeem*, and an hundred others.)
WARBURTON.

The alteration is better than the original reading; but perhaps the author meant only to ſay, that the wolf *gazes* at the moon. JOHNSON.

I think, "Now the wolf *behowls* the *moon*," was the original text. The alluſion is frequently met with in the works of our author and his contemporaries. "'Tis like the *howling* of Iriſh wolves againſt the *moon*." ſays he, in his *As You Like It*; and Maſſinger, in his *New Way to pay old Debts*, makes an uſurer feel only

"———as the *moon* is mov'd
"When wolves with hunger pin'd, *howl* at her brightneſs."
FARMER.

The word *beholds* was in the time of Shakſpeare frequently written *behoulds* (as, I ſuppoſe, it was then pronounced,)—which probably occaſioned the miſtake. MALONE.

[8] ——*fordone.*] i. e. overcome. STEEVENS.

9 Cleanlineſs is always neceſſary to invite the reſidence and the favour of fairies:

Theſe make our girls their ſlutt'ry rue,
By pinching them both black and blue,
And put a penny in their ſhoe
The houſe for cleanly ſweeping. Drayton.
JOHNSON.

Enter OBERON *and* TITANIA, *with their Train.*

Obe. Through this houſe give glimmering light,[2]
By the dead and droſy fire:
Every elf, and fairy ſprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty, after me,
Sing, and dance it trippingly.
Tita. Firſt, rehearſe this ſong by rote:
To each word a warbling note,
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we ſing, and bleſs this place.

SONG, AND DANCE.

Obe. Now, until the break of day,[3]
Through this houſe each fairy ſtray.
To the beſt bride-bed will we,
Which by us ſhall bleſſed be; [4]

And

To ſweep the duſt behind the door, is a common expreſſion, and a common practice in large old houſes; where the doors of halls and galleries are thrown backward, and ſeldom or ever ſhut. FARMER.

[2] Milton perhaps had this picture in his thought:

And glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom. Il Penſeroſo.

I think it ſhould be read:

Through this houſe in *glimmering light.* JOHNSON.

[3] This ſpeech, which both the old quartos give to Oberon, is in the edition of 1623, and in all the following, printed as the ſong. I have reſtored it to Oberon, as it apparently contains not the bleſſing which he intends to beſtow on the bed, but his declaration that he will bleſs it, and his orders to the fairies how to perform the neceſſary rites. But where then is the ſong?—I am afraid it is gone after many other things of greater value. The truth is that two ſongs are loſt. The ſeries of the ſcene is this; after the ſpeech of Puck, Oberon enters, and calls his fairies to a ſong, which ſong is apparently wanting in all the copies. Next Titania leads another ſong, which is indeed loſt like the former, though the editors have endeavoured to find it. Then Oberon diſmiſſes his fairies to the deſpatch of the ceremonies.

The ſongs, I ſuppoſe were loſt, becauſe they were not inſerted in the players' parts, from which the drama was printed. JOHNSON.

[4] We learn from "Articles ordered by *K. Henry VII.* for the Regulation of his Houſehold," that this ceremony was obſerved at the Marriage of

And the iſſue, there create,
Ever ſhall be fortunate.
So ſhall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be:
And the blots of nature's hand
Shall not in their iſſue ſtand;
Never mole, hare-lip, [5] nor ſcar,
Nor mark prodigious, [6] ſuch as are
Deſpiſed in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.—
With this field-dew conſecrate,
Ever fairy take his gait! [7]
And each ſeveral chamber bleſs,
Through this palace, with ſweet peace:
E'er ſhall it in ſafety reſt,
And the owner of it bleſt.
Trip away;
Make no ſtay;
Meet me all by break of day.
[*Exeunt* OBERON, TITANIA, *and Train.*

Puck. *If we ſhadows have offended,*
Think but this (and all is mended,)
That you have but ſlumber'd here,
While theſe viſions did appear.

of a Princeſs. "—All men at her comming in to bee voided, except women, till ſhee bee brought to her bedd; and the man both; he ſittinge in his bedd in his ſhirte, with a gowne caſt about him. Then the Biſhoppe, with the Chaplaines, to come in, and *bleſſe the bedd*: then everie man to avoide without any drinke, ſave the twoe eſtates, if they liſte, priviely. p. 129. STEEVENS.

[5] This defect in children ſeems to have been ſo much dreaded, that numerous were the charms applied for its prevention. The following might be as efficacious as any of the reſt. "If a woman with chylde have her ſmocke ſlyt at the neather ende or ſkyrt thereof, &c. the ſame chylde that ſhe then goeth withall, ſhall be ſafe from having a cloven or *hare lippe.*" Thomas Lupton's *Fourth Book of Notable Thinges*, 4to. bl. l. STEEVENS.

[6] *Prodigious* has here its primitive ſignification of *portentous*. STEEVENS.

[7] i. e. take his *way*, or direct his *ſteps*. STEEVENS.
By *gate*, I believe is meant, the door of each chamber. M. MASON.

And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend;
If you pardon, we will mend.
And, as I'm an honeſt Puck,
If we have unearned luck[8]
Now to 'ſcape the ſerpent's tongue,[9]
We will make amends, ere long:
Elſe the Puck a liar call.
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands,[2] *if we be friends,*
And Robin ſhall reſtore amends. [*Exit.*[3]

[8] i e. if we have better fortune than we have deſerved. STEEVENS.
[9] That is, if we be diſmiſſed without hiſſes. JOHNSON.
[2] That is, Clap your hands. Give us your applauſe. JOHNSON.
[3] Wild and fantaſtical as this play is, all the parts in their various modes are well written, and give the kind of pleaſure which the author deſigned. Fairies in his time were much in faſhion; common tradition had made them familiar, and Spenſer's poem had made them great. JOHNSON.

See pp. 133, 134, 135.

Dr. Warburton, whoſe ingenuity and acuteneſs have been long admired, is now, I believe, pretty generally thought to have ſome times ſeen not only what no other perſon would ever have been able to diſcover, but what, in reality, unleſs in his own playful imagination, did not exiſt. Criticiſm is a taliſman, which has, on more than one occaſion, diſpelled the illuſions of this mighty magician. I ſhall not diſpute, that, by the *fair veſtal*, Shakſpeare intended a compliment to Queen Elizabeth, who; I am willing to believe, at the age of ſixty eight, was no leſs *chaſte* than *beautiful*; but whether any other part of Oberon's ſpeech have an allegorical meaning or not, I preſume, in direct oppoſition to Dr. Warburton, to contend that it agrees with any other rather than with Mary Queen of Scots. The "mixture of ſatire and panegyrick" I ſhall examine anon: I only wiſh to know, for the preſent, why it would have been "inconvenient for the author to ſpeak openly" in "diſpraiſe" of the Scotiſh Queen. If he meant to pleaſe "the imperial votreſs," no incenſe could have been half ſo grateful as the blackeſt calumny. But, it ſeems, "her ſucceſſor would not forgive her ſatiriſt." Who then was her "ſucceſſor" when this play was written? Mary's ſon, James? I am perſuaded that, had Dr. Warburton been better read in the hiſtory of thoſe times, he would not have found this monarch's ſucceſſion quite ſo certain, at that period, as to have prevented Shakſpeare, who was by no means the refined ſpeculatiſt he would induce one to ſuppoſe, from gratifying the

"fair

"fair veſtal" with ſentiments ſo agreeable to her. However, if "the poet has ſo well marked out every diſtinguiſhing circumſtance of her life and character, in this beautiful allegory, as will leave no room to doubt about his ſecret meaning," there is an end of all controverſy. For, though the ſatire would be cowardly, falſe and infamous, yet, ſince it was couched under an allegory, which, while perſpicuous as glaſs to Elizabeth, would have become opake as a mill-ſtone to her ſucceſſor, Shakſpeare, lying as ſnug as his own Ariel in a cowſlip's bell, would have had no reaſon to apprehend any ill conſequences from it. Now, though our ſpeculative bard might not be able to foreſee the ſagacity of the Scotiſh king in ſmelling out a plot, as I believe it was ſome years after that he gave any proof of his excellence that way, he could not but have heard of his being an admirable witch-finder; and, ſurely, the ſkill requiſite to detect a witch muſt be ſufficient to develope an allegory; ſo that I muſt needs queſtion the propriety of the compliment here paid to the poet's prudence. Queen Mary "is called a *Mermaid*, 1. to denote her reign over a kingdom ſituate in the ſea." In that reſpect at leaſt Elizabeth was as much a mermaid as herſelf. "And 2. her beauty and intemperate luſt; for as Elizabeth for her chaſtity is called a Veſtal, this unfortunate lady, on a contrary account, is called a *mermaid*." All this is as falſe as it is fooliſh: The mermaid was never the emblem of luſt; nor was the "gentle Shakſpeare" of a character or diſpoſition to have inſulted the memory of a murdered princeſs by ſo infamous a charge. The moſt abandoned libeler, even Buchanan himſelf, never accuſed her of "intemperate luſt;" and it is pretty well underſtood at preſent that, if either of theſe ladies were remarkable for her purity, it was *not* Queen Elizabeth. "3. An ancient ſtory may be ſuppoſed to be here alluded to; the Emperor Julian tells us that the *Sirens* (which with all the modern poets are *mermaids*) contended for precedency with the Muſes, who overcoming them took away their wings." Can any thing be more ridiculous? *Mermaids* are half women and half *fiſhes:* where then are their wings? or what poſſible uſe could they make of them if they had any? The *Sirens* which Julian ſpeaks of were partly women and partly *birds:* ſo that "the polluſion," as goodman Dull hath it, by no means "holds in the exchange." "The quarrels between Mary and Elizabeth had the ſame cauſe and the ſame iſſue." That is, they contended for precedency, and Elizabeth overcoming took away the others *wings*. The ſecret of their conteſt for precedency ſhould ſeem to have been confined to Dr. Warburton: It would be in vain to enquire after it in the hiſtory of the time. The Queen of Scots, indeed, flew for refuge to her treacherous rival, (who is here again the mermaid of the allegory, alluring to deſtruction, by her ſongs or fair ſpeeches,) and wearing, it ſhould ſeem, like a cherubim, her wings on her neck, Elizabeth, who was determined ſhe ſhould fly no more, in her eagerneſs to tear them away, happened inadvertently to take off her head. The ſituation of the poet's mermaid, *on a dolphin's back*, "evidently marks out that diſtinguiſhing circumſtance in Mary's fortune, her marriage with the dauphin of France." A mermaid would ſeem to have but a ſtrangely aukward ſeat on the back of a dolphin; but that, to be

ſure, is the poet's affair, and not the commentator's: the latter, however, is certainly anſwerable for placing a Queen on the back of her huſband: a very extraordinary ſituation one would think, for a married lady; and of which I only recollect a ſingle inſtance, in the common print of "a poor man loaded with miſchief." Mermaids are ſuppoſed to ſing, but their *dulcet and harmonious breath* muſt in this inſtance to ſuit the allegory, allude to "thoſe great abilities of genius and learning," which rendered Queen Mary "the moſt accompliſhed princeſs of her age." This compliment could not fail of being highly agreeable to the "fair Veſtal." "By the rude ſea is meant Scotland *incircled with the ocean*, which roſe up in arms againſt the regent, while ſhe [Mary] was in France. But her return home quieted theſe diſorders: and had not her ſtrange ill conduct afterwards more violently inflamed them, ſhe might have paſſed her whole life in peace." Dr. Warburton whoſe ſkill in geography, ſeems to match his knowledge of hiſtory and acuteneſs in allegory, muſt be allowed the ſole merit of diſcovering Scotland to be an *iſland*. But, as to the diſorders of that country being quieted by the Queen's return, it appears from hiſtory to be full as peaceable before as it is at any time after that event. Whether, in the revival or continuance of theſe diſorders, ſhe, or her ideot huſband, or fanatical ſubjects were moſt to blame, is a point upon which doctors ſtill differ; but, it is evident, that, if the enchanting ſong of the commentators mermaid civilized the rude ſea for a time, is was only to render it, in an inſtant, more boiſterous than ever: thoſe great abilities of genius and learning, which rendered her the moſt accompliſhed princeſs of her age, not availing her among a parcel of ferocious and enthuſiaſtic barbarians, whom even the lyre of Orpheus had in vain warbled to humanize. Brantome, who accompanyed her, ſays ſhe was welcomed home by a mob of five or ſix hundred ragamuffins, who, in diſcord with the moſt execrable inſtruments, ſung *pſalms* (which ſhe was ſuppoſed to diſlike) under her chamber window: "*He!* adds he, *quelle muſique & quelle repos pour ſa nuit!*" However, it ſeems "there is great juſtneſs and beauty in this image, as the vulgar opinion is, that the mermaid always ſings in ſtorms." "This vulgar opinion," I am perſuaded, is peculiar to the ingenious commentator; as, if the mermaid is ever ſuppoſed to ſing, it is in *calms*, which preſage ſtorms. I can perceive no propriety in calling the inſurrection of the Northern earls the quarrel of Queen Mary, unleſs in ſo far as it was that of the religion ſhe profeſſed. But this perhaps is the leaſt objectionable part of a chimerical allegory of which the poet himſelf had no idea, and which the commentator, to whoſe creative fancy it owes its exiſtence, ſeems to have very juſtly characterized, in telling us it is "out of nature;" that is, as I conceive, perfectly groundleſs and unnatural. RITSON.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.*

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* Love's Labour's Lost.] I have not hitherto discovered any novel on which this comedy appears to have been founded; and yet the story of it has most of the features of an ancient romance. Steevens.

I suspect that there is an error in the title of this play, which, I believe, should be—"*Love's Labours lost.*" M. Mason.

Love's Labour's lost I conjecture to have been written in 1594. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays.* Malone.

Persons

Persons represented.*

Ferdinand, *King of* Navarre.
Biron
Longaville, } *Lords, attending on the King.*
Dumain,
Boyet, }
Mercade, } *Lords, attending on the Princeſs of* France.
Don Adriano de Armado, *a fantaſtical* Spaniard.
Sir Nathaniel, *a Curate.*
Holofernes, *a Schoolmaſter.*
Dull, *a Conſtable.*
Coſtard, *a Clown.*
Moth, *Page to* Armado.
A Foreſter.

Princeſs of France.
Roſaline,
Maria, } *Ladies, attending on the Princeſs.*
Katharine,
Jaquenetta, *a country Wench.*

Officers, and others, attendants on the King and Princeſs.

SCENE, Navarre.

* This enumeration of the perſons was made by Mr. Rowe. Johnson.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Navarre. *A Park, with a Palace in it.*

Enter the King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN.

King. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live regiſter'd upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the diſgrace of death;
When, ſpite of cormorant devouring time,
The endeavour of this preſent breath may buy
That honour, which ſhall bate his ſcythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors!—for ſo you are,
That war againſt your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's deſires,—
Our late edict ſhall ſtrongly ſtand in force:
Navarre ſhall be the wonder of the world:
Our court ſhall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.
You three, Birón, Dumain, and Longaville,
Have ſworn for three years' term to live with me,
My fellow-ſcholars, and to keep thoſe ſtatutes
That are recorded in this ſchedule here:
Your oaths are paſt, and now ſubſcribe your names;
That his own hand may ſtrike his honour down,
That violates the ſmalleſt branch herein:
If you are arm'd to do, as ſworn to do,
Subſcribe to your deep oath, and keep it too.

Long. I am reſolv'd: 'tis but a three years' faſt;
The mind ſhall banquet, though the body pine:
Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bank'rout quite the wits.

Dum. My loving lord, Dumain is mortified;
The groſſer manner of theſe world's delights

He

He throws upon the groſs world's baſer ſlaves:
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;
With all theſe living in philoſophy.[2]

Biron. I can but ſay their proteſtation over,
So much, dear liege, I have already ſworn,
That is, To live and ſtudy here three years.
But there are other ſtrict obſervances:
As, not to ſee a woman in that term;
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there:
And, one day in a week to touch no food;
And but one meal on every day beſide;
The which, I hope, is not enrolled there:
And then, to ſleep but three hours in the night,
And not be ſeen to wink of all the day;
(When I was wont to think no harm all night,
And make a dark night too of half the day;)
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there.
O, theſe are barren taſks, too hard to keep;
Not to ſee ladies, ſtudy, faſt, not ſleep.[3]

King. Your oath is paſs'd to paſs away from theſe.

Biron. Let me ſay, no, my liege, an if you pleaſe;
I only ſwore, to ſtudy with your grace,
And ſtay here in your court for three years' ſpace.

Long. You ſwore to that, Biron, and to the reſt.

Biron. By yea and nay, ſir, then I ſwore in jeſt.—
What is the end of ſtudy? let me know.

King. Why, that to know, which elſe we ſhould not know.

Biron.

[2] The ſtyle of the rhyming ſcenes in this play it often entangled and obſcure. I know not certainly to what *all theſe* is to be referred; I ſuppoſe he means that he finds *love*, *pomp*, and *wealth* in *philoſophy*.

JOHNSON.

By *all theſe*, Dumain means the King, Biron, &c. to whom he may be ſuppoſed to point, and with whom he is going to live in philoſophical retirement. A. C.

[3] *Not to ſee ladies, ſtudy, faſt, not ſleep.*] The words as they ſtand, will expreſs the meaning intended, if pointed thus:

Not to ſee ladies—ſtudy—faſt—not ſleep.

Biron is recapitulating the ſeveral taſks impoſed upon him *viz.* not to ſee ladies, to ſtudy, to faſt, and not to ſleep: but Shakſpeare, by a common poetical licenſe, though in this paſſage injudiciouſly exerciſed, omits the article *to*, before the three laſt verbs, and from hence the obſcurity ariſes. M. MASON.

Biron. Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common ſenſe?

King. Ay, that is ſtudy's god-like recompenſe.

Biron. Come on then, I will ſwear to ſtudy ſo,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus,—To ſtudy where I well may dine,
When I to feaſt expreſsly am forbid; [4]
Or, ſtudy where to meet ſome miſtreſs fine,
When miſtreſſes from common ſenſe are hid:
Or, having ſworn too hard-a-keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth.
If ſtudy's gain be thus, and this be ſo, [5]
Study knows that, which yet it doth not know:
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er ſay, no.

King. Theſe be the ſtops that hinder ſtudy quite,
And train our intellects to vain delight.

Biron. Why, all delights are vain; but that moſt vain,
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain:
As, painfully to pore upon a book,
To ſeek the light of truth; while truth the while
Doth falſely blind [6] the eyeſight of his look:
Light, ſeeking light, doth light of light beguile:
So, ere you find where light in darkneſs lies,
Your light grows dark by loſing of your eyes.
Study me how to pleaſe the eye indeed,
By fixing it upon a fairer eye;
Who dazzling ſo, that eye ſhall be his heed,
And give him light that was it blinded by. [7]

Study

4 *When I to* feaſt *expreſsly am forbid*;] The copies all have:
When I to faſt *expreſsly am forbid*;
But if Biron ſtudied where to get a good dinner, at a time when he was *forbid* to *faſt*, how was this ſtudying to know what he was forbid to know? Common ſenſe, and the whole tenour of the context require us to read—*feaſt*, or to make a change in the laſt word of the verſe:—"*When I to* faſt *expreſsly am* fore-bid;"
i. e. when I am enjoined before-hand to faſt. THEOBALD.

5 *If ſtudy's gain be* thus, *and this be ſo*,] Read:
"If ſtudy's gain be *this*—" RITSON.

6 *Falſely* is here, and in many other places, the ſame as *diſhoneſtly* or *treacherouſly*. The whole ſenſe of this gingling declamation is only this, that *a man by too cloſe ſtudy may read himſelf blind*, which might have been told with leſs obſcurity in fewer words. JOHNSON.

Study is like the heaven's glorious ſun,
That will not be deep ſearch'd with ſaucy looks;
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save baſe authority from others' books.
Theſe earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed ſtar,
Have no more profit of their ſhining nights,
Than thoſe that walk, and wot not what they are.
Too much to know, is, to know nought but fame;
And every godfather can give a name.[8]

King. How well he's read, to reaſon againſt reading!
Dum. Proceeded well, to ſtop all good proceeding![9]
Long. He weeds the corn, and ſtill lets grow the weeding.
Biron. The ſpring is near, when green geeſe are a breeding.
Dum. How follows that?
Biron. Fit in his place and time.
Dum. In reaſon nothing.
Biron. Something then in rhime.
Long. Biron is like an envious ſneaping froſt,[2]
That bites the firſt-born infants of the ſpring.
Biron. Well, ſay I am; why ſhould proud ſummer boaſt,
Before the birds have any cauſe to ſing?
Why ſhould I joy in an abortive birth?

At

[7] This is another paſſage unneceſſarily obſcure: the meaning is, that when he *dazzles*, that is, has his eye made weak, *by fixing his eye upon a fairer eye, that* fairer *eye ſhall be his heed*, his *direction* or *lode-ſtar*, (See Midſummer-Night's Dream) *and give him light that was blinded by it.* JOHNSON.

[8] *The conſequence*, ſays Biron, *of too much knowledge*, is not any real ſolution of doubts, but mere empty *reputation*. This is, *too much knowledge gives only fame, a name which every god-father can give likewiſe.* JOHNSON.

[9] To *proceed* is an academical term, meaning, *to take a degree*, as *he* proceeded *bachelor in phyſick*. The ſenſe is, *he has taken his degrees in the art of hindering the degrees of others.* JOHNSON.

I don't ſuſpect that Shakſpeare had any academical term in contemplation, when he wrote this line. *He has proceeded well*, means only, he has *gone on well.* M. MASON.

[2] So *ſneaping winds* in *The Winter's Tale*: To *ſneap* is to *check*, to *rebuke*. Thus alſo, Falſtaff, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II: "I will not undergo this *ſneap*, without reply." STEEVENS.

At Chriſtmas I no more deſire a roſe,
Than wiſh a ſnow in May's new-fangled ſhows;
But like of each thing, that in ſeaſon grows. [3]
So you, to ſtudy now it is too late,
Climb o'er the houſe to unlock the little gate.

King. Well, ſit you out: [4] go home, Biron; adieu!

Biron. No, my good lord; I have ſworn to ſtay with you:
And, though I have for barbariſm ſpoke more,
Than for that angel knowledge you can ſay,
Yet confident I'll keep what I have ſwore,
And bide the penance of each three years' day.

Give

[3] As the greateſt part of this ſcene (both what precedes and follows) is ſtrictly in rhimes, either *ſucceſſive*, *alternate*, or *triple*, I am perſuaded, that the copyiſts have made a ſlip here. For by making a *triplet* of the three laſt lines quoted, *birth* in the cloſe of the firſt line is quite deſtitute of any rhime to it. Beſides, what a diſpleaſing identity of ſound recurs in the middle and cloſe of this verſe?

Than wiſh a ſnow *in May's new-fangled* ſhows:

Again; *new fangled ſhows* ſeems to have very little propriety. The flowers are not *new-fangled*; but the earth is *new-fangled* by the profuſion and variety of the flowers, that ſpring on its boſom in May. I have therefore ventured to ſubſtitute *earth*, in the cloſe of the third line, which reſtores the *alternate* meaſure. It was very eaſy for a negligent tranſcriber to be deceived by the rhime immediately preceding; ſo miſtake the concluding word in the ſequent line, and corrupt it into one that would chime with the other. THEOBALD.

I rather ſuſpect a line to have been loſt after "an abortive birth." For *an* in that line the old copies have *any*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

By theſe *ſhows* the poet means *Maygames*, at which a *ſnow* would be very unwelcome and unexpected. It is only a periphraſis for *May*. T. WARTON.

I have no doubt that the more obvious interpretation is the true one. MALONE.

I concur with Mr. Warton: for with what propriety can the flowers which every year produces with the ſame identical ſhape and colours, be called—*new-fangled?* The ſports of May might be annually diverſified, but its natural productions would be invariably the ſame. STEEVENS.

[4] This may mean, *hold you out, continue refractory*. But I ſuſpect, we ſhould read—*ſet* you out. MALONE.

To *ſit out*, is a term from the card-table. Thus Biſhop Sanderſon: "They are glad, rather than *ſit out*, to play very ſmall game."

The perſon who cuts out at a rubber of whiſt, is ſtill ſaid to *ſit out*; i. e. to be no longer engaged in the party. STEEVENS.

Give me the paper, let me read the ſame;
And to the ſtrict'ſt degrees I'll write my name.
King. How well this yielding reſcues thee from ſhame!
Biron. [*Reads.*] Item, *That no woman ſhall come within a mile of my court.*—
And hath this been proclaim'd?
Long. Four days ago.
Biron. Let's ſee the penalty.
[*Reads.*]—*On pain of loſing her tongue.*—
Who devis'd this?
Long. Marry, that did I.
Biron. Sweet lord, and why?
Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.
Biron. A dangerous law againſt gentility![5]
[*Reads.*] Item, *If any man be ſeen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he ſhall endure ſuch publick ſhame as the reſt of the court can poſſibly deviſe.*—
This article, my liege, yourſelf muſt break;
For, well you know, here comes in embaſſy
The French king's daughter, with yourſelf to ſpeak,—
A maid of grace, and cómplete majeſty,—
About ſurrender-up of Aquitain
To her decrepit, ſick, and bed-rid father:
Therefore this article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes the admired princeſs hither.
King. What ſay you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.
Biron. So ſtudy evermore is overſhot;
While it doth ſtudy to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it ſhould:

And

[5] I have ventured to prefix the name of Biron to this line, it being evident, for two reaſons, that it, by ſome accident or other, ſlipt out of the printed books. In the firſt place, Longaville confeſſes, he had deviſed the penalty: and why he ſhould immediately arraign it as a dangerous law, ſeems to be very inconſiſtent. In the next place, it is much more natural for Biron to make this reflexion, who is cavilling at every thing; and then for him to purſue his reading over the remaining articles.—As to the word *gentility*, here, it does not ſignify that rank of people called, *gentry*; but what the French expreſs by, *gentileſſe*, i. e. *elegantia*, *urbanitas*. And then the meaning is this: Such a law for baniſhing women from the court, is dangerous, or injurious, *to politeneſs*, *urbanity*, and the more refined pleaſures of life. For men without women would turn brutal, and ſavage, in their natures and behaviour.

THEOBALD.

And when it hath the thing it hunteth moſt,
'Tis won, as towns with fire; ſo won, ſo loſt.
King. We muſt, of force, diſpenſe with this decree;
She muſt lie here [6] on mere neceſſity.
Biron. Neceſſity will make us all forſworn
Three thouſand times within this three years' ſpace:
For every man with his affects is born;
Not by might maſter'd, but by ſpecial grace: [7]
If I break faith, this word ſhall ſpeak for me,
I am forſworn on mere neceſſity.—
So to the laws at large I write my name: [*Subſcribes.*
And he, that breaks them in the leaſt degree,
Stands in attainder of eternal ſhame:
Suggeſtions [8] are to others, as to me;
But, I believe, although I am ſo loth,
I am the laſt that will laſt keep his oath.
But is there no quick recreation [9] granted?
King. Ay, that there is: our court, you know, is haunted
With a refined traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world's new faſhion planted,
That hath a mint of phraſes in his brain:
One, whom the muſick of his own vain tongue
Doth raviſh, like enchanting harmony;
A man of complements, whom right and wrong
Have choſe as umpire of their mutiny: [2]

This

[6] ——lie *here*—] Means *reſide* here, in the ſame ſenſe as an ambaſſador is ſaid to *lie* leiger. REED.

[7] Biron, amidſt his extravagances, ſpeaks with great juſtneſs againſt the folly of vows. They are made without ſufficient regard to the variations of life, and are therefore broken by ſome unforeſeen neceſſity. They proceed commonly from a preſumptuous confidence, and a falſe eſtimate of human power. JOHNSON.

[8] *Suggeſtions*——] Temptations. JOHNSON.

[9] Lively ſport, ſpritely diverſion. JOHNSON.

[2] As very bad a play as this is, it was certainly Shakſpeare's, as appears by many fine maſter ſtrokes ſcattered up and down. An exceſſive complaiſance is here admirably painted, in the perſon of one who was willing to make even *right* and *wrong* friends: and to perſuade the one to recede from the accuſtomed ſtubbornneſs of her nature, and wink at the liberties of her oppoſite, rather than he would incur the imputation of ill-breeding in keeping up the quarrel. And as our author, and Jonſon his contemporary, are cōnfeſſedly the two greateſt writers in the drama that our

nation

This child of fancy,[2] that Armado hight,[3]
For interim to our ſtudies, ſhall relate,
In high-born words, the worth of many a knight
From tawny Spain, loſt in the world's debate[4].

How

nation could ever boaſt of, this may be no improper occaſion to take notice of one material difference between Shakſpeare's worſt plays and the other's. Our author owed all to his prodigious natural genius; and Jonſon moſt to his acquired parts and learning. This, if attended to, will explain the difference we ſpeak of. Which is this, that, in Jonſon's bad pieces, we do not diſcover the leaſt traces of the author of the *Fox* and *Alchemiſt*; but in the wildeſt and moſt extravagant notes of Shakſpeare, you every now and then encounter ſtrains that recognize their divine compoſer. And the reaſon is this, that Jonſon owing his chief excellence to art, by which he ſometimes ſtrained himſelf to an uncommon pitch, when he unbent himſelf, had nothing to ſupport him; but fell below all likeneſs of himſelf; while Shakſpeare, indebted more largely to nature than the other to his acquired talents, could never, in his moſt negligent hours, ſo totally diveſt himſelf of his genius, but that it would frequently break out with amazing force and ſplendour. WARBURTON.

This paſſage, I believe, means no more than that Don Armado was a man nicely verſed in ceremonial diſtinctions, one who could diſtinguiſh in the moſt delicate queſtions of honour the exact boundaries of right and wrong. *Compliment*, in Shakſpeare's time, did not ſignify, at leaſt did not only ſignify verbal civility, or phraſes of courteſy, but according to its original meaning, the trappings, or ornamental appendages of a character, in the ſame manner, and on the ſame principles of ſpeech with *accompliſhment*. *Complement* is, as Armado well expreſſes it, *the varniſh of a complete man*. JOHNSON.

[2] This *fantaſtick*. The expreſſion, in another ſenſe, has been adopted by Milton in his *L'Allegro*:

"Or ſweeteſt Shakſpeare, *Fancy's child*—." MALONE.

[3] Who is *called* Armado. MALONE.

[4] i. e. he ſhall relate to us the celebrated ſtories recorded in the old romances, and in their very ſtile. Why he ſays *from tawny Spain* is, becauſe thoſe romances, being of Spaniſh original, the heroes and the ſcene were generally of that country. Why he ſays, *loſt in the world's debate* is, becauſe the ſubject of thoſe romances were the cruſades of the European Chriſtians againſt the Saracens of Aſia and Africa.

WARBURTON.

I have ſuffered this note to hold its place, though Mr. Tyrwhitt has ſhewn that it is wholly unfounded, becauſe Dr. Warburton refers to it in his diſſertation at the end of this play. MALONE.

The *world* ſeems to be uſed in a monaſtick ſenſe by the king, now devoted for a time to a monaſtic life. *In the world*, *in ſeculo*, in the buſtle of human affairs, from which we are now happily ſequeſtred, *in the world*, to which the votaries of ſolitude have no relation. JOHNSON.

How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
But, I proteſt, I love to hear him lie,
And I will uſe him for my minſtrelſy.[5]

Biron. Armado is a moſt illuſtrious wight,
A man of fire new words,[6] faſhion's own knight.

Long. Coſtard the ſwain, and he ſhall be our ſport;
And, ſo to ſtudy, three years is but ſhort.

Enter DULL, *with a letter, and* COSTARD.

Dull. Which is the duke's own perſon?[7]

Biron. This, fellow; What would'ſt?

Dull. I myſelf reprehend his own perſon, for I am his grace's tharborough:[8] but I would ſee his own perſon in fleſh and blood.

Biron. This is he.

Dull. Signior Arme—Arme—commends you. There's villainy abroad; this letter will tell you more.

Coſt. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

Biron. How low ſoever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

Long. A high hope for a low having: God grant us patience!

Biron.

Warburton's interpretation is clearly preferable to that of Johnſon. The King had not yet ſo weaned himſelf from the world, as to adopt the language of a cloiſter. M. MASON.

5 I will make a minſtrel of him, whoſe occupation was to relate fabulous ſtories. DOUCE.

6 "i. e. (ſays an intelligent writer in the *Edinburgh Magazine*, Nov. 1786) words newly coined, new from the forge. *Fire-new, new off the irons*, and the Scottiſh expreſſion *bren-new*, have all the ſame origin."
STEEVENS.

7 The king of Navarre in ſeveral paſſages, through all the copies, is called the *duke:* but as this muſt have ſprung rather from the inadvertence of the editors than a forgetfulneſs in the poet, I have every where, to avoid confuſion, reſtored *king* to the text. THEOBALD.

The princeſs in the next act calls the king—"this virtuous *duke*;" a word which, in our author's time, ſeems to have been uſed with great laxity. And indeed, though this were not the caſe, ſuch a fellow as Coſtard may well be ſuppoſed ignorant of his true title. MALONE.

I have followed the old copies. STEEVENS.

8 *Thirdborough*, a peace officer, alike in authority with a headborough or a conſtable. SIR J. HAWKINS.

Biron. To hear? or forbear hearing?

Long. To hear meekly, ſir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both.

Biron. Well, ſir, be it as the ſtile ſhall give us cauſe to climb [9] in the merrineſs.

Coſt. The matter is to me, ſir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.[2]

Biron. In what manner?

Coſt. In manner and form following, ſir; all thoſe three: I was ſeen with her in the manor houſe, ſitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is, in manner and form following.—Now, ſir, for the manner—it is the manner of a man to ſpeak to a woman; for the form,—in ſome form.

Biron. For the following, ſir?

Coſt. As it ſhall follow in my correction; And God defend the right!

King. Will you hear this letter with attention?

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

Coſt. Such is the ſimplicity of man to hearken after the fleſh.

King. [reads.] *Great deputy, the welkin's vicegerent, and ſole dominator of Navarre, my ſoul's earth's God, and body's foſtering patron,*—

Coſt. Not a word of Coſtard yet.

King. *So it is,*—

Coſt. It may be ſo: but if he ſay it is ſo, he is, in telling true, but ſo, ſo.

King. Peace.

Coſt—be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

King. No words.

Coſt.—of other men's ſecrets, I beſeech you.

King.

[9] A quibble between the *ſtile* that muſt be *climbed* to paſs from one field to another, and *ſtyle*, the term expreſſive of manner of writing in regard to language. STEEVENS.

[2] i. e. in fact. STEEVENS.

A forenſick term. A thief is ſaid to be taken with the manner. i. e. *mainour* or *manour*, (for ſo it is written in our old law-books,) when he is apprehended with the thing ſtolen in his poſſeſſion. The thing that he has taken was called *mainour*, from the Fr. *manier*, manu tractare. MALONE.

King. So it is, beſieged with ſable-colour'd melancholy, I did commend the black-oppreſſing humour to the moſt wholeſome phyſick of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myſelf to walk. The time, when? About the ſixth hour; when beaſts moſt graze, birds beſt peck, and men ſit down to that nouriſhment which is called ſupper. So much for the time when: Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walk'd upon: it is ycleped, thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obſcene and moſt prepoſterous event, that draweth from my ſnow-white pen the ebon-colour'd ink, which here thou vieweſt, beholdeſt, ſurveyeſt, or ſeeſt: But to the place, where,—It ſtandeth north-north-eaſt and by eaſt from the weſt corner of thy curious-knotted garden: [3] *There did I ſee that low-ſpirited ſwain, that baſe minnow of thy mirth,* [4]

Coſt. Me.

King.—that unletter'd ſmall-knowing ſoul,

Coſt. Me.

King.—that ſhallow vaſſal,

Coſt. Still me.

King.—which, as I remember, hight Coſtard,

Coſt. O me!

King.—ſorted and conſorted, contrary to thy eſtabliſhed proclaimed edict and continent canon, with—with—O with—but with this I paſſion to ſay wherewith.

Coſt. With a wench.

King.—with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more ſweet underſtanding, a woman. Him I (as my ever-eſteemed duty pricks me on) have ſent to thee, to receive the meed of puniſhment, by thy ſweet Grace's officer, Antony Dull; a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and eſtimation.

Dull. Me, an't ſhall pleaſe you; I am Antony Dull.

King. For Jaquenetta, (ſo is the weaker veſſel called, which I apprehended with the aforeſaid ſwain,) I keep her as

3 Ancient gardens abounded with figures of which the lines interſected each other in many directions. STEEVENS.

4 The baſe *minnow* of thy mirth, is the contemptible little object that contributes to thy entertainment. Shakſpeare makes Coriolanus characterize the tribunitian inſolence of Sicinius, under the ſame figure.

a veſſel of thy law's fury; [5] *and ſhall, at the leaſt of thy ſweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,*

Don Adriano de Armado.

Biron. This is not ſo well as I look'd for, but the beſt that ever I heard.

King. Ay, the beſt for the worſt. But, ſirrah, what ſay you to this?

Coſt. Sir, I confeſs the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Coſt. I do confeſs much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaim'd a year's impriſonment, to be taken with a wench.

Coſt. I was taken with none, ſir; I was taken with a damoſel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed damoſel.

Coſt. This was no damoſel neither; ſir, ſhe was a virgin.

King. It is ſo varied too; for it was proclaim'd, virgin.

Coſt. If it were, I deny her virginity; I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not ſerve your turn, ſir.

Coſt. This maid will ſerve my turn, ſir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce your ſentence; You ſhall faſt a week with bran and water.

Coſt. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And Don Armado ſhall be your keeper.—
My lord Biron ſee him deliver'd o'er.—
And go we, lords, to put in practice that
Which each to other hath ſo ſtrongly ſworn.—

[*Exeunt.*

Biron. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,
Theſe oaths and laws will prove an idle ſcorn.—
Sirrah, come on.

Coſt. I ſuffer for the truth, ſir: for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore,

[5] This ſeems to be a phraſe adopted from ſcripture. See Epiſt. to the Romans, ix. 22. "—the *veſſel* of wrath." Mr. M. Maſon would read *vaſſal* inſtead of *veſſel*. STEEVENS.

fore, Welcome the four cup of profperity! Affliction may one day fmile again, and till then, Sit thee down, forrow!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another part of the fame. Armado's *Houfe.*

Enter ARMADO *and* MOTH.

Arm. Boy, what fign is it, when a man of great fpirits grows melancholy?

Moth. A great fign, fir, that he will look fad.

Arm. Why, fadnefs is one and the felf-fame thing, dear imp.[6]

Moth. No, no; O lord, fir, no.

Arm. How can'ft thou part fadnefs and melancholy, my tender juvenal?[7]

Moth. By a familiar demonftration of the working, my tough fenior.

Arm. Why tough fenior? why tough fenior?

Moth. Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

Arm. I fpoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton, appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I, tough fenior, as an appertinent title to your old time,[8] which we may name tough.

[6] *Imp* was anciently a term of dignity. Lord Cromwell, in his laft letter to Henry VIII. prays for *the* imp *his fon*. It is now ufed only in contempt or abhorrence; perhaps in our author's time it was ambiguous, in which ftate it fuits well with this dialogue. JOHNSON.

Piftol falutes King Henry V. by the fame title. STEEVENS.

The word literally means a *graff, fhip, fcion, or fucker*: and by metonymy comes to be ufed for a boy or child. The imp, *his fon*, is no more than his *infant fon*. It is now fet apart to fignify *young fiends*; as *the devil and his imps*.

Dr. Johnfon was miftaken in fuppofing this a word of dignity. It occurs in *The Hiftory of Celeftina the Faire*, 1596: "—the gentleman has three fonnes, very ungracious *impes*, and of a wicked nature." RITSON.

[7] *Juvenal* is *youth*. STEEVENS.

[8] *Old and tough, young and tender*, is one of the proverbial phrafes collected by Ray. STEEVENS.

Arm. Pretty, and apt.

Moth. How mean you, ſir? I pretty, and my ſaying apt? or I apt, and my ſaying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, becauſe little.

Moth. Little pretty, becauſe little: Wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, becauſe quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praiſe, maſter?

Arm. In thy condign praiſe.

Moth. I will praiſe an eel with the ſame praiſe.

Arm. What? that an eel is ingenious?

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do ſay, thou art quick in anſwers: Thou heat'ſt my blood.

Moth. I am anſwer'd, ſir.

Arm. I love not to be croſs'd.

Moth. He ſpeaks the mere contrary, croſſes love not him.[9]

[*Aſide.*

Arm. I have promiſed to ſtudy three years with the duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, ſir.

Arm. Impoſſible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning, it fitteth the ſpirit of a tapſter.[2]

Moth. You are a gentleman, and a gameſter, ſir.

Arm. I confeſs both; they are both the varniſh of a complete man.

Moth. Then, I am ſure, you know how much the groſs ſum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the baſe vulgar do call, three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, ſir, is this ſuch a piece of ſtudy? Now here is three ſtudied, ere you'll thrice wink: and how eaſy it is to put years to the word three, and ſtudy three years in two words, the dancing horſe will tell you.[3]

Arm.

[9] By *croſſes* he means money. JOHNSON.

[2] Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*: "A *tapſter's arithmetick* may ſoon bring his particulars therein to a total." STEEVENS.

[3] Bankes's *horſe*, which play'd many remarkable pranks. Sir Walter Raleigh (*Hiſtory of the World, firſt Part*, p. 178.) ſays, "If *Banks* had lived

Arm. A moſt fine figure!
Moth. To prove you a cypher. [*Aſide.*

lived in older times, he would have ſhamed all the inchanters in the world: for whoſoever was famous among them, could never maſter, or inſtruct any beaſt as he did his horſe." And ſir Kenelm Digby (*A Treatiſe on Bodies*, ch. xxxviii. p. 393.) obſerves: "That his horſe would reſtore a glove to the due owner, after the maſter had whiſpered the man's name in his ear; would tell the juſt number of pence in any piece of ſilver coin, newly ſhowed him by his maſter; and even obey preſently his command, in diſcharging himſelf of his excrements, whenſoever he had bade him." DR. GREY.

Bankes's horſe is alluded to by many writers contemporary with Shakſpeare; among the reſt, by Ben Jonſon, in *Every Man out of his Humour*: "He keeps more ado with this monſter, than ever *Bankes* did with his *horſe*."

Again, in Ben Jonſon's 134th *Epigram*:

"Old *Banks* the jugler, our Pythagoras,
"Grave tutor to the *learned horſe*.' &c.

The fate of this man and his very docile animal, is not exactly known, and, perhaps, deſerves not to be remembered. From the next lines, however, to thoſe laſt quoted, it ſhould ſeem as if they had died abroad:

"————Both which
"Being, beyond ſea, burned for one witch,
"Their ſpirits tranſmigrated to a cat."

Among the entries at Stationers'-Hall is the following; Nov. 14, 1595. "A ballad ſhewing the ſtrange qualities of a young nagg called *Morocco*."

Among other exploits of this celebrated beaſt, it is ſaid that he went up to the top of St. Paul's; and the ſame circumſtance is likewiſe mentioned in *The Guls Horn-booke*, a ſatirical pamphlet by Decker, 1609: "—From hence you may deſcend to talk about the *horſe* that went up, and ſtrive, if you can, to know his *keeper*; take the day of the month, and the number of the ſteppes, and ſuffer yourſelf to believe verily that it was not a *horſe*, but ſomething elſe in the likeneſs of one."

Again, in *Chreſtoloros*, or Seven Bookes of Epigrames, written by T. B. [Thomas Baſtard] 1598, Lib. III. ep. 17:

"*Of Bankes's Horſe.*

"*Bankes* hath a horſe of wondrous qualitie,
"For he can fight, and piſſe, and dance, and lie,
"And finde your purſe, and tell what coyne ye have:
"But *Bankes* who taught your horſe to ſmell a knave?"

STEEVENS.

In 1595, was publiſhed a pamphlet intitled, *Maroccus Extaticus, or Banks's bay Horſe in a Trance. A diſcourſe ſet downe in a merry dialogue between Bankes and his beaſt: anatomizing ſome abuſes and bad trickes of this age*, 4to; prefixed to which, was a print of the horſe ſtanding on his hind

legs

Arm. I will hereupon confeſs, I am in love: and, as it is baſe for a ſoldier to love, ſo I am in love with a baſe wench. If

legs with a ſtick in his mouth, his maſter with a ſtick in his hand and a pair of dice on the ground. Ben Jonſon hints at the unfortunate cataſtrophe of both man and horſe, which I find happened at Rome, where to the diſgrace of the age, of the country, and of humanity, they were burnt by order of the pope, for magicians. See Don Zara del Fogo, 12mo. 1666. p. 114. REED.

The following repreſentation of Bankes and his Horſe, is a fac-ſimile from a rude wooden frontiſpiece to the pamphlet mentioned by Mr. Reed.

STEEVENS.

If drawing my ſword againſt the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take deſire priſoner, and ranſom him to any French courtier for a new devis'd court'ſy. I think ſcorn to ſigh; methinks, I ſhould out-ſwear Cupid. Comfort me, boy: What great men have been in love?

Moth. Hercules, maſter.

Arm. Moſt ſweet Hercules!—More authority, dear boy, name more; and, ſweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Sampſon, maſter: he was a man of good carriage, great carriage; for he carried the town-gates on his back, like a porter: and he was in love.

Arm. O well-knit Sampſon! ſtrong-jointed Sampſon! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didſt me in carrying gates. I am in love too.—Who was Sampſon's love, my dear Moth?

Moth. A woman, maſter.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two; or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me preciſely of what complexion?

Moth. Of the ſea-water green, ſir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth. As I have read, ſir; and the beſt of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers:[4] but to have a love of that colour, methinks, Sampſon had ſmall reaſon for it. He, ſurely, affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was ſo, ſir; for ſhe had a green wit.

Arm. My love is moſt immaculate white and red.

[4] I do not know whether our author alludes to "the rare *green eye*," which in his time ſeems to have been thought a beauty, or to that frequent attendant on love, jealouſy, to which in *The Merchant of Venice*, and in *Othello*, he has applied the epithet *green*-ey'd. MALONE.

Perhaps Armado neither alludes to *green eyes*, nor to *jealouſy*; but to the *willow*, the ſuppoſed ornament of unſucceſsful lovers:

"Sing, all a *green willow* ſhall be my garland,"

is the burden of an ancient ditty preſerved in *The Gallery of Gorgious Inventions*, &c. 4to. 1578. STEEVENS.

Moth. Moſt maculate thoughts,[5] maſter, are maſk'd under ſuch colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, aſſiſt me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child; moſt pretty, and pathetical!

Moth. If ſhe be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known;
For bluſhing cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale-white ſhown:
Then, if ſhe fear, or be to blame.
By this you ſhall not know;
For ſtill her cheeks poſſeſs the ſame,
Which native ſhe doth owe.[6]

A dangerous rhime, maſter, againſt the reaſon of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?

Moth. The world was very guilty of ſuch a ballad ſome three ages ſince: but, I think, now 'tis not to be found; or, if it were, it would neither ſerve for the writing, nor the tune.

Arm. I will have the ſubject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digreſſion[7] by ſome mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl, that I took in the park with the rational hind Coſtard;[8] ſhe deſerves well.

Moth.

[5] So the firſt quarto, 1598. The folio has *immaculate.* To avoid ſuch notes for the future, it may be proper to apprize the reader that where the reading of the text does not correſpond with the folio, without any reaſon being aſſigned for the deviation, it is always warranted by the authority of the firſt quarto. MALONE.

[6] i. e. of which ſhe is *naturally poſſeſſed.*—To *owe* is to *poſſeſs.* So, in *Macbeth:*

"———the diſpoſition that I *owe.*" STEEVENS.

[7] *Digreſſion* on this occaſion ſignifies the act of going out of the right way, *tranſgreſſion.* STEEVENS.

[8] ———*the* rational *hind* Coſtard;] Perhaps, we ſhould read—*the* irrational *hind*, &c. TYRWHITT.

The *rational hind*, perhaps, means only the *reaſoning brute*, the *animal with ſome ſhare of reaſon.* STEEVENS.

I have always read *irrational hind:* if *hind* be taken in it's *beſtial* ſenſe, Armado makes Coſtard a *female.* FARMER.

Moth. To be whipp'd; and yet a better love than my maſter. [*Aſide.*

Arm. Sing, boy; my ſpirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

Arm. I ſay, ſing.

Moth. Forbear till this company be paſt.

Enter DULL, COSTARD, *and* JAQUENETTA.

Dull. Sir, the duke's pleaſure is, that you keep Coſtard ſafe: and you muſt let him take no delight, nor no penance; but a'muſt faſt three days a-week: For this damſel, I muſt keep her at the park; ſhe is allowed for the day-woman.[9] Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myſelf with bluſhing.—Maid.

Jaq. Man.

Arm. I will viſit thee at the lodge.

Jaq. That's hereby.[2]

Arm. I know where it is ſituate.

Jaq. Lord, how wiſe you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face?[3]

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you ſay.

Arm. And ſo farewell.

Shakſpeare uſes it in its *beſtial* ſenſe in *Julius Cæſar*, Act I. ſc. iii. and as of the maſculine gender:

"He were no *lion*, were not Romans *hinds*."

Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I. ſc. iii: "—you are a ſhallow cowardly *hind*, and you lie." STEEVENS.

9 "i. e. for the *dairy-maid*. *Dairy*, ſays Johnſon in his Dictionary, is derived from *day*, an old word for *milk*. In the northern counties of Scotland, a *dairy-maid* is at preſent termed a *day* or *dey*." *Edinburgh Magazine*, Nov. 1786. STEEVENS.

2 Jaquenetta and Armado are at croſs purpoſes. *Hereby* is uſed by her (as among the vulgar in ſome counties) to ſignify—*as it may happen*. He takes it in the ſenſe of *juſt by*. STEEVENS.

3 This cant phraſe has oddly laſted till the preſent time; and is uſed by people who have no more meaning annexed to it, than Fielding had; who putting it into the mouth of Beau Didapper, thinks it neceſſary to apologize (in a note) for its want of ſenſe, by adding—"that it was taken verbatim, from very polite converſation." STEEVENS.

Jaq. Fair weather after you!

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away.

[*Exeunt* DULL *and* JAQUENETTA.

Arm. Villain, thou ſhalt faſt for thy offences, ere thou be pardoned.

Coſt. Well, ſir, I hope, when I do it, I ſhall do it on a full ſtomach.

Arm. Thou ſhalt be heavily puniſhed.

Coſt. I am more bound to you, than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain; ſhut him up.

Moth. Come, you tranſgreſſing ſlave; away.

Coſt. Let me not be pent up, ſir; I will faſt, being looſe.

Moth. No, ſir; that were faſt and looſe: thou ſhalt to priſon.

Coſt. Well, if ever I do ſee the merry days of deſolation that I have ſeen, ſome ſhall ſee—

Moth. What ſhall ſome ſee?

Coſt. Nay, nothing, maſter Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for priſoners to be too ſilent in their words; [4] and, therefore, I will ſay nothing: I thank God, I have as little patience as another man; and, therefore I can be quiet.

[*Exeunt* MOTH *and* COSTARD.

Arm. I do affect the very ground, which is baſe, where her ſhoe, which is baſer, guided by her foot, which is baſeſt, doth tread. I ſhall be forſworn, (which is a great argument of falſhood,) if I love: And how can that be true love, which is falſely attempted? Love is a familiar; love is a devil: there is no evil angel but love. Yet Sampſon was ſo tempted; and he had an excellent ſtrength: yet was Solomon ſo ſeduced; and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-ſhaft [5] is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The firſt and ſecond cauſe will not ſerve my turn; the paſſado he reſpects not, the

[4] I ſuppoſe we ſhould read, it is not for priſoners to be ſilent in their *wards*, that is, in *cuſtody*, in the *holds*. JOHNSON.

I don't think it neceſſary to endeavour to find out any meaning in this paſſage, as it ſeems to have been intended that Coſtard ſhould ſpeak nonſenſe. M. MASON.

[5] i. e. an arrow to ſhoot at *butts* with. The *butt* was the place on which the mark to be ſhot at was placed. STEEVENS.

the duello he regards not: his diſgrace is to be called boy; but his glory is, to ſubdue men. Adieu, valour! ruſt, rapier! be ſtill, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Aſſiſt me ſome extemporal god of rhime, for, I am ſure, I ſhall turn ſonneteer. Deviſe wit; write pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Another part of the ſame. A Pavilion and Tents at a diſtance.

Enter the Princeſs of France, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, *Lords, and other Attendants.*

Boy. Now, madam, ſummon up your deareſt ſpirits: [6]
Conſider who the king your father ſends;
To whom he ſends; and what's his embaſſy:
Yourſelf, held precious in the world's eſteem;
To parley with the ſole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchleſs Navarre; the plea of no leſs weight
Than Aquitain; a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As nature was in making graces dear,
When ſhe did ſtarve the general world beſide,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flouriſh of your praiſe;
Beauty is bought by judgement of the eye,
Not utter'd by baſe ſale of chapmen's tongues: [7]
I am leſs proud to hear you tell my worth,

[6] *Dear*, in our author's language, has many ſhades of meaning. In the preſent inſtance and the next, it appears to ſignify—*beſt*, *moſt powerful*. STEEVENS.

[7] *Chapman* here ſeems to ſignify the *ſeller*, not, as now commonly, the *buyer*. *Cheap* or *cheaping* was anciently the *market*; *chapman* therefore is *marketman*. The meaning is, that *the eſtimation of beauty depends not on the* uttering or *proclamation of the ſeller, but on the eye of the buyer*. JOHNSON.

Than you much willing to be counted wife
In ſpending your wit in the praiſe of mine.
But now to taſk the taſker,—Good Boyet,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noiſe abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
Till painful ſtudy ſhall out-wear three years,
No woman may approach his ſilent court:
Therefore to us ſeemeth it a needful courſe,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleaſure; and in that behalf,
Bold of your worthineſs,[8] we ſingle you
As our beſt-moving fair ſolicitor:
Tell him, the daughter of the king of France,
On ſerious buſineſs, craving quick deſpatch,
Impórtunes perſonal conference with his grace.
Haſte, ſignify ſo much; while we attend,
Like humble-viſag'd ſuitors, his high will.

Boy. Proud of employment, willingly I go. [*Exit.*

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is ſo.—
Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?

1. *Lord.* Longaville[9] is one.

Prin. Know you the man?

Mar. I know him, madam; at a marriage feaſt,
Between lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Faulconbridge ſolémnized,
In Normandy ſaw I this Longaville:
A man of ſovereign parts he is eſteem'd;
Well fitted in the arts,[2] glorious in arms:
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.
The only ſoil of his fair virtue's gloſs,
(If virtue's gloſs will ſtain with any ſoil,)
Is a ſharp wit match'd with[3] too blunt a will;
Whoſe edge hath power to cut, whoſe will ſtill wills
It ſhould none ſpare that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry mocking lord, belike; is't ſo?

Mar.

8 i. e. *confident* of it. STEEVENS.

9 For the ſake of manners as well as metre, we ought to read—*Lord* Longaville—. STEEVENS.

2 *Well fitted* is *well qualified*. JOHNSON.

3 *Combined* or *joined* with. JOHNSON.

Mar. They ſay ſo moſt, that moſt his humours know.
Prin. Such ſhort-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the reſt?
Kath. The young Dumain, a well-accompliſh'd youth,
Of all that virtue love for virtue lov'd:
Moſt power to do moſt harm, leaſt knowing ill;
For he hath wit to make an ill ſhape good,
And ſhape to win grace though he had no wit.
I ſaw him at the duke Alençon's once;
And much too little [4] of that good I ſaw,
Is my report, to his great worthineſs.
Roſa. Another of theſe ſtudents at that time
Was there with him: if I have heard a truth,
Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never ſpent an hour's talk withal:
His eye begets occaſion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jeſt;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expoſitor,)
Delivers in ſuch apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite raviſhed;
So ſweet and voluble is his diſcourſe.
Prin. God bleſs my ladies! are they all in love;
That every one her own hath garniſhed
With ſuch bedecking ornaments of praiſe?
Mar. Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter BOYET.

Prin. Now, what admittance, lord?
Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach;
And he, and his competitors in oath,[5]
Were all addreſs'd [6] to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt,
He rather means to lodge you in the field, (Like

4 And my report of the good I ſaw, is much too little *compared* to his great worthineſs. HEATH.

5 —competitors *in oath*,] i. e. confederates. STEEVENS.

6 To *addreſs* is to *prepare*. STEEVENS.

(Like one that comes here to beſiege his court,)
Than ſeek a diſpenſation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled houſe,
Here comes Navarre. [*The Ladies maſk.*

Enter King, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN, BIRON, *and Attendants.*

King. Fair princeſs, welcome to the court of Navarre.

Prin. Fair, I give you back again; and, welcome I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to be yours; and welcome to the wide fields too baſe to be mine.

King. You ſhall be welcome, madam, to my court.

Prin. I will be welcome then; conduct me thither.

King. Hear me, dear lady; I have ſworn an oath.

Prin. Our lady help my lord! he'll be forſworn.

King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, will ſhall break it; will, and nothing elſe.

King. Your ladyſhip is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my lord ſo, his ignorance were wiſe,
Where[7] now his knowledge muſt prove ignorance.
I hear, your grace hath ſworn-out houſe-keeping:
'Tis deadly ſin to keep that oath, my lord,
And ſin to break it:[8]
But pardon me, I am too ſudden-bold;
To teach a teacher ill beſeemeth me.
Vouchſafe to read the purpoſe of my coming,
And ſuddenly reſolve me in my ſuit. [*Gives a paper.*

King. Madam, I will, if ſuddenly I may.

Prin. You will the ſooner, that I were away;
For you'll prove perjur'd, if you make me ſtay.

Biron. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Roſ. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Biron. I know, you did.

Roſ. How needleſs was it then

To

[7] *Where* is here uſed for *whereas.* STEEVENS.

[8] Sir T. Hanmer reads:

"Not *ſin to break it:*"

I believe erroneouſly. The princeſs ſhows an inconvenience very frequently attending raſh oaths, which, whether kept or broken, produce guilt. JOHNSON

To aſk the queſtion!

Biron. You muſt not be ſo quick.

Roſ. 'Tis 'long of you that ſpur me with ſuch queſtions.

Biron. Your wit's too hot, it ſpeeds too faſt, 'twill tire.

Roſ. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

Biron. What time o' day?

Roſ. The hour that fools ſhould aſk.

Biron. Now fair befal your maſk!

Roſ. Fair fall the face it covers!

Biron. And ſend you many lovers!

Roſ. Amen, ſo you be none.

Biron. Nay, then will I be gone.

King. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thouſand crowns;
Being but the one half of an entire ſum,
Diſburſed by my father in his wars.
But ſay, that he, or we, (as neither have,)
Receiv'd that ſum; yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thouſand more; in ſurety of the which,
One part of Aquitain is bound to us,
Although not valued to the money's worth.
If then the king your father will reſtore
But that one half which is unſatisfied,
We will give up our right in Aquitain,
And hold fair friendſhip with his majeſty.
But that, it ſeems, he little purpoſeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid
An hundred thouſand crowns; and not demands,
On payment[9] of a hundred thouſand crowns,

To

[9] The former editions read:

"——*and not demands*
"One *payment of a hundred thouſand crowns,*
"*To have his title live in Aquitain.*"

I have reſtored, I believe, the genuine ſenſe of the paſſage. Aquitain was pledged, it ſeems, to Navarre's father, for 200,000 crowns. The French king pretends to have paid one moiety of this debt, (which Navarre knows nothing of) but demands this moiety back again: inſtead whereof (ſays Navarre) he ſhould rather pay the remaining moiety, and *demand* to have Aquitain re-delivered up to him. This is plain and eaſy reaſoning upon the fact ſuppos'd; and Navarre declares, he had rather receive the reſidue of his debt, than detain the province mortgaged for ſecurity of it. THEOBALD.

To have his title live in Aquitain;
Which we much rather had depart withal,[2]
And have the money by our father lent,
Than Aquitain ſo gelded [3] as it is.
Dear princeſs, were not his requeſts ſo far
From reaſon's yielding, your fair ſelf ſhould make
A yielding, 'gainſt ſome reaſon, in my breaſt,
And go well ſatisfied to France again.

Prin. You do the king my father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In ſo unſeeming to confeſs receipt
Of that which hath ſo faithfully been paid.

King. I do proteſt, I never heard of it;
And, if you prove it, I'll repay it back,
Or yield up Aquitain.

Prin. We arreſt your word:—
Boyet, you can produce acquittances,
For ſuch a ſum, from ſpecial officers
Of Charles his father.

King. Satisfy me ſo.

Boyet. So pleaſe your grace, the packet is not come,
Where that and other ſpecialties are bound;
To-morrow you ſhall have a ſight of them.

King. It ſhall ſuffice me: at which interview,
All liberal reaſon I will yield unto.
Mean time, receive ſuch welcome at my hand,
As honour, without breach of honour, may
Make tender of to thy true worthineſs:
You may not come, fair princeſs, in my gates;
But here without you ſhall be ſo receiv'd,
As you ſhall deem yourſelf lodg'd in my heart.

Though

The two words are frequently confounded in the books of our author's age. MALONE.

[2] To *depart* and to *part* were anciently ſynonymous. STEEVENS.

[3] To this phraſe Shakſpeare is peculiarly attached. It occurs in *The Winter's Tale*, *King Richard II.* *King Henry IV.* &c. &c. but never leſs properly than in the preſent formal ſpeech, addreſſed by a king to a maiden princeſs. STEEVENS.

The learned commentator does not ſeem aware that the word *geld* has a different ſenſe from that in which he interprets it. Let him recollect the taxation called *Dane-geld*. NICHOLS.

Though ſo denied fair harbour in my houſe.
Your own good thoughts excuſe me, and farewel:
To-morrow ſhall we viſit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair deſires conſort your grace!

King. Thy own wiſh wiſh I thee in every place! [*Exeunt* King *and his train.*

Biron. Lady, I will commend you to my own heart.

Roſ. 'Pray you, do my commendations; I would be glad to ſee it.

Biron. I would, you heard it groan.

Roſ. Is the fool ſick?[4]

Biron. Sick at the heart.

Roſ. Alack, let it blood.

Biron. Would that do it good?

Roſ. My phyſick ſays, I.

Biron. Will you prick't with your eye?

Roſ. No *poynt*,[5] with my knife.

Biron. Now, God ſave thy life!

Roſ. And yours from long living!

Biron. I cannot ſtay thankſgiving. [*Retiring.*

Dum. Sir, I pray you, a word: What lady is that ſame?[6]

Boyet. The heir of Alençon, Roſaline her name.

Dum. A gallant lady! Monſieur, fare you well. [*Exit.*

Long. I beſeech you, a word; What is ſhe in the white?

Boyet. A woman ſometimes, an you ſaw her in the light.

Long. Perchance, light in the light: I deſire her name.

Boyet. She hath but one for herſelf; to deſire that, were a ſhame.

Long. Pray you, ſir, whoſe daughter?

Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.

Long.

[4] She means perhaps his *heart*. MALONE.

[5] No *point* was a negation borrowed from the French. MALONE.

[6] It is odd that Shakſpeare ſhould make *Dumain* enquire after *Roſaline*, who was the miſtreſs of *Biron*, and neglect *Katharine*, who was his own. *Biron* behaves in the ſame manner. No advantage would be gained by an exchange of names, becauſe the laſt ſpeech is determined to *Biron* by *Maria*, who gives a character of him after he has made his exit. Perhaps *all* the ladies wore maſks but the princeſs. STEEVENS.

They certainly did. See p. 231, where Biron ſays to Roſaline "Now fair befal your *maſk!*" MALONE.

Long. God's bleſſing on your beard! [6]

Boyet. Good ſir, be not offended:
She is an heir of Falconbridge.

Long. Nay, my choler is ended.
She is a moſt ſweet lady.

Boyet. Not unlike, ſir; that may be. [*Exit.* LONG.

Biron. What's her name, in the cap?

Boyet. Katharine, by good hap.

Biron. Is ſhe wedded, or no?

Boyet. To her will, ſir, or ſo.

Biron. You are welcome, ſir; adieu!

Boyet. Farewell to me, ſir, and welcome to you.

[*Exit* BIRON. *Ladies unmaſk.*

Mar. That laſt is Biron, the merry mad-cap lord;
Not a word with him but a jeſt.

Boyet. And every jeſt but a word.

Prin. It was well done of you, to take him at his word.

Boyet. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to board.

Mar. Too hot ſheeps, marry!

Boyet. And wherefore not ſhips?
No ſheep, ſweet lamb, unleſs we feed on your lips.

Mar. You ſheep, and I paſture; Shall that finiſh the jeſt?

Boyet. So you grant paſture for me. [*Offering to kiſs her.*

Mar. Not ſo, gentle beaſt;
My lips are no common, though ſeveral they be. [7]

Boyet.

[6] That is, may'ſt thou have ſenſe and ſerioufneſs more proportionate to thy beard, the length of which ſuits ill with ſuch idle catches of wit.

JOHNSON.

I doubt whether ſo much meaning was intended to be conveyed by theſe words. MALONE.

[7] *Several* is an encloſed field of a private proprietor; ſo Maria ſays, *her lips* are *private property.* Of a lord that was newly married, one obſerved that he grew fat; "Yes," ſaid Sir Walter Raleigh, "any beaſt will grow fat, if you take him from the *common* and graze him in the *ſeveral.*" JOHNSON.

In Dr. Johnſon's note upon this paſſage, it is ſaid that SEVERAL *is an incloſed field of a private proprietor.*

Dr. Johnſon has totally miſtaken this word. In the firſt place it ſhould be ſpelled *ſeverell.* This does not ſignify an incloſed field or private property, but is rather the property of every landholder in the pariſh. In the unincloſed pariſhes in Warwickſhire and other counties, their method of tillage is thus. The land is divided into three fields, one of which is every

year

Boyet. Belonging to whom?

Mar. To my fortunes and me.

Prin. Good wits will be jangling: but, gentles, agree:
The civil war of wits were much better uſed
On Navarre and his book-men; for here 'tis abuſed.

Boyet. If my obſervation, (which very ſeldom lies,)
By the heart's ſtill rhetorick, diſcloſed with eyes,
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.

Prin. With what?

Boyet. With that which we lovers intitle, affected.

Prin. Your reaſon?

Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make their retire
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough deſire:
His heart, like an agate, with your print impreſſed,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride expreſſed:

His

year fallow. This the farmers plough and manure, and prepare for bearing wheat. Betwixt the lands, and at the end of them, ſome little graſs land is interſperſed, and there are here and there ſome little patches of green ſward. The next year this ploughed field bears wheat, and the graſs land is preſerved for hay; and the year following the proprietors ſow it with beans, oats, or barley, at their diſcretion; and the next year it lies fallow again; ſo that each field in its turn is fallow every third year; and the field thus fallowed is called the *common field*, on which the cows and ſheep graze, and have herdſmen and ſhepherds to attend them, in order to prevent them from going into the two other fields which bear corn and graſs. Theſe laſt are called the *ſeverell*, which is not ſeparated from the common by any fence whatever; but the care of preventing the cattle from going into the *ſeverell*, is left to the herdſmen and ſhepherds; but the herdſmen have no authority over a town bull, who is permitted to go where he pleaſes in the *ſeverell*. Dr. James.

Holinſhed's *Deſcription of Britain*, p. 33, and Leigh's *Accedence of Armourie*, 1597, p. 52. ſpell this word like Shakſpeare. Leigh alſo mentions the town bull, and ſays, "all *ſeverells* to him are common." Tollet.

A play on the word *ſeveral*, which, beſides its ordinary ſignification of *ſeparate*, *diſtinct*, likewiſe ſignifies in unincloſed lands, a certain portion of ground appropriated to either corn or meadow, adjoining the *common* field. In Minſheu's Dictionary, 1617, is the following article: "To sever from others. Hinc nos paſcua et campos ſeorſim ab aliis ſeparatos *Severels* dicimus." In the margin he ſpells the word as Shakſpeare does—*ſeverels*. —Our author is ſeldom careful that his compariſons ſhould anſwer on both ſides. If *ſeveral* be underſtood in its ruſtick ſenſe, the adverſative particle ſtands but awkwardly. To ſay, that *though* land is *ſeveral*, it is not a *common*, ſeems as unjuſtifiable as to aſſert, that *though* a houſe is a cottage, it is not a palace. Malone.

His tongue, all impatient to ſpeak and not ſee,[8]
Did ſtumble with haſte in his eye-ſight to be;
All ſenſes to that ſenſe did make their repair,
To feel only looking[9] on faireſt of fair:
Methought, all his ſenſes were lock'd in his eye,
As jewels in cryſtal for ſome prince to buy;
Who, tend'ring their own worth, from where they were glaſs'd,
Did point you to buy them, along as you paſs'd.
His face's own margent did quote ſuch amazes,[2]
That all eyes ſaw his eyes enchanted with gazes:
I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,
An you give him for my ſake but one loving kiſs.

Prin. Come, to our pavilion: Boyet is diſpos'd—

Boyet. But to ſpeak that in words, which his eye hath diſclos'd:
I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

Roſ. Thou art an old love-monger, and ſpeak'ſt ſkilfully.

Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of him.

Roſ. Then was Venus like her mother; for her father is but grim.

Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches?

Mar. No.

Boyet. What then, do you ſee?

Roſ. Ay, our way to be gone.

Boyet. You are too hard for me.

[*Exeunt.*

[8] That is, *his tongue being impatiently deſirous to ſee as well as ſpeak.* JOHNSON.

Although the expreſſion in the text is extremely odd, I take the ſenſe of it to be that *his tongue envied the quickneſs of his eyes, and ſtrove to be as rapid in its utterance, as they in their perception.*——*Edinburgh Magazine*, Nov. 1786. STEEVENS.

9 *To* feel *only looking*—] Perhaps we may better read:
"*To* feed *only* by *looking*——." JOHNSON.

2 In our author's time, notes, quotations, &c. were uſually printed in the exterior margin of books. MALONE.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Another part of the ſame.

Enter ARMADO *and* MOTH.

Arm. Warble, child; make paſſionate my ſenſe of hearing.

Moth. Concolinel——[3] [*Singing.*

Arm. Sweet air!—Go, tenderneſs of years; take this key, give enlargement to the ſwain, bring him feſtinately hither;[4] I muſt employ him in a letter to my love.

Moth. Maſter, will you win your love with a French brawl?[5]

Arm. How mean'ſt thou? brawling in French?

Moth. No, my complete maſter: but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet,[6] humour it with turning up your eye-lids; ſigh a note, and ſing a note; ſometime through the throat, as if you ſwallowed love with ſinging

[3] Here is apparently a ſong loſt. JOHNSON.

I have obſerved in the old comedies, that the ſongs are frequently omitted. On this occaſion the ſtage direction is generally—*Here they ſing*—or, *Cantant*. Probably the performer was left to chooſe his own ditty, and therefore it could not with propriety be exhibited as part of a new performance. Sometimes yet more was left to the diſcretion of the ancient comedians.

Not one out of the many ſongs ſuppoſed to be ſung in Marſton's *Antonio's Revenge*, 1602, are inſerted; but inſtead of them, *cantant*. STEEVENS.

[4] i. e. haſtily. Shakſpeare uſes the adjective *feſtinate*, in *King Lear*: "Adviſe the Duke where you are going, to a moſt *feſtinate* preparation." STEEVENS.

[5] A *brawl* is a kind of dance, and (as Mr. M. Maſon obſerves) ſeems to be what we now call a *cotillon*.

In the *Malcontent* of Mariſton, I meet with the following account of it: "The *brawl!* why 'tis but two ſingles to the left, two on the right, three doubles forwards, a traverſe of ſix rounds: do this twice, three ſingles ſide galliard trick of twenty coranto pace; a figure of eight, three ſingles broken down, come up, meet two doubles, fall back, and then honour." STEEVENS.

So, in Maſſinger's *Picture*, Act II. ſc. ii:

"'Tis a *French brawl*, an apiſh imitation
"Of what you really perform in battle." TOLLET.

[6] ——canary *to it with your feet*,] *Canary* was the name of a ſpritely nimble dance. THEOBALD.

ſinging love; ſometime through the noſe, as if you ſnuff'd up love by ſmelling love; with your hat penthouſe-like, o'er the ſhop of your eyes; with your arms croſs'd on your thinbelly-doublet, like a rabbit on a ſpit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting;[7] and keep not too long in one tune, but a ſnip and away: Theſe are complements,[8] theſe are humours; theſe betray[9] nice wenches —that would be betray'd without theſe; and make them men of note, (do you note, men?) that moſt are affected to theſe.[2]

Arm. How haſt thou purchaſed this experience?

Moth. By my penny of obſervation.[3]

Arm. But O,—but O,—

Moth. —the hobby-horſe is forgot.[4]

Arm.

7 ——*like a man after the old painting*;] It was a common trick among ſome of the moſt indolent of the ancient maſters, to place the hands in the boſom or the pockets, or conceal them in ſome other part of the drapery, to avoid the labour of repreſenting them, or diſguiſe their own want of ſkill to employ them with grace and propriety. STEEVENS.

8 Dr. Warburton has here changed *complements* to *compliſhments*, for *accompliſhments*, but unneceſſarily. JOHNSON.

9 The former editors:—*theſe betray* nice wenches, *that would be betray'd without theſe, and make* them *men of note*. But who will ever believe, that the old attitudes and affectations of *lovers*, by which they betray young *wenches*, ſhould have power to make theſe young wenches, *men of note?* His meaning is, that they not only inveigle the young *girls*, but make the *men* taken notice of too, who affect them. THEOBALD.

2 i. e. and make thoſe men who are moſt affected to ſuch accompliſhments, men of note. MALONE.

3 Thus Sir T. Hanmer, and his reading is certainly right. The alluſion is to the famous old piece, called a *Penniworth of Wit*. The old copy reads—*pen*. FARMER.

The ſtory Dr. Farmers refers to, was certainly printed before Shakſpeare's time. See Langham's *Letter*, &c. RITSON.

4 In the celebration of May-day, beſides the ſports now uſed of hanging a pole with garlands, and dancing round it, formerly a boy was dreſſed up repreſenting Maid Marian; another like a friar; and another rode on a hobby-horſe, with bells jingling, and painted ſtreamers. After the Reformation took place, and preciſians multiplied, theſe latter rites were looked upon to ſavour of paganiſm; and then Maid Marian, the friar, and the poor hobby-horſe, were turned out of the games. Some who were not ſo wiſely preciſe, but regretted the diſuſe of the hobby-horſe, no doubt, ſatirized this ſuſpicion of idolatry, and archly wrote the epitaph above alluded to. Now Moth, hearing Armado groan ridiculouſly, and cry out *But oh! but oh!*—humorouſly pieces out his exclamation with the ſequel of this epitaph. THEOBALD.

Arm. Call'ſt thou my love, hobby-horſe?

Moth. No, maſter; the hobby-horſe is but a colt,[5] and your love, perhaps, a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

Arm. Almoſt I had.

Moth. Negligent ſtudent! learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart, and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, maſter: all thoſe three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove?

Moth. A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and without, upon the inſtant: By heart you love her, becauſe your heart cannot come by her: in heart you love her, becauſe your heart is in love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all theſe three.

Moth. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the ſwain; he muſt carry me a letter.

Moth. A meſſage well ſympathiſed; a horſe to be embaſſador for an aſs!

Arm. Ha, ha! what ſayeſt thou?

Moth. Marry, ſir, you muſt ſend the aſs upon the horſe, for he is very ſlow-gaited: But I go.

Arm. The way is but ſhort; away.

Moth. As ſwift as lead, ſir.

Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and ſlow?

Moth, Minimè, honeſt maſter; or rather, maſter, no.

Arm. I ſay, lead is ſlow.

Moth. You are too ſwift, ſir, to ſay ſo:[6]
Is

[5] *Colt* is a hot, mad-brained, unbroken young fellow; or ſometimes an old fellow with youthful deſires. JOHNSON.

[6] How is he too ſwift for ſaying that lead is ſlow? I fancy we ſhould read, as well to ſupply the rhyme as the ſenſe:

You are too ſwift, ſir, to ſay ſo ſo ſoon:
Is that lead ſlow, ſir, that's fir'd from a gun? JOHNSON.

The meaning, I believe, is, *You do not give yourſelf time to think, if you ſay ſo*; or, as Mr. M. Maſon explains the paſſage, "You are too haſty in ſaying that: you have not ſufficiently conſidered it." *Swift*, however, means ready at replies. STEEVENS.

Is that lead ſlow which is fir'd from a gun?

Arm. Sweet ſmoke of rhetorick!
He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he:—
I ſhoot thee at the ſwain.

Moth. Thump then, and I flee. [*Exit.*

Arm. A moſt acute juvenal; voluble and free of grace!
By thy favour, ſweet welkin,[7] I muſt ſigh in thy face:
Moſt rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.
My herald is return'd.

Re-enter MOTH *and* COSTARD.

Moth. A wonder, maſter; here's a Coſtard broken[8] in a ſhin.

Arm. Some enigma, ſome riddle: come,—thy *l'envoy*; begin.

Coſt. No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy*;[9] no ſalve in the mail, ſir:[2] O ſir, plantain, a plain plantain; no *l'envoy*, no *l'envoy*, no ſalve, ſir, but a plantain!

Arm.

Swift is here uſed, as in other places, ſynonymouſly with *witty*, I ſuppoſe the meaning of *Atalanta's better part*, in *As You Like It*, is her *wit*—the *ſwiftneſs* of her mind. FARMER.

[7] *Welkin* is the ſky, to which Armado, with the falſe dignity of a Spaniard, makes an apology for ſighing in its face. JOHNSON.

[8] ——*here's a* Coſtard *broken*—] i. e. a head. *Scorner:* STEEVENS.

[9] The *l'envoy* is a term borrowed from the old French poetry. It appeared always at the head of a few concluding verſes to each piece, which either ſerved to convey the moral, or to addreſs the poem to ſome particular perſon. It was frequently adopted by the ancient Engliſh writers. STEEVENS.

[2] The old folio reads—*no ſalve in* thee *male, ſir*, which, in another folio, is, *no ſalve in the male, ſir*. What it can mean, is not eaſily diſcovered: if *mail* for a *packet* or *bag* was a word then in uſe, *no ſalve in the mail* may mean, no ſalve in the mountebank's budget. Or ſhall we read—*no enigma, no riddle, no l'envoy—in the* vale, *ſir—O ſir, plantain.* The matter is not great, but one would wiſh for ſome meaning or other. JOHNSON.

Male or *mail* was a word then in uſe. Reynard the fox ſent Kayward' head in a *male*.

I believe Dr. Johnſon's firſt explanation to be right. STEEVENS.

Male, which is the reading of the old copies, is only the ancient ſpelling of *mail*. MALONE.

Arm. By virtue, thou enforceſt laughter; thy ſilly thought, my ſpleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous ſmiling: O, pardon me, my ſtars! Doth the inconſiderate take ſalve for *l'envoy*, and the word, *l'envoy*, for a ſalve?

Moth. Do the wiſe think them other? is not *l'envoy* a ſalve?

Arm. No, page: it is an epilogue or diſcourſe, to make plain
Some obſcure precedence that hath tofore been ſain.
I will example it:

I can ſcarcely think that Shakſpeare had ſo far forgotten his little ſchool-learning, as to ſuppoſe the Latin verb *ſalvé*, and the Engliſh ſubſtantive, *ſalve*, had the ſame pronunciation; and yet without this, the quibble cannot be preſerved. FARMER.

Perhaps we ſhould read—*no ſalve in* them all, *ſir*. TYRWHITT.

This paſſage appears to me to be nonſenſe as it ſtands, incapable of explanation. I have therefore no doubt but we ſhould adopt the amendment propoſed by Tyrwhitt, and read—No ſalve in *them* all, Sir.

Moth tells his maſter, that *there was a Coſtard* with a *broken ſhin*; and the Knight, ſuppoſing that Moth has ſome conceit in what he ſaid, calls upon him to explain it—*Some riddle*, ſays he, *ſome enigma. Come—thy l'envoy,—begin.* But Coſtard ſuppoſing that he was calling for theſe things, in order to apply them to his broken ſhin, ſays, he will not have them, as they were none of them ſalves, and begs for a plain plantain inſtead of them. This is clearly the meaning of Coſtard's ſpeech, which provokes the illuſtrious Armado to laugh at the *inconſiderate, who takes ſalve for l'envoy, and the word l'envoy for ſalve.*

But when Moth, who is an arch and ſenſible character, ſays, in reply to Armado:—"Do the wiſe think them other? Is not *l'envoy* a ſalve?" we muſt not ſuppoſe that this queſtion is owing to his ſimplicity, but that he intended thereby either to lead the Knight on to the ſubſequent explanation of the word *l'envoy*, or to quibble in the manner ſtated in the notes upon the Engliſh word *ſalve* and the Latin *ſalvé*; a quibble which operates upon the eye, not the ear:—Yet Steevens has ſhown it was not a new one.

If this quibble was intended, which does not evidently appear to be the caſe, the only way that I account for it, is this:—

As the *l'envoy* was always in the concluding part of a play or poem, it was probably in the l'envoy that the poet or reciter took leave of the audience, and the word itſelf appears to be derived from the verb *envoyer*, to ſend away. Now the uſual ſalutation amongſt the Romans at parting, as well as meeting, was the word *ſalvé*. Moth, therefore, conſiders the l'envoy as a ſalutation or *ſalvé*, and then quibbling on this laſt word, aſks if it be not a *ſalve*.

I do not offer this explanation with much confidence, but it is the only one that occurs to me. M. MASON.

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were ſtill at odds, being but three.

There's the moral: Now the *l'envoy*.

Moth. I will add the *l'envoy*: Say the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were ſtill at odds, being but three:

Moth. Until the gooſe came out of door,
And ſtay'd the odds by adding four.

Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my *l'envoy*.

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were ſtill at odds, being but three:

Arm. Until the gooſe came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.

Moth. A good *l'envoy*, ending in the gooſe; Would you deſire more?

Coſt. The boy hath ſold him a bargain, a gooſe, that's flat:—

Sir, your penny-worth is good, an your gooſe be fat.—
To ſell a bargain well, is as cunning as faſt and looſe:
Let me ſee a fat *l'envoy*; ay, that's a fat gooſe.

Arm. Come hither, come hither: How did this argument begin?

Moth. By ſaying, that a *Coſtard* was broken in a ſhin.
Then call'd you for the *l'envoy*.

Coſt. True, and I for a plantain; Thus came your argument in;

Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the gooſe that you bought;
And he ended the market.[3]

Arm. But tell me; how was there a Coſtard broken in a ſhin?[4]

Moth. I will tell you ſenſibly.

Coſt. Thou haſt no feeling of it, Moth; I will ſpeak that *l'envoy*:—

I, Coſtard, running out, that was ſafely within,
Fell over the threſhold, and broke my ſhin.

Arm.

[3] Alluding to the proverb——*Three women and a gooſe, make a market.*

[4] *Coſtard* is the name of a ſpecies of apple. JOHNSON.

It has been already obſerved that the *head* was anciently called the *coſtard*. STEEVENS.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Coſt. Till there be more matter in the ſhin.

Arm. Sirrah Coſtard, I will enfranchiſe thee.

Coſt. O, marry me to one Frances;—I ſmell ſome *l'envoy*, ſome gooſe, in this.

Arm. By my ſweet ſoul, I mean, ſetting thee at liberty, enfreedoming thy perſon; thou wert immur'd, reſtrained, captivated, bound.

Coſt. True, true; and now you will be my purgation, and let me looſe.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, ſet thee from durance; and, in lieu thereof, impoſe on thee nothing but this: Bear this ſignificant to the country maid Jaquenetta: there is remuneration; [*Giving him money.*] for the beſt ward of mine honour, is, rewarding my dependants. Moth, follow. [*Exit.*

Moth. Like the ſequel, I.[5]—Signior Coſtard, adieu.

Coſt. My ſweet ounce of man's fleſh! my incony Jew![6]—

[*Exit* MOTH.

[5] *Sequele*, in French, ſignifies a great man's train. The joke is, that a ſingle page was all his train. THEOBALD.

I believe this joke exiſts only in the apprehenſion of the commentator. *Sequelle*, by the French, is never employed but in a derogatory ſenſe. They uſe it to expreſs the *gang* of a highwayman, but not the *train* of a lord; the followers of a rebel, and not the attendants on a general. Moth uſes *ſequel* only in the literary acceptation.

Mr. Heath obſerves that the meaning of Moth is,—"I follow you as cloſe as the ſequel does the premiſes." STEEVENS.

Moth alludes to the *ſequel* of any ſtory, which follows a preceding part, and was in the old ſtory-books introduced in this manner: "Here followeth the *ſequel* of ſuch a ſtory, or adventure." M. MASON.

[6] *Incony* or *kony* in the north ſignifies, fine, delicate—as a *koney thing*, a fine thing. It is plain therefore, we ſhould read:

"———*my incony* jewel." WARBURTON.

I know not whether it be right, however ſpecious, to change *Jew* to *Jewel*. *Jew*, in our author's time, was, for whatever reaſon, apparently a word of endearment. So, in *The Midſummer-Night's Dream*:

"*Moſt briſky juvenal, and eke moſt lovely* Jew." JOHNSON.

The word is uſed again in the 4th act of this play:

"———*moſt* incony *vulgar wit*." STEEVENS.

There is no ſuch expreſſion in the North as either *kony* or *incony*. The word is *canny*, which the people there uſe, and from which Dr. Warburton's miſtake

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O, that's the Latin word for three farthings: three farthings—remuneration.—*What's the price of this inkle? a penny*:—*No, I'll give you a remuneration:* why, it carries it.—Remuneration!—why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and ſell out of this word.

Enter BIRON.

Biron. O, my good knave Coſtard! exceedingly well met.

Coſt. Pray you, ſir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Biron. What is a remuneration?

Coſt. Marry, ſir, half-penny farthing.

Biron. O, why then, three-farthings-worth of ſilk.

Coſt. I thank your worſhip: God be with you!

Biron. O, ſtay, ſlave; I muſt employ thee:
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,
Do one thing for me that I ſhall entreat.

Coſt. When would you have it done, ſir?

Biron. O, this afternoon.

Coſt. Well, I will do it, ſir: Fare you well.

Biron. O, thou knoweſt not what it is.

Coſt. I ſhall know, ſir, when I have done it.

Biron. Why, villain, thou muſt know firſt.

Coſt. I will come to your worſhip to-morrow morning.

Biron. It muſt be done this afternoon. Hark, ſlave, it is but this;—
The princeſs comes to hunt here in the park,
And in her train there is a gentle lady;
When tongues ſpeak ſweetly, then they name her name,
And Roſaline they call her: aſk for her;
And to her white hand ſee thou do commend
This ſeal'd-up counſel. There's thy guerdon; go.

[*Gives him money.*

Coſt. Guerdon,—O ſweet guerdon! better than remuneration;

miſtake may have ariſen, bears a variety of ſignifications, none of which is *fine*, *delicate*, or applicable to a thing of value. Dr. Johnſon's quotation by no means proves *Jew* to have been a word of endearment.

RITSON.

ration; eleven-pence farthing better: [7] Moſt ſweet guerdon! —I will do it, ſir, in print.[8]—Guerdon—remuneration.

[*Exit.*

Biron. O!—And I, forſooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip.

A very beadle to a humorous ſigh;
A critick; nay, a night-watch conſtable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal ſo magnificent![9]
This wimpled,[2] whining, purblind, wayward boy;

[7] *Guerdon*, i. e. reward.

Perhaps guerdon is a corruption of *regardum*, middle Latin.

The following parallel paſſage in *A Health to the Gentlemanly Profeſſion of Serving-men, or the Servingman's Comfort*, &c. 1578, was pointed out to me by Dr. Farmer.

"There was, ſayth he, a man, (but of what eſtate, degree, or calling, I will not name, leſt thereby I might incurre diſpleaſure of anie,) that comming to his friendes houſe, who was a gentleman of good reckoning, and being there kindly entertained, and well uſed, as well of his friende the gentleman, as of his ſervantes; one of the ſayde ſervantes doing him ſome extraordinarie pleaſure during his abode there, at his departure he comes up to the ſayd ſervant, and ſaith unto him, Hold thee, here is a *remuneration* for thy paynes; which the ſervant receiving, gave him utterly for it (beſides his paynes) thankes, for it was but a *three-farthings* peece: and I holde thankes for the ſame a ſmall price, howſoever the market goes. Now an other coming to the ſayd gentleman's houſe, it was the foreſayd ſervant's good hap to be neare him at his going away, who calling the ſervant unto him, ſayd, Holde thee, here is a *guerdon* for thy deſerts: now the ſervant payd no deerer for the *guerdon*, than he did for the *remuneration*; though the *guerdon* was *xid. farthing* better; for it was a *ſhilling*, and the other but a *three-farthinges*."

Shakſpeare was certainly indebted to this performance for his preſent vein of jocularity, the earlieſt edition of *Love's Labour's Loſt*, being printed in 1598. STEEVENS.

[8] i. e. exactly, with the utmoſt nicety. It has been propoſed to me to read—*in point*, but I think, without neceſſity, the former expreſſion being ſtill in uſe. STEEVENS.

9 *Magnificent* here means, *glorying*, *boaſting*. M. MASON.

Terence alſo uſes *magnifica verba*, for vaunting, vainglorious words. STEEVENS.

[2] The *wimple* was a hood or veil which fell over the face. Had Shakſpeare been acquainted with the *flammeum* of the Romans, or the gem which repreſents the marriage of Cupid and Pſyche, his choice of the epithet would have been much plauded by all the advocates in favour of his learning.

This ſenior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;[3]
Regent of love-rhimes, lord of folded arms,

The

learning. In Iſaiah, iii. 22. we find: "—the mantles, and the *wimples*, and the criſping-pins;" STEEVENS.

3 The old reading is—This *ſignior Junio's*, &c. STEEVENS.

It was ſome time ago ingeniouſly hinted to me, (and I readily came into the opinion) that as there was a contraſt of terms in *giant-dwarf*, ſo, probably, there ſhould be in the word immediately preceding them; and therefore that we ſhould reſtore:

"*This* ſenior junior, *giant-dwarf*, *Dan Cupid.*"

i. e. this old young man. And there is, indeed, afterwards, in this play, a deſcription of Cupid which ſorts very aptly with ſuch an emendation:

"*That was the way to make his godhead wax,*
"*For he hath been* five thouſand *years a* boy."

The conjecture is exquiſitely well imagined, and ought by all means to be embraced, unleſs there is reaſon to think, that, in the former reading, there is an alluſion to ſome tale, or character in an old play. I have not, on this account, ventured to diſturb the text, becauſe there ſeems to me ſome reaſon to ſuſpect, that our author is here alluding to Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bonduca*. In that tragedy there is a character of one Junius, a Roman captain, who falls in love to diſtraction with one of Bonduca's daughters; and becomes an arrant whining ſlave to this paſſion. He is afterwards cured of his infirmity, and is as abſolute a tyrant againſt the ſex. Now, with regard to theſe two extremes, Cupid might very probably be ſtyled Junius's giant-dwarf: a *giant* in his eye, while the dotage was upon him; but ſhrunk into a *dwarf*, ſo ſoon as he had got the better of it. THEOBALD.

Mr. Upton has made a very ingenious conjecture on this paſſage. He reads:

"*This ſignior* Julio's *giant-dwarf*——"

Shakſpeare, ſays he, intended to compliment Julio Romana, who drew Cupid in the character of a giant-dwarf. Dr. Warburton thinks, that by Junio is meant youth in general. JOHNSON.

There is no reaſon to ſuppoſe that Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bonduca* was written ſo early as the year 1598, when this play appeared. Even if it was then publiſhed, the ſuppoſed alluſion to the character of Junius is forced and improbable; and who, in ſupport of Upton's conjecture will aſcertain, that Julio Romano ever drew Cupid as a giant-dwarf? Shakſpeare, in *K. Richard III.* Act IV. ſc. iv. uſes *ſignory* for *ſeniority*; and Stowe's Chronicle, p. 149. Edit. 1614. ſpeaks of Edward the *ſignior*, i. e. the elder. I can therefore ſuppoſe that *ſignior* here means *ſenior*, and not the Italian title of honour. TOLLET.

In the exaggeration of poetry we might call Cupid a giant dwarf; but how a giant-dwarf ſhould be repreſented in painting, I cannot well conceive. M. MASON.

If the old copies had exhibited *Junior*, I ſhould have had no doubt that

the

The anointed ſovereign of ſighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,
Dread prince of plackets,[4] king of codpieces,
Sole imperator, and great general
Of trotting paritors,[5]—O my little heart!—
And I to be a corporal of his field,[6]

the ſecond word in the line was only the old ſpelling of *ſenior*, as in a former paſſage, [Act I. ſc. ii.] and in one in *The Comedy of Errors* quoted by Mr. Tollet; but as the text appears both in the quarto 1598, and the folio, Cupid is not himſelf called *ſignior*, or *ſenior* Junio, but a giant-dwarf *to* [that is, attending upon] ſignior Junio, and therefore we muſt endeavour to explain the words as they ſtand. In both theſe copies *Junio's* is printed in Italicks as a proper name.

For the reaſons already mentioned, I ſuppoſe *ſignior* here to have been the Italian title of honour, and Cupid to be deſcribed as uniting in his perſon the characters of both a giant, and a dwarf; a giant on account of his power over mankind, and a dwarf on account of his ſize; [So afterwards: Of his (Cupid's) *almighty*, dreadful, *little* might."] and as attending in this double capacity on youth, (perſonified under the name of Signior Junio,) the age in which the paſſion of love has moſt dominion over the heart. In characterizing youth by the name of *Junio*, our author may be countenanced by Ovid, who aſcribes to the month of June a ſimilar etymology:

"Junius *a* juvenum *nomine dictus adeſt*." MALONE.

I have not the ſmalleſt doubt that *ſenior-junior* is the true reading. Love among our ancient Engliſh poets, (at Dr. Farmer has obſerved on ſuch another occaſion,) is always characterized by contrarieties. STEEVENS.

[4] A *placket* is *a* petticoat. DOUCE.

[5] An *apparitor*, or *paritor*, is an officer of the biſhop's court, who carries out citations; as citations are moſt frequently iſſued for fornication, the *paritor* is put under Cupid's government. JOHNSON.

[6] *Corporals of the field* are mentioned in Carew's *Survey of Cornwall*; and Raleigh ſpeaks of them twice, Vol. I. p. 103, Vol. II. p. 367, edit. 1751. TOLLET.

This officer is likewiſe mentioned in Ben Jonſon's *New Inn*:

"As *corporal of the field*, maeſtro del campo."

Giles Clayton, in his *Martial Diſcipline*, 1591, has a chapter on the office and duty of a *corporal of the field*. In one of Drake's *Voyages*, it appears that the captains Morgan and Sampſon, by this name, "had commandement over the reſt of the land-captaines." Brookeſby tells us, that "Mr. Dodwell's father was in an office then known by the name of *corporal of the field*, which he ſaid was equal to that of a captain of horſe." FARMER.

It appears from Lord Strafford's *Letters*, Vol. II. p. 199, that a *corporal of the field* was employed as an aid-de-camp is now, "in taking and carrying to and and fro the directions of the general, or other the higher officers of the field." TYRWHITT.

And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop! [7]
What? I! I love! [8] I sue! I seek a wife!
A woman, that is like a German clock,
Still a repairing; [9] ever out of frame;

And

[7] The conceit seems to be very forced and remote, however it be understood. The notion is not that the *hoop wears colours*, but that the colours are worn as a *tumbler* carries his *hoop*, hanging on one shoulder and falling under the opposite arm. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the *tumblers' hoops* were adorned with their master's colours, or with ribbands. *To wear his colours*, means to wear his *badge* or *cognisance*, or to be his servant or retainer. So, in *Holinshed's* Hist. of Scotland, p. 301: "The earle of Surrie gave to his servants this cognisance (to wear on their left arm) which was a white lyon, &c." *Biron* banters himself upon being a corporal of Cupid's field, and a servant of that great general and imperator. TOLLET.

It was once a mark of gallantry to wear *a lady's colours*. I am informed by a lady who remembers morris-dancing, that the character who tumbled, always carried his *hoop* dressed out with ribbands, and in the position described by Dr. Johnson. STEEVENS.

[8] *What? I! I love!*] A second *what* had been supplied by the editors. I should like better to read—What? *I!* I love! TYRWHITT.

Mr. Tyrwhitt's emendation is supported by the first line of the present speech:

"And *I*, forsooth, in love! *I*, that have been love's whip—."

Sir T. Hanmer supplied the metre by repeating the word *What*.

MALONE.

[9] The same allusion occurs in *Westward Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607:—" no *German Clock*, no mathematical engine whatsoever, requires so much reparation," &c.

The following extract is taken from a book called *The Artificial Clock-Maker*, 3d edit. 1714:—"Clock-making was supposed to have had its begining in Germany within less than these two hundred years. It is very probable that our balance-clocks or watches, and some other automata, might have had their beginning there;" &c. Again, p. 91.——"Little worth remark is to be found till towards the 16th century; and then clock-work was revived or wholly invented anew in Germany, as is generally thought, because the ancient pieces are of German work."

A skilful watch-maker informs me, that clocks have not been commonly made in England much more than one hundred years backward.

To the inartificial construction of these first pieces of mechanism executed in Germany, we may suppose Shakspeare alludes. The clock at Hampton-Court, which was set up in 1540, (as appears from the inscription affixed to it) is said to be the first ever fabricated in England. See, however, Letters of *The Paston Family*, Vol. II. 2d edit. p. 31.

STEEVENS.

And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watch'd that it may ſtill go right?
Nay to be perjur'd, which is worſt of all;
And, among three, to love the worſt of all;
A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch balls ſtuck in her face for eyes;
Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard:
And I to ſigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague
That Cupid will impoſe for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love, write, ſigh, pray, ſue, and groan;
Some men muſt love my lady, and ſome Joan.[2] [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Another part of the ſame.

Enter the Princeſs, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, *Lords, Attendants, and a Foreſter.*

Prin. Was that the king that ſpurr'd his horſe ſo hard
Againſt the ſteep upriſing of the hill?

"In ſome towns in Germany, (ſays Dr. Powel, in his *Human Induſtry*, 8vo. 1661,) there are very rare and elaborate clocks to be ſeen in their town-halls, wherein a man may read aſtronomy, and never look up to the ſkies.—In the town-hall of Prague there is a clock that ſhows the annual motions of the ſun and moon, the names and numbers of the months, days, and feſtivals of the whole year, the time of the ſun riſing and ſetting throughout the year, the equinoxes, the length of the days and nights, the riſing and ſetting of the twelve ſigns of the Zodiack, &c.—But the town of Straſburgh carries the bell of all other ſteeples of Germany in this point." Theſe elaborate clocks were probably often "out of frame."
MALONE.

I have heard a French proverb that compares any thing that is intricate and out of order, to thè coq de Straſburg that belongs to the machinery of the town-clock. S. W.

[2] To this line Mr. Theobald extends his ſecond act, not injudiciouſly, but without ſufficient authority. JOHNSON.

Boyet. I know not; but, I think, it was not he.
Prin. Whoe'er he was, he ſhow'd a mounting mind.
Well, lords, to-day we ſhall have our deſpatch;
On ſaturday we will return to France.—
Then, foreſter, my friend, where is the buſh,
That we muſt ſtand and play the murderer in? [3]
For. Here by, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A ſtand, where you may make the faireſt ſhoot.
Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair that ſhoot,
And thereupon thou ſpeak'ſt, the faireſt ſhoot.
For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not ſo.
Prin. What, what? firſt praiſe me, and again ſay, no?
O ſhort-liv'd pride! Not fair? alack for woe!
For. Yes, madam, fair.
Prin. Nay, never paint me now;
Where fair is not, praiſe cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glaſs, [4] take this for telling true;
[*Giving him money.*
Fair

[3] How familiar this amuſement once was to ladies of quality, may be known from a letter addreſſed by Lord Wharton to the Earl of Shrewſbury, dated from Alnewik, Aug. 14, 1555: "I beſiche yor Lordeſhipp to tayke ſome ſporte of my litell grounde there, and to comaund the ſame even as yo.r Lordeſhippes owne. *My ladye may ſhote w.th her croſbowe.*" &c. Lodge's *Illuſtrations of Britiſh Hiſtory*, &c. Vol. I. p. 203

Again, in a letter from Sir Francis Leake to the Earl of Shrewſbury, Vol. III. p. 295.

"Yo.r Lordeſhype hath ſente me a verie greate and fatte ſtagge, the wellcomer beynge *ſtryken by yo.r ryght honorable Ladie's hande*, &c.—My balde bucke lyves ſtyll to wayte upon yo.r L. and my Ladies comyng hyther, w.ch I expect whenſoever ſhall pleas yow to apointe; onelé thys, thatt my *Ladie doe nott hyt hym* throgh the noſe, for marryng hys whyte ace; howbeitt I knoe her Ladiſhipp takes pitie of my buckes, ſence the laſt tyme yt pleaſed her to take the travell *to ſhote att them*," &c. Dated July, 1605. STEEVENS.

[4] To underſtand how the princeſs has her glaſs ſo ready at hand in a caſual converſation, it muſt be remembered that in thoſe days it was the faſhion among the French ladies to wear a looking-glaſs, as Mr. Bayle coarſely repreſents it, *on their bellies*; that is, to have a ſmall mirrour ſet in gold hanging at their girdle, by which they occaſionally viewed their faces or adjuſted their hair. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon, perhaps, is miſtaken, She had no occaſion to have recourſe to any other *looking-glaſs* than the Foreſter, whom ſhe rewards for having ſhown her to herſelf as in a mirror. STEEVENS.

Fair payment for foul words is more than due.
For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.
Prin. See, see, my beauty will be ſav'd by merit.
O hereſy in fair, fit for theſe days!
A giving hand, though foul, ſhall have fair praiſe.—
But come, the bow:—Now mercy goes to kill,
And ſhooting well is then accounted ill.
Thus will I ſave my credit in the ſhoot;
Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;
If wounding, then it was to ſhow my ſkill,
That more for praiſe, than purpoſe, meant to kill.
And, out of queſtion, ſo it is ſometimes;
Glory grows guilty of deteſted crimes;
When, for fame's ſake, for praiſe, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart: [5]
As I, for praiſe alone, now ſeek to ſpill
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.[6]
Boyet. Do not curſt wives hold that ſelf-ſovereignty
Only for praiſe' ſake, when they ſtrive to be
Lords o'er their lords?
Prin. Only for praiſe: and praiſe we may afford
To any lady that ſubdues a lord.

Enter COSTARD.

Prin. Here comes a member of the common-wealth.[7]

Whatever be the interpretation of this paſſage, Dr. Johnſon is right in the hiſtorical fact. Stubbs, in his *Anatomie of Abuſes*, is very indignant at the ladies for it: "They muſt have their *looking-glaſſes* carried with them, whereſoever they go: and good reaſon, for how elſe could they ſee the devil in them?" And in Maſſinger's *City Madam*, ſeveral women are introduced with *looking-glaſſes at their girdles.* FARMER.

[5] The harmony of the meaſure, the eaſineſs of the expreſſion, and the good ſenſe in the thought, all concur to recommend theſe two lines to the reader's notice. WARBURTON.

[6] *That my heart means no ill,* is the ſame with *to whom my heart means no ill.* The common phraſe ſuppreſſes the particle, as *I mean him* [not *to* him] *no harm.* JOHNSON.

[7] Here, I believe, is a kind of jeſt intended: a member of the *common*-wealth is put for one of the *common* people, one of the meaneſt. JOHNSON.

The Princeſs calls Coſtard, a *member of the commonwealth*, becauſe ſhe conſiders

Coſt. God dig-you-den all![8] Pray you, which is the head lady?

Prin. Thou ſhalt know her, fellow, by the reſt that have no heads.

Coſt. Which is the greateſt lady, the higheſt?

Prin. The thickeſt, and the talleſt.

Coſt. The thickeſt, and the talleſt! it is ſo; truth is truth,
An your waiſt miſtreſs, were as ſlender as my wit,
One of theſe maids' girdles for your waiſt ſhould be fit.
Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickeſt here.

Prin. What's your will, ſir? what's your will?

Coſt. I have a letter from monſieur Biron, to one lady Roſaline.

Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter; he's a good friend of mine:
Stand aſide, good bearer.—Boyet, you can carve;
Break up this capon.[9]

Boyet. I am bound to ſerve.—
This letter is miſtook, it importeth none here;
It is writ to Jaquenetta.

Prin. We will read it, I ſwear:
Break the neck of the wax,[2] and every one give ear.

Boyet. [reads.] *By heaven, that thou art fair, is moſt infallible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth itſelf, that thou art lovely: More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer*[3] *than*

conſiders him as one of the attendants on the King and his aſſociates in their *new-modelled ſociety*; and it was part of their original plan that Coſtard and Armado ſhould be *members* of it. M. MASON.

[8] A corruption of—*God give you good even.* MALONE.

[9] i. e. open this letter. Our poet uſes this metaphor, as the French do their *poulet*; which ſignifies both a young fowl and a love-letter. *Poulet, amatoriæ literæ*, ſays Richelet; and quotes from Voiture, *Repondre au plus obligeant* poulet *du monde*; to reply to the moſt obliging *letter* in the world. The Italians uſe the ſame manner of expreſſion, when they call a love-epiſtle, *une pollicetta amoroſa.* I owed the hint of this equivocal uſe of the word, to my ingenious friend Mr. Biſhop. THEOBALD.

Henry IV. conſulting with Sully about his marriage, ſays, "my niece of Guiſe would pleaſe me beſt, notwithſtanding the malicious reports, that ſhe loves *poulets* in paper, better than in a *fricaſee*."—A meſſage is called *a cold pigeon*, in the letter concerning the entertainments at Killingworth Caſtle. FARMER.

To *break up* was a peculiar phraſe in carving. PERCY.

[2] Still alluding to the *capon.* JOHNSON.

[3] I would read, *fairer that fair*, more *beautiful*, &c. TYRWHITT.

than truth itſelf, have commiſeration on thy heroical vaſſal! The magnanimous and moſt illuſtrate [4] *king* Cophetua [5] *ſet eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar* Zenelophon; *and he it was that might rightly ſay,* veni, vidi, vici; *which to anatomize in the vulgar,* (O *baſe and obſcure vulgar!*) videlicet, *he came, ſaw, and overcame: he came, one; ſaw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the king? why did he come? to ſee; Why did he ſee? to overcome: To whom came he? to the beggar; What ſaw he? the beggar; Who overcame he? the beggar: The concluſion is victory; On whoſe ſide? the king's: the captive is enrich'd; On whoſe ſide? the beggar's; The cataſtrophe is a nuptial; On whoſe ſide? the king's? —no; on both in one, or one in both. I am the king; for ſo ſtands the compariſon: thou the beggar; for ſo witneſſeth thy lowlineſs. Shall I command thy love? I may: Shall I enforce thy love? I could: Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What ſhalt thou exchange for rags? robes; For tittles? titles; For thyſelf? me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.*

Thine, in the deareſt deſign of induſtry,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

Thus doſt thou hear [6] the Nemean lion roar
'Gainſt thee, thou lamb, that ſtandeſt as his prey;
Submiſſive fall his princely feet before,
And he from forage will incline to play:
But if thou ſtrive, poor ſoul, what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repaſture for his den.

Prin. What plume of feathers is he, that indited this letter? What vane? what weather-cock? Did you ever hear better?

Boyet. I am much deceived, but I remember the ſtyle.

Prin. Elſe your memory is bad, going o'er it [7] erewhile.[8]

Boyet.

[4] ——*illuſtrate*—] for *illuſtrious.* It is often uſed by Chapman in his tranſlation of Homer. STEEVENS.

[5] The ballad of *King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid,* may be ſeen in *The Reliques of Ancient Poetry,* Vol. I. The beggar's name was Penelophon, here corrupted. PERCY.

The poet alludes to this ſong in *Romeo and Juliet, Henry IV.* P. II. and *Richard II.* STEEVENS.

[6] Theſe ſix lines appear to be a quotation from ſome ridiculous poem of that time. WARBURTON.

[7] A pun upon the word *ſtile.* MUSGRAVE.

Boyet. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court;
A phantaſm,[9] a Monarcho;[2] and one that makes ſport
To the prince, and his book-mates.

Prin. Thou, fellow, a word:
Who gave thee this letter?

Coſt. I told you; my lord.

Prin. To whom ſhouldſt thou give it?

Coſt. From my lord to my lady.

Prin. From which lord, to which lady?

Coſt. From my lord Biron, a good maſter of mine,
To a lady of France, that he call'd Roſaline.

Prin. Thou haſt miſtaken his letter. Come, lords, away.[3]
Here, ſweet, put up this; 'twill be thine another day.

[*Exit* PRINCESS *and Train.*

Boyet. Who is the ſuitor?[4] who is the ſuitor?

Roſ.

[8] Juſt now; a little while ago. So *Raleigh:*

"*Here lies Hobbinol, our ſhepherd* while e'er." JOHNSON.

9 On the books of the Stationers' Company, Feb, 6, 1608, is entered, "a book called *Phantaſm*, the *Italian Taylor and his Boy*; made by Mr. Armin, ſervant to his majeſty." It probably contains the hiſtory of *Monarcho*, of whom Dr. Farmer ſpeaks in the following note.

STEEVENS.

2 The alluſion is to a fantaſtical character of the time. "Popular applauſe (ſays Meres) doth nouriſh ſome, neither do they gape after any other thing, but vaine praiſe and glorie,—as in our age Peter Shakerlye of Paules, and *Monarcho* that lived about the court." p. 178.

FARMER.

3 Perhaps the Princeſs ſaid rather:

"——*Come*, ladies, *away*."

The reſt of the ſcene deſerves no care. JOHNSON.

4 The old copies read—"Who is the *ſhooter?*" but it ſhould be who is the *ſuitor?* and this occaſions the quibble. "*Finely put on*," &c. ſeem only marginal obſervations. FARMER.

It appears that *ſuitor* was anciently pronounced *ſhooter*. So, in *The Puritan*, 1605: the maid informs her miſtreſs that ſome *archers* are come to wait on her. She ſuppoſes them to be *fletchers*, or arrow-ſmiths:

Enter the *ſuters*, &c.

"Why do you not ſee them before you? are not theſe *archers*, what do you call them, *ſhooters? Shooters* and *archers* are all one, I hope."

STEEVENS.

Wherever Shakſpeare uſes words equivocally, as in the preſent inſtance, he lays his editor under ſome embarraſſment. When he told Ben Jonſon he would ſtand Godfather to his child, "and give him a dozen *latten* ſpoons,"

Roſ. Shall I teach you to know?
Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.
Roſ. Why, ſhe that bears the bow.
Finely put off!
Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou marry,
Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miſcarry.
Finely put on!
Roſ. Well then, I am the ſhooter.
Boyet. And who is your deer?
Roſ. If we chooſe by the horns, yourſelf, come near.
Finely put on, indeed!—
Mar. You ſtill wrangle with her, Boyet, and ſhe ſtrikes at the brow.
Boyet. But ſhe herſelf is hit lower: Have I hit her now?
Roſ. Shall I come upon thee with an old ſaying, that was a man when king Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?
Boyet. So I may anſwer thee with one as old, that was a woman when queen Guinever[5] of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.
Roſ. *Thou can'ſt not hit it, hit it, hit it,*
Thou can'ſt not hit it, my good man. [ſinging.
Boyet.

ſpoons," if we write the word as we have now done, the conceit, ſuch as it is, is loſt, at leaſt does not at once appear; if we write it *Latin*, it becomes abſurd. So, in *Much ado about nothing*, Dogberry ſays, "if juſtice cannot tame you, ſhe ſhall ne'er weigh more *reaſons* in her balance." If we write the word thus, the conſtable's *equivoque*, poor as it is, is loſt, at leaſt to the eye. If we write *raiſins* (between which word and *reaſons*, there was, I believe, no difference at that time of pronunciation,) we write nonſenſe. In the paſſage before us an equivoque was certainly intended; the words *ſhooter* and *ſuitor* being (as Mr. Steevens has obſerved) pronounced alike in Shakſpeare's time.

In Ireland, where, I believe, much of the pronunciation of Queen Elizabeth's age is yet retained, the word *ſuitor* is at this day pronounced by the vulgar as if it were written *ſhooter*. However, I have followed the ſpelling of the old copy, as it is ſufficiently intelligible. MALONE.

[5] This was king Arthur's queen, not over famous for fidelity to her huſband. See the ſong of *The Boy and the Mantle*, in Dr. Percy's Collection.

In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*, the elder Loveleſs addreſſes Abigail, the old incontinent waiting-woman, by this name. STEEVENS.

Boyet. *An I cannot, cannot, cannot,*
An I cannot, another can.

[*Exeunt* Ros. *and* Kat.

Coſt. By my troth, moſt pleaſant! how both did fit it!
Mar. A mark marvellous well ſhot; for they both did hit it.
Boyet. A mark! O, mark but that mark; A mark, ſays my lady!
Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete at, if it may be.
Mar. Wide o' the bow hand![6] I'faith, your hand is out.
Coſt. Indeed, a' muſt ſhoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout.[7]
Boyet. An if my hand be out, then, belike your hand is in.
Coſt. Then will ſhe get the upſhot by cleaving the pin.[8]
Mar. Come, come, you talk greaſily, your lips grow foul.
Coſt. She's too hard for you at pricks, ſir; challenge her to bowl.
Boyet. I fear too much rubbing;[9] Good night, my good owl. [*Exeunt* Boyet *and* Maria.
Coſt. By my ſoul, a ſwain! a moſt ſimple clown!
Lord, lord! how the ladies and I have put him down!
O' my troth, moſt ſweet jeſts! moſt incony vulgar wit!
When it comes ſo ſmoothly off, ſo obſcenely, as it were, ſo fit.
Armatho o' the one ſide,—O, a moſt dainty man!
To ſee him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan!
To ſee him kiſs his hand! and how moſt ſweetly a' will ſwear!—
And his page o' t' other ſide, that handful of wit!

Ah,

[6] i. e. a good deal to the left of the mark; a term ſtill retained in modern archery. Douce.

[7] The *clout* was the white mark at which the archers took their aim. The *pin* was the wooden nail that upheld it. Steevens.

[8] Honeſt Coſtard would have befriended Dean Milles, whoſe note on a ſong in *Pſeuda-Rowley's* ELLA has expoſed him to ſo much ridicule. See his book, p. 213. The preſent application of the word *pin*, might have led the Dean to ſuſpect the qualities of the *baſket*. But what has mirth to do with archæology? Steevens.

[9] To *rub* is one of the terms of the bowling-green. Boyet's further meaning needs no comment. Malone.

Ah, heavens, it is a moſt pathetical nit!
Sola, ſola! [*Shouting within.*

[*Exit* COSTARD, *running.*

SCENE II.

The ſame.

Enter HOLOFERNES [2], *Sir* NATHANIEL, *and* DULL.

Nath. Very reverent ſport, truly; and done in the teſtimony of a good conſcience.

Hol.

[2] There is very little perſonal reflexion in Shakſpeare. Either the virtue of thoſe times, or the candour of our author, has ſo effected, that his ſatire is, for the moſt part, general, and, as himſelf ſays,

"———*his taxing like a wild-gooſe flies,*
"*Unclaim'd of any man.*"——

The place before us ſeems to be an exception. For by Holofernes is deſigned a particular character, a pedant and ſchoolmaſter of our author's time, one John Florio, a teacher of the Italian tongue in London, who has given us a ſmall dictionary of that language under the title of *A World of Words*, which in his epiſtle dedicatory he tells us, *is of little leſs value than Stephen's Treaſure of the Greek Tongue*, the moſt complete work that was ever yet compiled of its kind. In his preface, he calls thoſe who had criticiſed his works, *ſea-dogs or land-critics; monſters of men, if not beaſts rather than man; whoſe teeth are canibals, their toongs adders forks, their lips aſpes toiſon, their eyes baſiliſkes, their breath the breath of a grave, their words like ſwordes of Turks, that ſtrive which ſhall dive deepeſt into a* Chriſtian lying bound before them. Well therefore might the mild Nathaniel deſire Holofernes to *abrogate ſcurrility*. His profeſſion too is the reaſon that Holofernes deals ſo much in Italian ſentences.

There is an edition of *Love's Labour's Loſt*, printed in 1598, and ſaid to be *preſented before her highneſs this laſt Chriſtmas*, 1597. The next year 1598, comes out our John Florio, with his *World of Words*, recentibus odiis; and in the preface, quoted above, falls upon the comic poet for bringing him on the ſtage. *There is another ſort of leering curs, that rather ſnarle than bite, whereof I could inſtance in one, who lighting on* a good ſonnet *of a gentleman's, a friend of mine, that loved better to be a poet than to be counted ſo, called the author a Rymer—Let Ariſtophanes and his comedians make plaies, and ſcowre their mouths on Socrates; thoſe very mouths they make to vilifie, ſhall be the means to amplifie his virtue*, &c. Here Shakſpeare is ſo plainly marked out as not to be miſtaken. As to the *ſonnet* of *the gentleman his friend*, we may be aſſured it was no other than his own. And without doubt was parodied in the very ſonnet beginning with *The praiſeful princeſs*, &c. in which our author makes Holofernes ſay, *He will ſomething affect the letter, for it argues facility.* And how much John Florio thought this *affectation argued facility*, or quickneſs of wit, we ſee in this

preface

Hol. The deer was, as you know, in *ſanguis*,—blood; ripe

preface where he falls upon his enemy, H. S. *His name is H. S. Do not take it for the Roman H. S. unleſs it be as H. S. is twice as much and an half, as half an AS.* With a great deal more to the ſame purpoſe; concluding his preface in theſe words. *The reſolute John Florio.* From the ferocity of this man's temper it was, that Shakſpeare choſe for him the name which Rabelais gives to his pedant, of Thubal Holoferne.

WARBURTON.

I am not of the learned commentator's opinion, that the ſatire of Shakſpeare is ſo ſeldom perſonal. It is of the nature of perſonal invectives to be ſoon unintelligible; and the author that gratifies private malice, *animam in vulnere ponit*, deſtroys the future efficacy of his own writings, and ſacrifices the eſteem of ſucceeding times to the laughter of a day. It is no wonder, therefore, that the ſarcaſms, which, perhaps, in the author's time, *ſet the* playhouſe *in a roar*, are now loſt among general reflexions. Yet whether the character of Holofernes was pointed at any particular man, I am, notwithſtanding the plauſibility of Dr. Warburton's conjecture, inclined to doubt. Every man adheres as long as he can to his own preconceptions. Before I read this note I conſidered the character of Holofernes as borrowed from the *Rombus* of Sir Philip Sidney, who, in a kind of paſtoral entertainment, exhibited to Queen Elizabeth, has introduced a ſchool-maſter ſo called, ſpeaking *a leaſh of languages at once*, and puzzling himſelf and his auditors with a jargon like that of Holofernes in the preſent play. Sidney himſelf might bring the character from Italy; for, as Peacham obſerves, the ſchoolmaſter has long been one of the ridiculous perſonages in the farces of that country. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton is certainly right in his ſuppoſition that *Florio* is meant by the character of *Holofernes*. *Florio* had given the firſt affront. "The plaies, ſays he, that they plaie in England, are neither *right comedies*, nor *right tragedies*; but repreſentations of *hiſtories* without any decorum"—The ſcraps of Latin and Italian are tranſcribed from his works, particularly the proverb about *Venice*, which has been corrupted ſo much. The *affectation of the letter*, which *argues facilitie*, is likewiſe a copy of his manner. We meet with much of it in the ſonnets to his patrons.

"In Italie your lordſhip well hath ſeene
"Their manners, monuments, magnificence,
"Their language learnt, in ſound, in ſtyle, in ſenſe,
"Proving by profiting, where you have beene.
"———To adde to fore-learn'd facultie, *facilitie*."

We ſee then, the character of the ſchoolmaſter might be written with leſs learning, than Mr. Colman conjectured: nor is the uſe of the word *thraſonical*, [See this play, Act V. ſc. i.] any argument that the author had read Terence. It was introduced to our language long before Shakſpeare's time. Stanyhurſt writes, in a tranſlation of one of Sir Thomas More's epigrams:

"Lyackt was in wedlocke a loftye *thraſonical* hufsnuffe."

ripe as a pomewater,[3] who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *cælo*,[4]—the ſky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth

It can ſcarcely be neceſſary to animadvert any further upon what Mr. Colman has advanced in the appendix to his *Terence*. If this gentleman, at his leiſure from modern plays, will condeſcend to open a few old ones, he will ſoon be ſatisfied, that Shakſpeare was obliged to learn and repeat in the courſe of his profeſſion, ſuch Latin *fragments*, as are met with in his works. The formidable one, *ira furor brevis eſt*, which is quoted from *Timon*, may be found, not in plays only, but in every *critical* eſſay from that of king *James* to that of dean *Swift* inclusive. I will only add, that if Mr. Colman had previouſly looked at the panegyric on *Cartwright*, he could not ſo ſtrangely have miſrepreſented my argument from it: but thus it muſt ever be with the moſt ingenious men, when they talk *without-book*. Let me however take this opportunity of acknowledging the very genteel language which he has been pleaſed to uſe on this occaſion.

Mr. Warton informs us, in his life of Sir *Thomas Pope*, that there was an old play of *Holophernes* acted before the princeſs Elizabeth in the year 1556. FARMER.

The verſes above cited, are prefixed to Florio's DICT. 1598. MALONE.

In ſupport of Dr. Farmer's opinion, the following paſſage from *Orlando Furioſo*, 1594, may be brought:

"——Knowing him to be a *Thraſonical* mad cap, they have ſent me a *Gnathonical* companion," &c.

Florio's firſt work is regiſtered on the books of the Stationers' Company, under the following title. "Aug. 1578. *Florio his firſt Frute*, being Dialogues in Italian and Engliſh, with certen inſtructions, &c. to the learning the Italian Tonge." In 1595, he dedicated his Italian and Engliſh Dictionary to the earl of Southampton. In the year 1600, he publiſhed his tranſlation of *Montaigne*. Florio pointed his ridicule not only at dramatic performances, but, even at performers, Thus, in his preface to this work, "—as if an owle ſhould repreſent an eagle, or ſome tara-rag player ſhould act the princely Telephus with a voyce as rag'd as his clothes, a grace as bad as his voyce." STEEVENS.

[3] ——*ripe as a* pomewater,] A ſpecies of apple formerly much eſteemed. *Malus Corbonaria*. See Gerard's Herbal, edit. 1597. p. 1273. STEEVENS.

In the firſt act of the *Puritan*, Pyeboard ſays to Nicholas: "The captain loving you ſo dearly, aye as the *pomewater* of his eye."—Meaning the pupil or *apple* of it, as it is vulgarly called. M. MASON.

[4] In Florio's Italian Dictionary, *Cielo* is defined "*heaven*, the *ſkie*, firmament, or *welkin*;" and *terra* is explained thus: "The element called *earth*; anie ground, earth, countrie,—*land*, *ſoile*," &c. If there was any edition of this Dictionary prior to the appearance of *Love's Labour's Loſt*, this might add ſome little ſtrength to Dr. Warburton's conjecture, though it would by no means be deciſive; but my edition is dated 1598, (poſterior to the exhibition of this play,) and it appears to be the firſt. MALONE.

falleth like a crab, on the face of *terra*,—the ſoil, the land, the earth.

Nath. Truly, maſter Holofernes, the epithets are ſweetly varied, like a ſcholar at the leaſt: But, ſir, I aſſure ye, it was a buck of the firſt head.[5]

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo.*

Dull. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Moſt barbarous intimation! yet a kind of inſinuation, as it were, *in via*, in way, of explication; *facere*, as it were, replication, or, rather, *oſtentare*, to ſhow, as it were, his inclination,—after his undreſſed, unpoliſhed, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or, rathereſt, unconfirmed faſhion,—to inſert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

Dull. I ſaid, the deer was not a *haud credo*; 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Twice ſod ſimplicity, *bis coctus*!—O thou monſter ignorance, how deformed doſt thou look!

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink; his intellect is not repleniſhed; he is only an animal, only ſenſible in the duller parts;
And ſuch barren plants are ſet before us, that we thankful ſhould be
(Which we of taſte and feeling are) for thoſe parts that do fructify in us more than he,[6]

For

[5] In a play called *The Return from Parnaſſus*, 1606, I find the following account of the different appellations of deer, at their different ages:

"*Amoretto.* I cauſed the keeper to ſever the *raſcal deer* from the *bucks of the firſt head*. Now, ſir, a *buck* is the *firſt* year, a *fawn*; the *ſecond* year, a PRICKET; the *third* year, a SORRELL; the *fourth* year, a *ſoare*; the *fifth*, a *buck of the* FIRST HEAD; the *ſixth* year, a *compleat buck*. Likewiſe your *hart* is the *firſt* year, a *calfe*; the *ſecond* year, a *bricket*; the *third* year, a *ſpade*; the *fourth* year, a *ſtag*; the *ſixth* year, a *hart*. A *roe-buck* is the *firſt* year, a *kid*; the *ſecond* year, a *gird*; the *third* year, a *hemuſe*; and theſe are your ſpecial beaſts for chaſe." STEEVENS.

[6] The length of theſe lines was no novelty on the Engliſh ſtage. The Moralities afford ſcenes of the like meaſure. JOHNSON.

This ſtubborn piece of nonſenſe, as ſomebody has called it, wants only a particle, I think, to make it ſenſe. I would read:

"And ſuch barren plants are ſet before us, that we thankful ſhould be,
"(Which we *of* taſte and feelings are,) for thoſe parts, that do fructify in us more than he."

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiſcreet, or a fool,
So, were there a patch ſet on learning, to ſee him in a ſchool: [7]
But, *omne bene*, ſay I; being of an old father's mind,
Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book-men: Can you tell by your wit,
What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

Hol. Dictynna,[8] good man Dull; Dictynna, good man Dull.

Dull. What is Dictynna?

Nath. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old, when Adam was no more;
And raught not to five weeks, when he came to fiveſcore.
The alluſion holds in the exchange.[9]

Dull. 'Tis true indeed; the colluſion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I ſay, the alluſion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I ſay the polluſion holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old: and I ſay beſide, that 'twas a pricket that the princeſs kill'd.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on

'*Which* in this paſſage has the force of *as*, according to an idiom of our language, not uncommon, though not ſtrictly grammatical. What follows is ſtill more irregular; for I am afraid our poet, for the ſake of his rhyme, has put *he* for *him*, or rather *in him*. If he had been writing proſe, he would have expreſſed his meaning, I believe, more clearly thus—*that do fructify in us more than in him*. TYRWHITT.

The old copies read—"which we taſte and feeling—" &c. I have placed Mr. Tyrwhitt's emendation in the text. STEEVENS.

[7] The meaning is, to be in a ſchool would as ill become a *patch*, or low fellow, as folly would become me. JOHNSON.

[8] Shakſpeare might have found this uncommon title for Diana, in the ſecond book of Golding's tranſlation of *Ovid's Metamorphoſis*:

"*Dictynna* garded with her traine, and proud of killing deere."
STEEVENS.

[9] i. e. the riddle is as good when I uſe the name of Adam, as when you uſe the name of Cain. WARBURTON.

on the death of the deer? and, to humour the ignorant, I have called the deer the princeſs kill'd, a pricket.

Nath. *Perge*, good maſter Holofernes, *perge*; ſo it ſhall pleaſe you to abrogate ſcurrility.

Hol. I will ſomething affect the letter;[2] for it argues facility.

The praiſeful princeſs pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleaſing pricket;
Some ſay, a ſore; but not a ſore, till now made ſore with ſhooting.
The dogs did yell; put l to ſore, then ſorel jumps from thicket;
Or pricket, ſore, or elſe ſorel; the people fall a hooting.
If ſore be ſore, then L to ſore makes fifty ſores; O ſore L![3]
Of one ſore I an hundred make, by adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. If a talent be a claw,[4] look how he claws him with a talent.[5]

Hol. This is a gift that I have, ſimple, ſimple; a fooliſh extravagant ſpirit, full of forms, figures, ſhapes, objects, ideas, apprehenſions, motions, revolutions: theſe are begot in the ventricle of memory, nouriſhed in the womb of *pia mater*, and deliver'd upon the mellowing of occaſion: But the gift is good in thoſe in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praiſe the Lord for you; and ſo may my pariſhioners; for their ſons are well tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. *Mehercle*, if their ſons be ingenious, they ſhall want no

[2] That is, I will practice alliteration. M. MASON.

[3] The old copies read— O *forell*. The neceſſary change was made by Dr. Warburton. The alluſion (as he obſerves) is to L being the numeral for fifty.

This correction (ſays Mr. Malone) is confirmed by the rhyme: "A deer (he adds) during his third year is called a *forell*." STEEVENS.

[4] In our author's time the *talon* of a bird was frequently written *talent*. Hence the quibble here, and in *Twelfth Night*, "—let them uſe their *talents*." MALONE.

[5] Honeſt Dull quibbles. One of the ſenſes of to *claw*, is to flatter. STEEVENS.

no inſtruction: if their daughters be capable,[6] I will put it to them: But, *vir ſapit, qui pauca loquitur:* a ſoul feminine ſaluteth us.

Enter JAQUENETTA, *and* COSTARD.

Jaq. God give you good morrow, maſter perſon.

Hol. Maſter perſon,—*quaſi* perſ-on.[7] And if one ſhould be pierced, which is the one?

Coſt. Marry, maſter ſchoolmaſter, he that is likeſt to a hogſhead.

Hol. Of piercing a hogſhead! a good luſtre of conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a ſwine: 'tis pretty; it is well.

Jaq. Good maſter parſon, be ſo good as read me this letter; it was given me by Coſtard, and ſent me from Don Armatho: I beſeech you, read it.

Hol. Fauſte, precor gelidâ[8] *quando pecus omne ſum umbrâ*
Ruminat,

[6] Of this *double entendre*, deſpicable as it is, Mr. Pope and his coadjutors availed themſelves, in their unſucceſsful comedy called *Three Hours after Marriage*. STEEVENS.

Capable is uſed equivocally. One of its ſenſes was *reaſonable*; endowed with a ready capacity to learn. The other wants no explanation. MALONE.

[7] I believe, we ſhould write the word—pers-*one*. The ſame play on the word *pierce* is put into the mouth of *Falſtaff*. STEEVENS.

Perſon, as Sir William Blackſtone obſerves in his *Commentaries*, is the original and proper term; *Perſona* eccleſiæ. MALONE.

[8] Though all the editions concur to give this ſpeech to ſir Nathaniel, yet, as Dr. Thirlby ingeniouſly obſerved to me, it is evident it muſt belong to Holofernes. The Curate is employed in reading the letter to himſelf; and while he is doing ſo, that the ſtage may not ſtand ſtill, Holofernes either pulls out a book, or, repeating ſome verſe by heart from Mantuanus, comments upon the character of that poet. Baptiſta Spagnolus (ſirnamed Mantuanus, from the place of his birth) was a writer of poems, who flouriſhed towards the latter end of the 15th century. THEOBALD.

A note of La Monnoye's on theſe very words in *Les Contes des Periers, Nov.* 42. will explain the humour of the quotation, and ſhew how well Shakſpeare has ſuſtained the character of his pedant.—*Il deſigne le Carme Baptiſte Mantuan, dont au commencement du* 16 *ſiecle on liſoit publiquement à Paris les Poeſies; ſi celebres alors, que, comme dit plaiſamment Farnabe, dans ſa preface ſur Martial, les Pedans ne faiſoient nulle difficulté de preferer à le* Arma virumque cano, *le* Fauſte precor gelida; *c'eſt-a-dire, à l' Eneide de Virgil les Eclogues de Mantuan, la premiere deſquelles commence par,* Fauſte, precor gelidâ. WARBURTON.

Ruminat,—and ſo forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may ſpeak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice;

——*Vinegia, Vinegia,*
Chi non te vede, ei non te pregia.[9]

Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! Who underſtandeth thee not, loves thee not.—*Ut, re, ſol, la, mi, fa*,[2]—Under pardon, ſir, what are the contents? or, rather, as Horace ſays in his—What, my ſoul, verſes?

Nath. Ay, ſir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a ſtaff, a ſtanza, a verſe; *Lege, domine.*

Nath. If love make me forſworn,[3] how ſhall I ſwear to love?

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed!
Though to myſelf forſworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;
Thoſe thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like oſiers bowed.
Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes;
Where

The *Eclogues* of Mantuanus the Carmelite were tranſlated before the time of Shakſpeare, and the Latin printed on the oppoſite ſide of the page for the uſe of ſchools. STEEVENS.

From a paſſage in Naſhe's *Apologie of Pierce Pennileſſe*, 1593, the *Eclogues* of Mantuanus appear to have been a ſchool-book in our author's time: "With the firſt and ſecond leafe he plaies very prettilie, and, in ordinarie terms of extenuating, verdits *Pierce Pennileſſe* for *a grammar-ſchool wit*; ſaies, his margine is as deeply learned as *Fauſte precor gelida*." A tranſlation of Mantuanus by George Turberville was printed in 8vo. in 1567. MALONE.

9 Our author is applying the praiſes of Mantuanus to a common proverbial ſentence, ſaid of Venice. *Vinegia, Vinegia! qui non te vedi, ei non te pregia.* O Venice, Venice, he who has never ſeen thee, has thee not in eſteem. THEOBALD.

The proverb, as I am informed, is this; *He that ſees Venice little, values it much; he that ſees it much, values it little.* But I ſuppoſe Mr. Theobald is right, for the true proverb would not ſerve the ſpeaker's purpoſe. JOHNSON.

Our author, I believe, found this Italian proverb in Florio's *Second Frutes*, 4to. 1591, where it ſtands thus:

"*Venetia, chi non ti vede, non ti pretia;*
"*Ma chi ti vede, ben gli coſta.*" MALONE.

2 He hums the notes of the gamut, as Edmund does in *King Lear*, Act I. ſc. ii. where ſee Dr. Burney's note. DOUCE.

3 Theſe verſes are printed with ſome variations in a book entitled *The Paſſionate Pilgrim*, 8vo. 1599. MALONE.

Where all thoſe pleaſures live, that art would comprehend:
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee ſhall ſuffice;
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend:
All ignorant that ſoul, that ſees thee without wonder;
(Which is to me ſome praiſe, that I thy parts admire;)
Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is muſick, and ſweet fire.
Celeſtial, as thou art, oh pardon, love, this wrong,
That ſings heaven's praiſe with ſuch an earthly tongue!

Hol. You find not the apoſtrophes, and ſo miſs the accent: let me ſupervize the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified; [4] but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poeſy, *caret*. Ovidius Naſo was the man: and why, indeed, Naſo; but for ſmelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? *Imitari*, is nothing: ſo doth the hound his maſter, the ape his keeper, the tired horſe [5] his rider. But, damoſella virgin, was this directed to you?

4 Though this ſpeech has all along been placed to ſir Nathaniel, I have ventured to join it to the preceding words of Holofernes; and not without reaſon. The ſpeaker here is impeaching the verſes; but ſir Nathaniel, as it appears above, thought them learned ones: beſides, as Dr. Thirlby obſerves, almoſt every word of this ſpeech fathers itſelf on the pedant. So much for the regulation of it: now, a little, to the contents.

And why, indeed, Naſo; but for ſmelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? the jerks of invention imitary *is nothing.*

Sagacity with a vengeance! I ſhould be a ſhamed to own myſelf a piece of a ſcholar, to pretend to the taſk of an editor, and to paſs ſuch ſtuff as this upon the world for genuine. Who ever heard of *invention imitary?* Invention and imitation have ever been accounted two diſtinct things. The ſpeech is by a pedant, who frequently throws in a word of Latin amongſt his Engliſh; and he is here flouriſhing upon the merit of invention, beyond that of imitation, or copying after another. My correction makes the whole ſo plain and intelligible, that, I think, it carries conviction along with it. THEOBALD.

This pedantry appears to have been common in the age of Shakſpeare. STEEVENS.

5 The *tired* horſe was the horſe *adorned with ribbands*,—The famous *Bankes's horſe* ſo often alluded to. Lilly, in his *Mother Bombie*, brings in

Jaq. Ay, ſir, from one Monſieur Biron,[6] one of the ſtrange queen's lords.

Hol. I will overglance the ſuperſcript. *To the ſnow-white hand of the moſt beauteous Lady Roſaline.* I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the perſon written unto:

Your Ladyſhip's in all deſired employment. BIRON.

Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a ſequent of the ſtranger queen's, which, accidentally, or by the way of progreſſion, hath miſcarried.—Trip and go, my ſweet;[7] deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king; it may concern much: Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty; adieu.

Jaq. Good Coſtard, go with me.—Sir, God ſave your life!

Coſt. Have with thee, my girl. [*Exeunt* COST *and* JAQ.

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiouſly; and, as a certain father ſaith——

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear colourable colours.[8] But, to return to the verſes; Did they pleaſe you, Sir Nathaniel?

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where if, before repaſt, it ſhall pleaſe you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the foreſaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto*; where I will prove thoſe verſes to be very unlearned,

a *Hackneyman* and Mr. *Halfpenny* at croſs-purpoſes with this words: "Why didſt thou boare the horſe through the eares?" "—It was for *tiring*." "He would never *tire*." replies the other. FARMER.

[6] Shakſpeare forgot himſelf in this paſſage. Jaquenetta knew nothing of Biron, and had ſaid, juſt before, that the letter had been "ſent to her from Don Armatho, and given to her by Coſtard." M. MASON.

[7] Perhaps originally the burthen of a ſong. So, in *Summer's Laſt Will and Teſtament*, by Naſhe, 1600:

"*Trip and go*, heave and hoe,
"Up and down, to and fro—." MALONE.

Theſe words are certainly part of an old popular ſong. There is an ancient muſical medley beginning, *Trip and go bey!* RITSON.

[8] That is ſpecious, or fair ſeeming appearances. JOHNSON.

unlearned, neither ſavouring of poetry, wit, nor invention: I beſeech your ſociety.

Nath. And thank you too: for ſociety, (ſaith the text,) is the happineſs of life.

Hol. And, certes, [9] the text moſt infallibly concludes it —Sir, [*To* Dull.] I do invite you too; you ſhall not ſay me, nay: *pauca verba.* Away; the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another part of the ſame.

Enter BIRON, *with a paper.*

Biron. The king he is hunting the deer; I am courſing myſelf: they have pitch'd a toil; I am toiling in a pitch; [2] pitch, that defiles; defile! a foul word. Well, Set thee down, ſorrow! for ſo, they ſay, the fool ſaid, and ſo ſay I, and I the fool. Well proved wit! By the lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills ſheep; it kills me. [3] I a ſheep: Well proved again on my ſide! I will not love: if I do, hang me; i'faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love: and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, ſhe hath one o' my ſonnets already; the clown bore it, the fool ſent it, and the lady hath it: ſweet clown, ſweeter fool, ſweeteſt lady! By the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in: Here comes one with a paper; God give him grace to groan!

[*Gets up into a tree.*

Enter the King, *with a paper.*

King. Ah me!

Biron. [*aſide.*] Shot, by heaven!—Proceed, ſweet Cupid;

9 ——certes,] i. e. certainly, in truth. STEEVENS.

2 Alluding to lady Roſaline's complexion, who is through the whole play repreſented as a black beauty. JOHNSON.

3 This is given as a proverb in Fuller's *Gnomologia.* RITSON.

thou haſt thump'd him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap:
—I'faith ſecrets.—

King. [reads.] *So ſweet a kiſs the golden ſun gives not*
To thoſe freſh morning drops upon the roſe,
As thy eye-beams, when their freſh rays have ſmote
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows: [4]
Nor ſhines the ſilver moon one half ſo bright
Through the tranſparent boſom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;
Thou ſhin'ſt in every tear that I do weep:
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee,
So rideſt thou triúmphing in my woe;
Do but behold the tears that ſwell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will ſhow:
But do not love thyſelf; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glaſſes, and ſtill make me weep.
O queen of queens, how far doſt thou excel!
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.—
How ſhall ſhe know my griefs? I'll drop the paper;
Sweet leaves, ſhade folly. Who is he comes here?

[*Steps aſide.*

Enter LONGAVILLE, *with a paper.*

What, Longaville! and reading! liſten, ear.

Biron. Now, in thy likeneſs, one more fool, appear!

[*Aſide.*

Long. Ah me! I am forſworn. [*Aſide.*

Biron. Why, he comes in like a perjure,[5] wearing papers. [*Aſide.*

King. In love, I hope; Sweet fellowſhip in ſhame! [*Aſide.*

Biron. One drunkard loves another of the name. [*Aſide.*

Long. Am I the firſt that have been perjur'd ſo? [*Aſide.*

Biron.

[4] This phraſe however quaint, is the poet's own. He means, *the dew that nightly flows down his cheeks.* Shakſpeare, in one of his other pieces, uſes *night of dew* for *dewy night*, but I cannot at preſent recollect which. STEEVENS.

[5] The puniſhment of perjury is to wear on the breaſt a paper expreſſing the crime. JOHNSON.

Biron. I could put thee in comfort; not by two, that I know: [*Aſide.*

Thou mak'ſt the triumviry, the corner-cap of ſociety,
The ſhape of love's Tyburn that hangs up ſimplicity.

Long. I fear, theſe ſtubborn lines lack power to move:
O ſweet Maria, empreſs of my love!
Theſe numbers will I tear, and write in proſe.

Biron. O, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hoſe: [*Aſide.*

Diſfigure not his ſlop.[6]

Long. This ſame ſhall go.—

[*He reads the ſonnet.*

Did not the heavenly rhetorick of thine eye
(Gainſt whom the world cannot hold argument,)
Perſuade my heart to this falſe perjury?
Vows, for thee broke, deſerve not puniſhment.
A woman I forſwore; but, I will prove,
Thou being a goddeſs, I forſwore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all diſgrace in me.
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:
Then thou, fair ſun, which on my earth doſt ſhine,
Exhal'ſt this vapour vow; in thee it is:
If broken then, it is no fault of mine;
If by me broke, What fool is not ſo wiſe,
To loſe an oath to win a paradiſe?

[6] The old copies read—*ſhop*. STEEVENS.

All the editions happen to concur in this error: but what agreement in ſenſe is there between Cupid's *hoſe* and his *ſhop*? or what relation can thoſe two terms have to one another? or what, indeed, can be underſtood by Cupid's *ſhop*? It muſt undoubtedly be corrected, as I have reformed the text.

Slops are large and wide-knee'd breeches, the garb in faſhion in our author's days, as we may obſerve from old family pictures; but they are now worn only by boors and ſea-faring men: and we have dealers whoſe ſole buſineſs it is to furniſh the ſailors with ſhirts, jackets, &c. who are called *ſlop-men*, and their ſhops, *ſlop-ſhops*. THEOBALD.

I ſuppoſe this alludes to the uſual tawdry dreſs of Cupid, when he appeared on the ſtage. In an old tranſlation of *Caſa's Galatea* is this precept: "Thou muſt wear no garments, that be over much daubed with *garding*: that men may not ſay, thou haſt *Ganimedes* hoſen, or *Cupides* doublet." FARMER.

Biron. [*Aſide.*] This is the liver vein,[7] which makes fleſh a deity;
A green gooſe, a goddeſs: pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend! we are much out o'the way.

Enter DUMAIN, *with a paper.*

Long. By whom ſhall I ſend this;—Company! ſtay.
[*Stepping aſide.*

Biron. [*Aſide.*] All hid, all hid,[8] an old infant play:
Like a demi-god here ſit I in the ſky,
And wretched fools' ſecrets heedfully o'er-eye.
More ſacks to the mill! O heavens, I have my wiſh;
Dumain transform'd: four woodcocks in a diſh![9]

Dum. O moſt divine Kate!

Biron. O moſt prophane coxcomb! [*Aſide.*

Dum. By heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye!

Biron. By earth, ſhe is but corporal; there you lie.[2]
[*Aſide.*

Dum. Her amber hairs for foul have amber coted.[3]

Biron.

7 The liver was anciently ſuppoſed to be the ſeat of love. JOHNSON.

8 The children's cry at *hide and ſeek.* MUSGRAVE.

9 ——*four* woodcocks *in a diſh!*] See *Much ado about nothing*, Act V. ſc. i. DOUCE.

2 Old edition:

"*By earth, ſhe is* not, corporal, *there you lie.*"

Dumain, one of the lovers, in ſpite of his vow to the contrary, thinking himſelf alone here, breaks out into ſhort ſoliloquies of admiration on his miſtreſs; and Biron, who ſtands behind as an eves-dropper, takes pleaſure in contradicting his amorous raptures. But Dumain was a young lord: he had no ſort of poſt in the army: what wit, or alluſion, then, can there be in Biron's calling him *corporal?* I dare warrant, I have reſtored the poet's true meaning, which is this. Dumain calls his miſtreſs divine, and the wonder of a mortal eye; and Biron in flat terms denies theſe hyperbolical praiſes. I ſcarce need hint, that our poet commonly uſes *corporal*, as *corporeal.* THEOBALD.

I have no doubt that Theobald's emendation is right.

The word *corporal* in Shakſpeare's time was uſed for *corporeal.*

Not is again printed for *but* in the original copy of *The Comedy of Errors*, and in other places. MALONE.

3 To *cote* is to outſtrip, to overpaſs.

The beauty of *amber* conſiſts in its variegated *cloudineſs*, which *Dumain* calls

Biron. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted. [*Aſide.*
Dum. As upright as the cedar.
Biron. Stoop, I ſay;
Her ſhoulder is with child. [*Aſide.*
Dum. As fair as day.
Biron. Ay, as ſome days; but then no ſun muſt ſhine.
[*Aſide.*

Dum. O that I had my wiſh!
Long. And I had mine! [*Aſide.*
King. And I mine too, good Lord! [*Aſide.*
Biron. Amen, ſo I had mine: Is not that a good word?
[*Aſide.*

Dum. I would forget her; but a fever ſhe
Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.
Biron. A fever in your blood! why, then inciſion
Would let her out in faucers; [4] ſweet miſpriſion! [*Aſide.*
Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.
Biron. Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit.
[*Aſide.*

Dum. *On a day, (alack the day!)*
Love, whoſe month is ever May,

calls *foulneſs*. The hair of his miſtreſs in varied ſhadows exceeded thoſe of amber. *Foul* may be uſed (as *Fair* often is) as a ſubſtantive.
STEEVENS.

Quoted here, I think, ſignifies *marked, written down.* MALONE.

The word here intended, though miſpelled, is *quoted*, which ſignifies *obſerved* or *regarded*, both here and in every place where it occurs in theſe plays; and the meaning is, that *amber itſelf is regarded as foul, when compared with her hair.* M. MASON.

[4] It was the faſhion among the young gallants of that age, to ſtab themſelves in the arms, or elſewhere, in order to drink their miſtreſs's health, or write her name in their blood, as à proof of their paſſion.

Thus in *The Humourous Lieutenant*, a gentleman gives the following deſcription of him, when in love with the King.—

" Thus he begins. thou light and life of creatures,
" Angel-ey'd King, vouchſafe at length thy favour;
" And ſo proceeds to *inciſion*."

But the cuſtom is more particularly deſcribed in Jonſon's *Cynthia's Revels*, where Phantaſte, deſcribing the different modes of making love, ſays— 'A fourth with *ſtabbing* himſelf, and *drinking healths*, or writing *languiſhing letters in his blood.*"—And in the Palinode, at the end of the play, Amorphus ſays, " From *ſtabbing of arms*, &c. Good Mercury deliver us!" M. MASON.

Spied a bloſſom, paſſing fair,
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unſeen, 'gan paſſage find;
That the lover, ſick to death,
Wiſh'd himſelf the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, *thy cheeks may blow;*
Air, would I might triumph ſo! [5]
But alack, my hand is ſworn, [6]
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet;
Youth ſo apt to pluck a ſweet.
Do not call it ſin in me,
That I am forſworn for thee:
Thou for whom even Jove would ſwear,
Juno but an Ethiop were;
And deny himſelf for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.—

This will I ſend; and ſomething elſe more plain,
That ſhall expreſs my true love's faſting pain. [7]
O, would the king, Biron, and Longaville,
Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note;
For none offend, where all alike do dote.

Long. Dumain, [*advancing.*] thy love is far from charity,
That in love's griefs deſir'ſt ſociety:
You may look pale, but I ſhould bluſh, I know,
To be o'erheard, and taken napping ſo.

King. Come, ſir, [*advancing.*] you bluſh; as his your caſe is ſuch;
You chide at him, offending twice as much:
You do not love Maria; Longaville

Did

[5] Perhaps we may better read:
"Ah! *would I might triumph ſo!*" JOHNSON.

[6] A copy of this ſonnet is printed in *England's Helicon*, 1614, and reads:
"But, alas! my hand *hath* ſworn."
It is likewiſe printed as Shakſpeare's, in Jaggard's *Collecti n*, 1599.
STEEVENS.

[7] *Faſting* is *longing*, *hungry*, *wanting*. JOHNSON.

Did never ſonnet for her ſake compile;
Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart
His loving boſom, to keep down his heart.
I have been cloſely ſhrouded in this buſh,
And mark'd you both, and for you both did bluſh.
I heard your guilty rhymes, obſerv'd your faſhion;
Saw ſighs reek from you, noted well your paſſion:
Ah me! ſays one; O Jove! the other cries;
One, her hairs were gold, cryſtal the other's eyes:
You would for paradiſe break faith and troth; [*To* LONG.
And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.
[*To* DUMAIN.
What will Birón ſay, when that he ſhall hear
A faith infring'd, which ſuch a zeal did ſwear?
How will he ſcorn? how will he ſpend his wit?
How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it?
For all the wealth that ever I did ſee,
I would not have him know ſo much by me.

Biron. Now ſtep I forth to whip hypocriſy.—
Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me:
[*Deſcends from the tree.*
Good heart, what grace haſt thou, thus to reprove
Theſe worms for loving,[8] that art moſt in love?
Your eyes do make no coaches; [9] in your tears,
There is no certain princeſs that appears:
You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hateful thing;
Tuſh, none but minſtrels like of ſonneting.
But are you not aſham'd? nay, are you not,
All three of you, to be thus much o'er-ſhot?
You found his mote; the king your mote did ſee;
But I a beam do find in each of three.
O, what a ſcene of foolery I have ſeen,
Of ſighs, of groans, of ſorrow, and of teen![2]

[8] *Theſe* worms *for loving,*] So, in *The Tempeſt*, Proſpero addreſſing Miranda, ſays—
"Poor *worm*, thou art infected." STEEVENS.

[9] Alluding to a paſſage in the king's *ſonnet*.
"No drop but as a *coach* doth carry thee." STEEVENS.
The old copy has—*couches*. Mr. Pope corrected it. MALONE.

[2] ——teen!] i. e. grief. STEEVENS.

O me, with what ſtrict patience have I ſat,
To ſee a king transformed to a gnat! [3]
To ſee great Hercules whipping a gigg,
And profound Solomon to tune a jigg,
And Neſtor play at puſh-pin with the boys,
And critick Timon [4] laugh at idle toys!
Where lies thy grief, O tell me, good Dumain?
And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?
And where my liege's? all about the breaſt:—
A caudle, ho!

King. Too bitter is thy jeſt.
Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

Biron. Not you by me, but I betray'd to you;
I, that am honeſt; I, that hold it ſin
To break the vow I am engaged in;

I am

[3] Mr. Theobald and the ſucceeding editors read—to a *knot*.
Knot has no ſenſe that can ſuit this place. We may read—*ſot*. The rhymes in this play are ſuch as that *ſat* and *ſot* may be well enough admitted. JOHNSON.

A *knot* is, I believe, a *true lover's knot*, meaning that the king

——lay'd his wreathed arms athwart
His loving boſom———

ſo long; i. e. remained ſo long in the lover's poſture, that he ſeemed actually transformed into a *knot*. The word *ſat* is in ſome counties pronounced *ſot*. This may account for the ſeeming want of exact rhyme.

The old copy, however, reads—a *gnat*, and Mr. Tollet ſeems to think it contains an alluſion to St. *Matthew*, xxiii. 24 where the metaphorical term of *a gnat* means a thing of leaſt importance, or what is proverbially ſmall. The ſmallneſs of a *gnat* is likewiſe mentioned in *Cymbeline*.
STEEVENS.

A *knott* is likewiſe a Lincolnſhire bird of the ſnipe kind. It is fooliſh even to a proverb, and it is ſaid to be eaſily enſnared. Ray, in his *Ornithology*, obſerves, that it took its name from Canute, who was particularly fond of it. COLLINS.

Alluding to the ſinging of that inſect, ſuggeſted by the poetry the king had been detected in. HEATH.

Gnat is undoubtedly the true reading, and is that, it ſeems, of the old copy. Biron is abuſing the King for his ſonnetting like a minſtrel, and compares him to a *gnat*, which always ſings as it flies. Beſides, the word *gnat* preſerves the rhime, which is here to be attended to. M. MASON.

[4] *Critic* and *critical* are uſed by our author in the ſame ſenſe as *cynic* and *cynical*. Iago, ſpeaking of the fair ſex as harſhly as is ſometimes the practice of Dr. Warburton, declares he is *nothing if not critical*.
STEEVENS.

I am betray'd, by keeping company
With moon-like men, of ſtrange inconſtancy.[5]
When ſhall you ſee me write a thing in rhyme?
Or groan for Joan? or ſpend a minute's time
In pruning me? [6] When ſhall you hear that I
Will praiſe a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gait, a ſtate,[7] a brow, a breaſt, a waiſt,
A leg, a limb?—

King. Soft; Whither away ſo faſt?
A true man, or a thief, that gallops ſo?

Biron. I poſt from love; good lover, let me go.

Enter JAQUENETTA *and* COSTARD.

Jaq. God bleſs the king?

King. What preſent haſt thou there?

Coſt. Some certain treaſon.

King. What makes treaſon here?

Coſt. Nay, it makes nothing, ſir.

King. If it mar nothing neither,
The treaſon, and you, go in peace away together.

Jaq. I beſeech your grace, let this letter be read;
Our parſon miſdoubts it; 'twas treaſon, he ſaid.

King. Biron, read it over. [*Giving him the letter.*
Where haſt thou it?

Jaq. Of Coſtard.

5 The old copy reads—"MEN-like men." STEEVENS.
This is a ſtrange ſenſeleſs line, and ſhould be read thus:
"*With* vane *like men, of ſtrange inconſtancy.* WARBURTON.
This is well imagined, but the poet perhaps may mean, *with men like* common *men.* JOHNSON.
I agree with the editors in conſidering this paſſage as erroneous, but not in the amendment propoſed. That which I would ſuggeſt is, to read *moon-like*, inſtead of *men-like*, which is a poetical expreſſion, and nearer to the old reading than *vane-like*. M. MASON.
I have not ſcrupled to place this happy emendation in the text; remarking at the ſame time that a *vane* is no where ſtyled *inconſtant*, although our author beſtows that epithet on the *moon* in *Romeo and Juliet.* STEEVENS.

6 A bird is ſaid to *prune* himſelf when he picks and ſleeks his feathers. STEEVENS.

7 *State*, I believe, in the preſent inſtance, is oppoſed to gait, (i. e. motion), and ſignifies the act of *ſtanding*. STEEVENS.

King. Where hadſt thou it?
Coſt. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.
King. How now! what is in you? why doſt thou tear it?
Biron. A toy, my liege, a toy; your grace needs not fear it.
Long. It did move him to paſſion, and therefore let's hear it.
Dum. It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.
[*Picks up the pieces.*
Biron. Ah, you whoreſon loggerhead, [*To* COSTARD.] you were born to do me ſhame.—
Guilty, my lord, guilty; I confeſs, I confeſs.
King. What?
Biron. That you three fools lack'd me fool to make up the meſs:
He, he, and you, my liege, and I,
Are pick-purſes in love, and we deſerve to die.
O, diſmiſs this audience, and I ſhall tell you more.
Dum. Now the number is even.
Biron. True true; we are four:—
Will theſe turtles be gone?
King. Hence, ſirs; away.
Coſt. Walk aſide the true folk, and let the traitors ſtay.
[*Exeunt* COSTARD *and* JAQUENETTA.
Biron. Sweet lords, ſweet lovers, O let us embrace!
As true we are, as fleſh and blood can be:
The ſea wi l ebb and flow, heaven ſhow his face;
Young blood will not obey an old decree:
We cannot croſs the cauſe why we were born;
Therefore, of all hands muſt we be forſworn.
King. What, did theſe rent lines ſhow ſome love of thine?
Biron. Did they, quoth you? Who ſees the heavenly Roſaline,
That, like a rude and ſavage man of Inde,
At the firſt opening of the gorgeous eaſt,
Bows not his vaſſal head; and, ſtrucken blind,
Kiſſes the baſe ground with obedient breaſt?
What peremptory eagle-ſighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majeſty?
King. What zeal, what fury hath inſpir'd thee now?

My love, her miſtreſs, is a gracious moon;
She, an attending ſtar[8] ſcarce ſeen a light.
Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Birón:
O, but for my love, day would turn to night!
Of all complexions the cull'd ſovereignty
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek;
Where ſeveral worthies make one dignity;
Where nothing wants, that want itſelf doth ſeek.
Lend me the flouriſh of all gentle tongues,—
Fie, painted rhetorick! O, ſhe needs it not:
To things of ſale a ſeller's praiſe belongs;
She paſſes praiſe; then praiſe too ſhort doth blot.
A wither'd hermit, five-ſcore winters worn,
Might ſhake off fifty, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varniſh age, as if new-born,
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.
O, 'tis the ſun, that maketh all things ſhine!
King. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.
Biron. Is ebony like her? O wood divine!
A wife of ſuch wood were felicity.
O, who can give an oath? where is a book?
That I may ſwear, beauty doth beauty lack,
If that ſhe learn not of her eye to look:
No face is fair, that is not full ſo black.
King. O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the ſcowl of night; [9]

And

[8] Something like this is a ſtanza of Sir Henry Wotton, of which the poetical reader will forgive the inſertion:

"*You meaner beauties of the night,*
"*That poorly ſatisfy our eyes*
"*More by your number than your light,*
"*You common people of the ſkies,*
"*What are you when the ſun ſhall riſe?*" JOHNSON.

[9] *The* ſcowl *of night*;] In former editions:
"———*the* ſchool *of night.*"
Black being the *ſchool* of night, is a piece of myſtery above my comprehenſion. I had gueſſed, it ſhould be:
"———*the* ſtole *of night:*"
but I have preferred the conjecture of my friend Mr. Warburton, who reads:
"——— *the* ſcowl *of night,*"
as it comes nearer in pronunciation to the corrupted reading, as well as agrees better with the other images. THEOBALD.

And beauty's creſt becomes the heavens well.[9]

Biron. Devils ſooneſt tempt, reſembling ſpirits of light.
O, if in black my lady's brows be deckt,
It mourns, that painting, and uſurping hair,[2]
Should raviſh doters with a falſe aſpect;
And therefore is ſhe born to make black fair.
Her favour turns the faſhion of the days;
For native blood is counted painting now;
And therefore red, that would avoid diſpraiſe,
Paints itſelf black, to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her, are chimney-ſweepers black.

Long. And, ſince her time, are colliers counted bright.

King. And Ethiops of their ſweet complexion crack.

Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.

Biron. Your miſtreſſes dare never come in rain,
For fear their colours ſhould be waſh'd away.

King. 'Twere good, yours did; for, ſir, to tell you plain,
I'll find a fairer face not waſh'd to-day.

Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk till dooms-day here.

King. No devil will fright thee then ſo much as ſhe.

Dum. I never knew man hold vile ſtuff ſo dear.

Long. Look, here's thy love: my foot and her face ſee.

[*Showing his ſhoe.*

Biron.

[9] *Creſt* is here properly oppoſed to *badge*. *Black*, ſays the king, is the *badge of hell*, but that which graces the heaven is *the creſt of beauty*. *Black* darkens hell, and is therefore hateful: *white* adorns heaven, and is therefore lovely. JOHNSON.

And beauty's *creſt* becomes the heavens well, i. e. the very *top*, the *height* of beauty, or the utmoſt degree of fairneſs, becomes the heavens. So the word *creſt* is explained by the poet himſelf in *King John*:

"———this is the very *top*
"The *height*, the *creſt*, or *creſt* unto the *creſt*
"Of murder's arms."

In heraldry, a *creſt* is a device placed above a coat of arms. Shakſpeare therefore aſſumes the liberty to uſe it in a ſenſe equivalent to *top* or *utmoſt height*, as he has uſed *ſpire* in *Coriolanus*:

"—to the *ſpire* and top of praiſes vouch'd."

So, in *Timon of Athens*: "—the *cap* of all the fools alive" is the top of them all, becauſe *cap* was the uppermoſt part of a man's dreſs. TOLLET.

[2] *Uſurping hair* alludes to the faſhion, which prevailed among ladies in our author's time, of wearing falſe hair, or *periwigs*, as they were then called, before that kind of covering for the head was worn by men.

MALONE.

Biron. O, if the ſtreets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for ſuch tread!
Dum. O vile! then as ſhe goes, what upward lies
The ſtreet ſhould ſee as ſhe walk'd over head.
King. But what of this? Are we not all in love?
Biron. O, nothing ſo ſure; and thereby all forſworn.
King. Then leave this chat; and, good Birón, now prove
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.
Dum. Ay, marry, there;—ſome flattery for this evil.
Long. O, ſome authority how to proceed;
Some tricks, ſome quillets,[3] how to cheat the devil.
Dum. Some ſalve for perjury.
Biron. O, 'tis more than need!
Have at you then, affection's men at arms:[4]
Conſider, what you firſt did ſwear unto;—
To faſt,—to ſtudy, and to ſee no woman;—
Flat treaſon 'gainſt the kingly ſtate of youth.
Say, can you faſt? your ſtomachs are too young;
And abſtinence engenders maladies,
And where that you have vow'd to ſtudy, lords,
In that each of you hath forſworn his book:
Can you ſtill dream, and pore, and thereon look?
For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of ſtudy's excellence,
Without the beauty of a woman's face?
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They are the ground, the books, the academes,
From whence doth ſpring the true Promethean fire.
Why, univerſal plodding priſons up
The nimble ſpirits in the arteries;[5]
As motion, and long-during action, tires

The

[3] *Quillet* is the peculiar word applied to law-chicane. I imagine the original to be this. In the French pleadings, every ſeveral allegation in the plaintiff's charge, and every diſtinct plea in the defendant's anſwer, began with the words *qu'il eſt*;—from whence was formed the word *quillet*, to ſignify a falſe charge or an evaſive anſwer. WARBURTON.

[4] *A man at arms*, is a ſoldier armed at all points both offenſively and defenſively. It is no more than, *Ye ſoldiers of affection.* JOHNSON.

[5] In the old ſyſtem of phyſic they gave the ſame office to the *arteries* as is now given to the nerves; as appears from the name, which is derived from ἀὴρ τηρεῖν. WARBURTON.

The ſinewy vigour of the traveller.
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forſworn the uſe of eyes;
And ſtudy too, the cauſer of your vow:
For where is any author in the world,
Teaches ſuch beauty as a woman's eye;[6]
Learning is but an adjunct to ourſelf,
And where we are, our learning likewiſe is.
Then, when ourſelves we ſee in ladies' eyes,
Do we not likewiſe ſee our learning there?
O, we have made a vow to ſtudy, lords;
And in that vow we have forſworn our books;[7]
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
In leaden contemplation, have found out
Such fiery numbers,[8] as the prompting eyes
Of beauteous tutors have enrich'd you with?
Other ſlow arts entirely keep the brain;[9]
And therefore finding barren practiſers,
Scarce ſhow a harveſt of their heavy toil:
But love, firſt learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain;
But with the motion of all elements,
Courſes as ſwift as thought in every power;
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious ſeeing to the eye;
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
A lover's ear will hear the loweſt ſound,
When the ſuſpicious head of theft is ſtopp'd;[2]

Love's

[6] A lady's eyes give a fuller notion of beauty than any author.
JOHNSON.

[7] Our true *books*, from which we derive moſt information;—the *eyes* of women. MALONE.

[8] *Numbers* are, in this paſſage, nothing more than *poetical meaſures*. *Could you*, ſays Biron, *by ſolitary contemplation, have attained ſuch poetical fire, ſuch ſpritely numbers as have been prompted by the eyes of beauty.*
JOHNSON.

[9] As we ſay, *keep* the houſe, or *keep* their bed. M. MASON.

[2] i. e. a lover in purſuit of his miſtreſs has his ſenſe of hearing quicker than a thief (who ſuſpects every ſound he hears) in purſuit of his prey.
WARBURTON.

Love's feeling is more ſoft, and ſenſible,
Than are the tender horns of cockled [3] ſnails;
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus groſs in taſte:
For valour, is not love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Heſperides? [4]
Subtle as ſphinx; as ſweet, and muſical,
As bright Apollo's lute, ſtrung with his hair; [5]

And,

"*The ſuſpicious head of theft* is the *head ſuſpicious* of theft." "He watches like one that fears robbing," ſays Speed, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. This tranſpoſition of the adjective is ſometimes met with. Grimme tells us, in *Damon and Pythias*:

"A *heavy* pouch *with golde* makes a light hart." FARMER.

The *thief* is as watchful on his part, as the perſon who fears to be robbed, and Biron poetically makes *theft* a perſon. M. MASON.

Mr. M. Maſon might have countenanced his explanation, by a paſſage in the third part of *K. Henry VI*:

"*Suſpicion* always haunts the guilty mind:
"The *thief* doth fear each buſh an officer:"

and yet my opinion concurs with that of Dr. Farmer; though his explanation is again controverted, by a writer who ſigns himſelf *Lucius*, in *The Edinburgh Magazine*, Nov. 1786. "The *ſuſpicious head of theft* (ſays he) is the ſuſpicious head of *the thief*. There is no man who liſtens ſo eagerly as a thief, or whoſe ears are ſo acutely upon the ſtretch."

STEEVENS.

I rather incline to Dr. Warburton's interpretation. MALONE.

[3] i. e. inſhelled, like the fiſh called a *cockle*. STEEVENS.

[4] Our author had heard or read of "the gardens of the Heſperides," and ſeems to have thought that the latter word was the name of the garden in which the golden apples were kept; as we ſay, the gardens of the *Tuilleries*, &c. Our poet's contemporaries, I have lately obſerved, are chargeable with the ſame inaccuracy. MALONE.

[5] This expreſſion, like that other in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, of——

"*Orpheus' harp was ſtrung with poet's ſinews*,"

is extremely beautiful, and highly figurative. Apollo, as the ſun, is repreſented with golden hair; ſo that a lute ſtrung with his hair, means no more than ſtrung with gilded wire. WARBURTON.

The author of the *Reviſal* ſuppoſes this expreſſion to be allegorical, p. 138. "Apollo's lute ſtrung with ſunbeams, which in poetry are called hair." But what idea is conveyed by Apollo's lute *ſtrung with ſunbeams*? Undoubtedly the words are to be taken in their literal ſenſe; and in the ſtile of Italian imagery, the thought is highly elegant. The very ſame ſort of conception occurs in Lyly's *Mydas*, a play which probably preceded Shakſpeare's. Act IV. ſc. i. Pan tells Apollo: "Had thy lute been of lawrell, and the *ſtrings* of *Daphne's haire*, thy tunes might have been compared to my notes." &c. T. WARTON.

And, when love ſpeaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowſy with the harmony.[6]

Never

[6] This nonſenſe we ſhould read and point thus:

And when love ſpeaks the voice of all the gods,
Mark, *heaven drowſy with the harmony.*

i. e. in the voice of love alone is included the voice of all the gods. Alluding to that ancient theogony, that Love was the parent and ſupport of all the gods. Hence, as Suidas tells us, Palæphatus wrote a poem called, Ἀφροδίτης καὶ Ἔρωτος φωνὴ καὶ λόγος. *The voice and ſpeech of Venus and Love*, which appears to have been a kind of coſmogony, the harmony of which is ſo great, that it calms and allays all kinds of diſorders: alluding again to the ancient uſe of muſic, which was to compoſe monarchs, when, by reaſon of the cares of empire, they uſed to paſs whole nights in reſtleſs inquietude. WARBURTON.

The ancient reading is,

"Make *heaven*"——— JOHNSON.

I cannot find any reaſon for Dr. Warburton's emendation, nor do I believe the poet to have been at all acquainted with that ancient theogony mentioned by his critick. The former reading, with the ſlight addition of a ſingle letter, was, perhaps, the true one. *When love ſpeaks*, (ſays Biron,) *the aſſembled gods reduce the element of the ſky to a calm, by their harmonious applauſes of this favoured orator.*

Mr. Collins obſerves, that the meaning of the paſſage may be this.—*That the voice of all the gods united, could inſpire only drowſineſs, when compared with the cheerful effects of the voice of Love.* That ſenſe is ſufficiently congruous to the reſt of the ſpeech.

Dr. Warburton has raiſed the idea of his author, by imputing to him a knowledge, of which I believe, he was not poſſeſſed; but ſhould either of theſe explanations prove the true one, I ſhall offer no apology for having made him ſtoop from the critick's elevation. I would, however, read,

"Makes *heaven drowſy with* its *harmony.*"

Though the words *mark!* and *behold!* are alike uſed to beſpeak or ſummon attention, yet the former of them appears ſo harſh in Dr. Warburton's emendation, that I read the line ſeveral times over before I perceived its meaning. To *ſpeak* the *voice* of the gods, appears to me as defective in the ſame way. Dr. Warburton, in a note on *All's Well that ends Well*, obſerves, that to *ſpeak a ſound* is a *barbariſm*. To *ſpeak a voice* is, I think, no leſs reprehenſible. STEEVENS.

The meaning is, whenever love ſpeaks, all the gods join their voices with his in harmonious concert. HEATH.

Makes *heaven drowſy with the harmony.*] The old copies read—*make.* The emendation was made by Sir T. Hanmer. More correct writers than Shakſpeare often fall into this inaccuracy when a noun of multitude has preceded the verb. In a former part of this ſpeech the ſame error occurs: "——each of you *have* forſworn—." MALONE.

Few

Never durſt poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with love's ſighs;
O, then his lines would raviſh ſavage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:[7]
They ſparkle ſtill the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That ſhow, contain, and nouriſh all the world;
Elſe, none at all in aught proves excellent:

Then

Few paſſages have been more canvaſſed than this. I believe, it wants no alteration of the words, but only of the pointing,

And when love ſpeaks (the voice of all) the gods
Make heaven drowſy with thy harmony.

Love, I apprehend, is called the *voice of all*, as gold, in *Timon*, is ſaid to *ſpeak with every tongue*; and *the gods* (being drowſy themſelves *with the harmony*) are ſuppoſed to make heaven drowſy. If one could poſſibly ſuſpect Shakſpeare of having read *Pindar*, one ſhould ſay, that the idea of muſic making the hearers drowſy, was borrowed from the firſt Pythian.

TYRWHITT.

Perhaps here is an accidental tranſpoſition. We may read, as I think, ſome one has propoſed before:

"The voice *makes* all the gods
"*Of* heaven drowſy with the harmony" FARMER.

That harmony had the power to make the hearers drowſy, the preſent commentator might infer from the effect it uſually produces on himſelf. In *Cinthia's Revenge*, 1613, however, is an inſtance which ſhould weigh more with the reader:

"Howl forth ſome ditty, that vaſt hell may ring
"With charms all potent, earth *aſleep to bring*." STEEVENS.

[7] In this ſpeech I ſuſpect a more than common inſtance of the inaccuracy of the firſt publiſhers:

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive,

and ſeveral other lines, are as unneceſſarily repeated. Dr. Warburton was aware of this, and omitted two verſes, which Dr. Johnſon has ſince inſerted. Perhaps the players printed from piece-meal parts, or retained what the author had rejected, as well as what had undergone his reviſal. It is here given according to the regulation of the old copies.

STEEVENS.

This and the two following lines, are omitted by Warburton, not from inadvertency, but becauſe they are repeated in a ſubſequent part of the ſpeech. There are alſo ſome other lines repeated in the like manner. But we are not to conclude from thence, that any of theſe lines ought to be ſtruck out. Biron repeats the principal topicks of his argument, as preachers do their text, in order to recall the attention of the auditors to the ſubject of their diſcourſe. M. MASON.

Then fools you were, theſe women to forſwear;
Or, keeping what is ſworn, you will prove fools.
For wiſdom's ſake, a word that all men love;
Or for love's ſake, a word that loves all men;[8]
Or for men's ſake, the authors of theſe women;
Or women's ſake, by whom we men are men;
Let us once loſe our oaths, to find ourſelves,
Or elſe we loſe ourſelves to keep our oaths:
It is religion, to be thus forſworn:
For charity itſelf fulfils the law;
And who can ſever love from charity?

King. Saint Cupid, then! and, ſoldiers, to the field!

Biron. Advance your ſtandards, and upon them, lords;
Pell-mell, down with them! but be firſt adviſ'd,
In conflict that you get the ſun of them.[9]

Long.

[8] ——*a word that loves all men*;] We ſhould read:
"——*a word all* women *love.*"
The following line:
"*Or for men's ſake* (*the authors of* theſe *women*;)
which refers to this reading, puts it out of all queſtion. WARBURTON.

Perhaps we might read thus, tranſpoſing the lines:

Or for love's ſake, a word that loves all men:
For women's ſake, by whom we men are men;
Or for men's ſake, the authors of theſe women.

The antitheſis of *a word that all men love*, and *a word which loves all men*, though in itſelf worth little, has much of the ſpirit of this play. JOHNSON.

There will be no difficulty, if we correct it to "men's ſakes, the authors of theſe *words.*" FARMER.

I think no alteration ſhould be admitted in theſe four lines, that deſtroys the artificial ſtructure of them, in which, as has been obſerved by the author of the *Reviſal*, the word which terminates every line, is prefixed to the word *ſake* in that immediately following. TOLLET.

——*a word that loves all men*;] i. e. that is pleaſing to all men. So, in the language of our author's time,—*it likes me well*, for *it pleaſes me.* Shakſpeare uſes the word thus licentiouſly, merely for the ſake of the antitheſis. *Men* in the following line are with ſufficient propriety ſaid to be authors of women, and theſe again of men, the aid of both being neceſſary to the continuance of human kind. There is ſurely, therefore, no need of any of the alterations that have been propoſed to be made in theſe lines. MALONE.

[9] In the days of archery, it was of conſequence to have the ſun at the back of the bowmen, and in the face of the enemy. This circumſtance

was

Long. Now to plain-dealing; lay theſe glozes by:
Shall we reſolve to woo theſe girls of France?
King. And win them too: therefore let us deviſe
Some entertainment for them in their tents.
Biron. Firſt, from the park let us conduct them thither;
Then, homeward, every man attach the hand
Of his fair miſtreſs: in the afternoon
We will with ſome ſtrange paſtime ſolace them,
Such as the ſhortneſs of the time can ſhape;
For revels, dances, maſks, and merry hours,
Fore-run fair Love, ſtrewing her way with flowers.
King. Away, away! no time ſhall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.
Biron. Allons! Allons!—Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn;[2]
And juſtice always whirls in equal meaſure:
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forſworn;
If ſo our copper buys no better treaſure.[3] [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Another part of the ſame.

Enter HOLOFERNES, *Sir* NATHANIEL, *and* DULL.

Hol. Satis quod ſufficit.[4]
Nath. I praiſe God for you, ſir: your reaſons at dinner have

was of great advantage to our Henry the Fifth at the battle of Agincourt.—Our poet, however, I believe, had alſo an equivoque in his thoughts. MALONE.

[2] This proverbial expreſſion intimates, that beginning with perjury, they can expect to reap nothing but falſhood. The following lines lead us to this ſenſe. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's firſt interpretation of this paſſage, which is preſerved in Mr. Theobald's edition,—"if we don't take the proper meaſures for winning theſe ladies, we ſhall never achieve them,"—is undoubtedly the true one. HEATH.

Mr. Edwards, however, approves of Dr. Warburton's ſecond thoughts. MALONE.

[3] Here Mr. Theobald ends the third act. JOHNSON.

[4] i. e. Enough's as good as a feaſt. STEEVENS.

have been[5] ſharp and ſententious; pleaſant without ſcurrility, witty without affection,[6] audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and ſtrange without hereſy. I did converſe this *quondam* day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. Novi hominem tanquam te: His humour is lofty, his diſcourſe peremptory, his tongue filed,[7] his eye ambitious, his gait majeſtical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thraſonical.[8] He is too picked,[9] too ſpruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath.

[5] I know not well what degree of reſpect Shakſpeare intends to obtain for this vicar, but he has here put into his mouth a finiſhed repreſentation of colloquial excellence. It is very difficult to add any thing to his character of the ſchool-maſter's table-talk, and perhaps all the precepts of Caſtiglione will ſcarcely be found to comprehend a rule for converſation ſo juſtly delineated, ſo widely dilated, and ſo nicely limited.

It may be proper juſt to note, that *reaſon* here, and in many other places, ſignifies *diſcourſe*; and that *audacious* is uſed in a good ſenſe for *ſpirited, animated, confident*. *Opinion* is the ſame with *obſtinacy* or *opiniatreté*.

JOHNSON.

Audacious was not always uſed by our ancient writers in a bad ſenſe. It means no more here, and in the following inſtance from Ben Jonſon's *Silent Woman*, than *liberal* or *commendable boldneſs*:

"——ſhe that ſhall be my wife, muſt be accompliſhed with courtly and *audacious* ornaments." STEEVENS.

[6] i. e. without affectation. STEEVENS.

[7] Chaucer, Skelton, and Spenſer, are frequent in their uſe of this phraſe. Ben Jonſon has it likewiſe. STEEVENS.

[8] The uſe of the word *thraſonical* is no argument that the author had read Terence. It was introduced to our language long before Shakſpeare's time. FARMER.

[9] To have the beard *piqued* or ſhorn ſo as to end in a point, was, in our author's time, a mark of a traveller affecting foreign faſhions.

JOHNSON.

Piqued may allude to the length of the ſhoes then worn. Bulwer, in his *Artificial Changeling*, ſays:—"We weare our forked ſhoes almoſt as long again as our feete, not a little to the hindrance of the action of the foote; and not only ſo, but they prove an impediment to reverential devotion, for our bootes and ſhooes are ſo long ſnouted, that we can hardly kneele in God's houſe." STEEVENS.

I believe *picked* (for ſo it ſhould be written) ſignifies *nicely dreſt* in general, without reference to any particular faſhion of dreſs. It is a metaphor taken from birds, who dreſs themſelves by *picking out* or *pruning*, their

Nath. A moſt ſingular and choice epithet.

[*Takes out his table-book.*

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verboſity finer than the ſtaple of his argument. I abbor ſuch fanatical phantaſm, ſuch inſociable and point-deviſe [2] companions; ſuch rackers of orthography, as to ſpeak, dout, fine, when he ſhould ſay, doubt; det, when he ſhould pronounce, debt; d, e, b, t; not, d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf: half, hauf; neighbour, *vocatur*, nebour; neigh, abbreviated, ne: This is abhominable,[3] (which he would call abominable,) it inſinuateth me of inſanie;[4] *Ne intelligis domine?* to make frantick, lunatick.

Nath.

their broken or ſuperfluous feathers. So Chaucer uſes the word, in his deſcription of Damian dreſſing himſelf, *Cant. Tales*, ver. 9885: "He kembeth him, he *proineth* him and *piketh*." And Shakſpeare in this very play, uſes the correſponding word *pruning* for *dreſſing*, Act. IV. ſc. iii:

"——or ſpend a minute's time
"In *pruning* me——"

The ſubſtantive *pickedneſs* is uſed by Ben Jonſon for *nicety in dreſs*. Diſcoveries, Vol. VII. Whalley's edit. p. 116: "——too much *pickedneſs* is not manly." TYRWHITT.

[2] A French expreſſion for the utmoſt, or finical exactneſs. STEEVENS.

[3] He has here well imitated the language of the moſt redoubtable pedants of that time. On ſuch ſort of occaſions, Joſeph Scaliger uſed to break out, "*Abominor, execror. Aſinitas mera eſt, impietas,*" &c. and calls his adverſary, "*Lutum ſtercore maceratum, dæmoniacum recrementum inſcitiæ, ſterquilinium, ſtercus diaboli, ſcarabæum, larvam, pecus poſtremum beſtiarum, infame propudium, κάθαρμα.*" WARBURTON.

Shakſpeare knew nothing of this language; and the reſemblance which Dr. Warburton finds, if it deſerves that title, is quite accidental. It is far more probable, that he means to ridicule the foppiſh manner of ſpeaking, and affected pronunciation, introduced at court by Lyly and his imitators. STEEVENS.

[4] In former editions, *it infinuateth me of* infamie: Ne intelligis domine? *to make frantick, lunatick.*

Nath. Laus Deo, *bone* intelligo.

Hol. Bome, boon *for* boon Priſcian; a little ſcratch, 'twill ſerve.] Why ſhould *infamy* be explained by making *frantick, lunatick?* It is plain and obvious that the poet intended the pedant ſhould coin an uncouth affected word here, *infanie*, from *infania* of the Latins. Then, what a piece of unintelligible jargon have theſe learned criticks given us for Latin? I think, I may venture to affirm, I have reſtored the paſſage to its true purity.

Nath.

Nath. Laus deo, bone intelligo.

Hol. Bone?——*bone*, for *benè*: *Priſcian* a little ſcratch'd; 'twill ſerve.

Enter ARMADO, MOTH, *and* COSTARD.

Nath. Videſne quis venit?

Hol. Video, & gaudeo.

Arm. Chirra! [*To* MOTH.

Hol. Quare Chirra, not ſirrah?

Arm. Men of peace, well encounter'd.

Hol. Moſt military ſir, ſalutation.

Moth. They have been at a great feaſt of languages, and ſtolen the ſcraps. [*To* COSTARD *aſide.*

Coſt. O, they have lived long on the alms-baſket of words![5] I marvel, thy maſter hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not ſo long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus*:[6] thou art eaſier ſwallowed than a flap-dragon.[7]

Moth.

Nath. *Laus Deo*, bone, intelligo.

The curate, addreſſing with complaiſance his brother pedant, ſays, *bone*, to him, as we frequently in *Terence* find *bone vir*; but the pedant, thinking he had miſtaken the adverb, thus deſcants on it.

Bone?——*bone* for *bene*. Priſcian *a little ſcratched: 'twill ſerve.* Alluding to the common phraſe, *Diminuis* Priſciani *caput*, applied to ſuch as ſpeak falſe Latin. THEOBALD.

There ſeems yet ſomething wanting to the integrity of this paſſage, which Mr. Theobald has in the moſt corrupt and difficult places very happily reſtored. For *ne intelligis domine? to make frantick, lunatick*, I read (nonne *intelligis, domine?*) to *be mad, frantick, lunatick.* JOHNSON.

Inſanie appears to have been a word anciently uſed. STEEVENS.

I ſhould rather read—"it inſinuateth *men* of inſanie." FARMER.

[5] i. e. the refuſe of words. STEEVENS.

The refuſe meat of families was put into a *baſket* in our author's time, and given to the poor. So, in Florio's *Second Frutes*, 1591: "Take away the table, fould up the cloth, and put all thoſe pieces of broken meat into a *baſket* for the *poor*. MALONE.

The refuſe meat of great families was formerly ſent to the priſons.

This laudable cuſtom is ſtill preſerved in the principal public feaſts of the metropolis. NICHOLS.

[6] This word, whenceſoever it comes, is often mentioned as the longeſt word known. JOHNSON.

It occurs likewiſe in Marſton's *Dutch Courtezan*, 1604:

"His diſcourſe is like the long word *honorificabilitudinitatibus*; a great deal of ſound and no ſenſe." STEEVENS.

[7] A *flap-dragon* is a ſmall inflammable ſubſtance, which topers ſwallow in a glaſs of wine. STEEVENS.

Moth. Peace; the peal begins.

Arm. Monſieur, [*To* Hol.] are you not letter'd?

Moth. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the hornbook:—What is a, b, ſpelt backward with a horn on his head?

Hol. Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, moſt ſilly ſheep, with a horn:—You hear his learning.

Hol. *Quis*, *quis*, thou conſonant?

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

Hol. I will repeat them, a, e, i.—

Moth. The ſheep: the other two concludes it; o, u.[8]

Arm. Now, by the ſalt wave of the Mediterraneum, a ſweet touch, a quick venew of wit:[9] ſnip, ſnap, quick and home; it rejoiceth my intellect: true wit.

Moth. Offer'd by a child to an old man; which is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou diſputeſt like an infant: go, whip thy gig.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *circùm circà*;[2] A gig of a cuckold's horn!

Coſt. An I had but one penny in the world, thou ſhouldſt have it to buy ginger-bread: hold there is the very remune-

[8] In former editions:

The laſt *of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the* fifth, *if I.*

Hol. *I will repeat them,* a, e, I,——

Moth. *The ſheep: the other two concludes it;* o, u.

Is not the *laſt* and the *fifth* the ſame *vowel?* Though my correction reſtores but a poor conundrum, yet if it reſtores the poet's meaning, it is the duty of an editor to trace him in his loweſt conceits. By O, U, Moth would mean—Oh, you—i. e. You are the ſheep ſtill, either way; no matter which of us repeats them. Theobald.

[9] A *venew* is the technical term for *a bout* at the fencing-ſchool. So, in *The Four Prentices of London*, 1615: Steevens.

"——in the fencing-ſchool

"To play a *venew*." Steevens.

A *venue*, as has already been obſerved, is not a *bout* at fencing but a *hit*. "A ſweet-touch of wit, (ſays Armado,) a ſmart *hit*." Malone.

Notwithſtanding the poſitiveneſs with which my ſenſe of the word *venue* is denied, my quotation ſufficiently eſtabliſhes it; for who ever talked of *playing* a *hit* in a fencing-ſchool? Steevens.

[2] Here again all the editions give us jargon inſtead of Latin. But Moth would certainly mean—*circum circa*: i. e. about and about: though it may be deſigned he ſhould miſtake the terms. Theobald.

ration I had of thy maſter, thou half-penny purſe of wit, thou pigeon-egg of diſcretion. O, an the heavens were ſo pleaſed, that thou wert but my baſtard! what a joyful father wouldſt thou make me! Go to; thou haſt it *ad dunghill*, at the fingers' ends, as they ſay.

Hol. O, I ſmell falſe Latin; dunghill for *unguem*.

Arm. Arts-man, *præambula*; we will be ſingled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-houſe[3] on the top of the mountain?

Hol. Or, *mons*, the hill.

Arm. At your ſweet pleaſure, for the mountain.

Hol. I do, ſans queſtion.

Arm. Sir, it is the king's moſt ſweet pleaſure and affection, to congratulate the princeſs at her pavilion, in the poſteriors of this day; which the rude multitude call, the afternoon.

Hol. The poſterior of the day, moſt generous ſir, is liable, congruent, and meaſurable for the afternoon: the word is well cull'd, choſe; ſweet and apt, I do aſſure you, ſir, I do aſſure.

Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman; and my familiar, I do aſſure you, very good friend:—For what is inward[4] between us, let it paſs:—I do beſeech thee, remember thy courteſy;—I beſeech thee apparel thy head:[5]—and among other importunate and moſt ſerious deſigns,—and of great import indeed, too;—but let that paſs:—for I muſt tell thee, it will pleaſe his grace (by the world) ſometime to lean upon my poor ſhoulder; and with his

[3] I ſuppoſe, is the *free ſchool*. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*inward*—] i. e. confidential. STEEVENS.

[5] I believe the word *not* was inadvertently omitted by the tranſcriber or compoſitor; and that we ſhould read—I do beſeech thee, remember *not* thy courteſy——Armado is boaſting of the familiarity with which the king treats him, and intimates ("but let that paſs,") that when he and his Majeſty converſe, the king lays aſide all ſtate, and makes him wear his hat: "*I do beſeech thee*, (will he ſay to me) *remember* not *thy courteſy*; do not obſerve any ceremony with me; *be covered*."

Theſe words may, however, be addreſſed by Armado to Holofernes, whom we may ſuppoſe to have ſtood uncovered from reſpect to the Spaniard.

If this was the poet's intention, they ought to be included in a parentheſis. To whomſoever the words are ſuppoſed to be addreſſed, the emendation appears to me equally neceſſary. MALONE.

By "remember thy courteſy" I ſuppoſe Armado means—*remember that all this time thou art ſtanding with thy hat off*. STEEVENS.

his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement,[6] with my muſtachio: but ſweet heart, let that paſs. By the world I recount no fable: ſome certain ſpecial honours it pleaſeth his greatneſs to impart to Armado, a ſoldier, a man of travel, that hath ſeen the world: but let that paſs.—The very all of all is,—but, ſweet heart, I do implore ſecrecy,—that the king would have me preſent the princeſs, ſweet chuck,[7] with ſome delightful oſtentation, or ſhow, or pageant, or antick, or fire-work. Now, underſtanding that the curate, and your ſweet ſelf, are good at ſuch eruptions, and ſudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your aſſiſtance.

Hol. Sir, you ſhall preſent before her the nine worthies.—Sir Nathaniel, as concerning ſome entertainment of time, ſome ſhow in the poſterior of this day, to be render'd by our aſſiſtance,—the king's command, and this moſt gallant, illuſtrate, and learned gentleman,—before the princeſs; I ſay, none ſo fit as to preſent the nine worthies.

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to preſent them?

Hol. Joſhua, yourſelf; myſelf, or this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabæus; this ſwain, becauſe of his great limb or joint, ſhall paſs Pompey the great;[8] the page, Hercules.

Arm. Pardon, ſir, error: he is not quantity enough for that worthy's thumb: he is not ſo big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience; he ſhall preſent Hercules in minority: his *enter* and *exit* ſhall be ſtrangling a ſnake; and I will have an apology for that purpoſe.

Moth. An excellent device! ſo, if any of the audience hiſs, you may cry: *well done, Hercules! now thou cruſheſt the ſnake!* that is the way to make an offence gracious;[9] though few have the grace to do it.

[6] The author calls the beard *valour's excrement* in *The Merchant of Venice.* JOHNSON.

[7] i. e. chicken; an ancient term of endearment. STEEVENS.

[8] "Shall *paſs* Pompey the great," ſeems to mean, ſhall *march* in the proceſſion for him; *walk* as his repreſentative. STEEVENS.

[9] i. e. to convert an offence againſt yourſelves, into a dramatic propriety. STEEVENS.

Arm. For the reſt of the worthies?—
Hol. I will play three myſelf.
Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!
Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?
Hol. We attend.
Arm. We will have, if this fadge not,[2] an antick. I beſeech you, follow.
Hol. Via,[3] goodman Dull! thou haſt ſpoken no word all this while.
Dull. Nor underſtood none neither, ſir.
Hol. Allons! we will employ thee.
Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or ſo; or I will play on the tabor to the worthies, and let them dance the hay.
Hol. Moſt dull, honeſt Dull, to our ſport, away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another part of the ſame. Before the Princeſs's *Pavilion.*

Enter the Princeſs, KATHARINE, ROSALINE, *and* MARIA.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we ſhall be rich ere we depart.
If fairings come thus plentifully in:
A lady wall'd about with diamonds!—
Look you, what I have from the loving king.
Roſ. Madam, came nothing elſe along with that?
Prin. Nothing but this? yes, as much love in rhyme,
As would be cramm'd up in a ſheet of paper,
Writ on both ſides the leaf, margent and all;
That he was fain to ſeal on Cupid's name.
Roſ. That was the way to make his god-head wax;[4]
For he hath been five thouſand years a boy.
Kath. Ay, and a ſhrewd unhappy gallows too.

Roſ.

[2] i. e. ſuit not. Several inſtances of the uſe of this word are given in *Twelfth Night*. STEEVENS.

[3] An Italian exclamation, ſignifying, *Courage! come on!* STEEVENS.

[4] To *wax* anciently ſignified to grow. It is yet ſaid of the moon, that ſhe *waxes* and *wanes*. STEEVENS.

Ros. You'll ne'er be friends with him; he kill'd your
sister.
Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy;
And so she died: had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might have been a grandam ere she died:
And so may you; for a light heart lives long.
Ros. What's your dark meaning, mouse,[5] of this light
word?
Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark.
Ros. We need more light to find your meaning out.
Kath. You'll mar the light, by taking it in snuff;[6]
Therefore, I'll darkly end the argument.
Ros. Look, what you do, you do it still i' the dark.
Kath. So do not you; for you are a light wench.
Ros. Indeed, I weigh not you; and therefore light.
Kath. You weigh me not,—O, that's you care not for me.
Ros. Great reason; for, Past cure is still past care.
Prin. Well bandied both; a set of wit[7] well play'd.
But Rosaline, you have a favour too:
Who sent it? and what is it?
Ros. I would, you knew:
An if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favour were as great; be witness this.
Nay, I have verses too, I thank Birón:
The numbers true; and, were the numb'ring too,
I were the fairest goddess on the ground:
I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.
O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!
Prin. Any thing like?
Ros. Much, in the letters; nothing, in the praise.
Prin. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.
Kath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.
Ros. 'Ware pencils![8] How? let me not die your debtor,

[5] This was a term of endearment formerly. MALONE.
[6] *Snuff* is here used equivocally for *anger*, and the *snuff of a candle*. See more instances of this conceit in *K. Henry IV.* P. I. Act. I. sc. iii. STEEVENS.
[7] A term from tennis. STEEVENS.
[8] *'Ware* pencils!] The former editions read:

"Were

My red dominical, my golden letter:
O, that your face were not ſo full of O's!

Kath. A pox of that jeſt! and beſhrew all ſhrows![9]

Prin. But what was ſent to you from fair Dumain?[2]

Kath. Madam, this glove.

Prin. Did he not ſend you twain?

Kath. Yes, madam; and moreover,
Some thouſand verſes of a faithful lover:
A huge tranſlation of hypocriſy.
Vilely compil'd, profound ſimplicity.

Mar. This, and theſe pearls, to me ſent Longaville;
The letter is too long by half a mile.

Prin. I think no leſs; Doſt thou not wiſh in heart,
The chain were longer, and the letter ſhort?

Mar. Ay, or I would theſe hands might never part.

Prin. We are wiſe girls, to mock our lovers ſo.

Roſ. They are worſe fools, to purchaſe mocking ſo.
That ſame Birón I'll torture ere I go.
O, that I knew he were but in by the week![3]

How

"*Were pencils*"———
Sir T. Hanmer here rightly reſtored:
"'Ware *pencils*"———

Roſaline, a black beauty, reproaches the fair Katharine for painting.
JOHNSON.

Johnſon miſtakes the meaning of this ſentence; it is not a reproach, but a cautionary threat. Roſaline ſays that Biron had drawn her picture in his letter; and afterwards playing on the word *letter*, Katharine compares her to a text B. Roſaline in reply adviſes her to beware of pencils, that is of drawing likeneſſes, leſt ſhe ſhould retaliate; which ſhe afterwards does, by comparing her to a red dominical letter, and calling her marks of the ſmall pox oes. M. MASON.

9 "*Pox* of that jeſt!" Mr. Theobald is ſcandalized at this language from a princeſs. But there needs no alarm—the *ſmall pox* only is alluded to; with which it ſeems, Katharine was pitted; or, as it is quaintly expreſſed, "her face was full of O's." Daviſon has a canzonet on his lady's ſickneſſe of the *poxe*: and Dr. Donne writes to his ſiſter: "at my return from Kent, I found *Pegge* had the *Poxe*—I humbly thank God, it hath not much disfigured her." FARMER.

2 The old copies, after *But* inſert *Katharine*. We ſhould therefore read:

"But, Katharine, what was ſent you from Dumain?"
RITSON.

3 This I ſuppoſe to be an expreſſion taken from hiring ſervants or artificers;

How I would make him fawn, and beg, and ſeek;
And wait the ſeaſon, and obſerve the times,
And ſpend his prodigal wits in bootleſs rhymes;
And ſhape his ſervice wholly to my beheſts;
And make him proud to make me proud that jeſts! [4]
So portent-like [5] would I o'erſway his ſtate,
That he ſhould be my fool, and I his fate.

Prin. None are ſo [6] ſurely caught, when they are catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wiſdom hatch'd,
Hath wiſdom's warrant, and the help of ſchool;
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

tificers; meaning, I wiſh I was as ſure of his ſervice for any time limited, as if I had hired him.

The expreſſion was a common one. STEEVENS.

4 The meaning of this obſcure line ſeems to be, *I would make him proud to flatter me who make a mock of his flattery.*

Edinburgh Magazine for Nov. 1786. STEEVENS.

5 In former copies:

So pertaunt-*like, would I o'er-ſway his ſtate,*
That he ſhould be my fool, *and I his* fate.

In old farces, to ſhow the inevitable approaches of death and deſtiny, the *Fool* of the farce is made to employ all his ſtratagems to avoid Death or *Fate*; which very ſtratagems, as they are ordered, bring the *Fool*, at every turn, into the very jaws of *Fate*. To this Shakſpeare alludes again in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

"——*merely thou art* Death's Fool;
"*For him thou labour'ſt by thy flight to ſhun,*
"*And yet run'ſt towards him ſtill*——"

It is plain from all this, that the nonſenſe of *pertaunt-like*, ſhould be read, *portent-like*, i. e. I would be his fate or deſtiny, and, like a *portent*, hang over, and influence his fortunes. For *portents* were not only thought to *forebode*, but to *influence*. So the Latins called a perſon deſtined to bring miſchief, *fatale portentum*. WARBURTON.

The emendation appeared firſt in the Oxford edition. MALONE.

Until ſome proof be brought of the exiſtence of ſuch characters as *Death* and the *Fool*, in old farces, (for the mere aſſertion of Dr. Warburton is not to be relied on,) this paſſage muſt be literally underſtood, independently of any particular alluſion. The old reading might probably mean—"ſo *ſcoffingly* would I o'erſway," &c. The initial letter in Stowe, mentioned by Mr. Read in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, here cited, has been altogether miſunderſtood. It is only a copy from an older letter which formed part of a Death's Dance, in which *Death* and the *Fool* were always repreſented. I have ſeveral of theſe alphabets. DOUCE.

6 Theſe are obſervations worthy of a man who has ſurveyed human nature with the cloſeſt attention. JOHNSON.

Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such excess,
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.
Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,
As foolery in the wife, when wit doth dote;
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

Enter BOYET.

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.
Boyet. O, I am stabb'd with laughter! Where's her grace?
Prin. Thy news, Boyet?
Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare!—
Arm, wenches, arm! encounters mounted are
Against your peace: Love doth approach disguis'd,
Armed in arguments; you'll be surpris'd:
Muster your wits; stand in your own defence;
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.
Prin. Saint Dennis to saint Cupid![7] What are they,
That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say,
Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore,
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour:
When lo! to interrupt my purpos'd rest,
Toward that shade I might behold addrest
The king and his companions: warily
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And overheard what you shall overhear;
That, by and by, disguis'd they will be here.
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassage:
Action, and accent, did they teach him there;
Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear:

And

[7] The princess of France invokes, with too much levity, the patron of her country, to oppose his power to that of Cupid. JOHNSON.

Johnson censures the Princess for invoking with so much levity the patron of her country, to oppose his power to that of Cupid; but that was not her intention. Being determined to engage the King and his followers, she gives for the word of battle St. Dennis, as the King, when he was determined to attack her, had given for the word of Battle St. Cupid:

"Saint Cupid then, and soldiers to the field." M. MASON.

And ever and anon they made a doubt,
Preſence majeſtical would put him out;
For, quoth the king, *an angel ſhalt thou ſee*;
Yet fear not thou, but ſpeak audaciouſly.
The boy reply'd, *An angel is not evil*;
I ſhould have fear'd her, had ſhe been a devil.
With that all laugh'd, and clapp'd him on the ſhoulder;
Making the bold wag by their praiſes bolder.
One rubb'd his elbow, thus; and fleer'd, and ſwore,
A better ſpeech was never ſpoke before:
Another with his finger and his thumb,
Cry'd, *Via! we will do't, come what will come:*
The third he caper'd, and cried, *All goes well:*
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
With that, they all did tumble on the ground,
With ſuch a zealous laughter, ſo profound,
That in this ſpleen ridiculous[8] appears,
To check their folly, paſſion's ſolemn tears.

Prin. But what, but what, come they to viſit us?

Boyet. They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,—
Like Muſcovites, or Ruſſians: as I gueſs,[9]
Their purpoſe is, to parle, to court, and dance:
And every one his love-feat will advance

[8] A ridiculous *fit* of laughter. JOHNSON.
The *ſpleen* was anciently ſuppoſed to be the cauſe of laughter. STEEVENS.

[9] The ſettling commerce in Ruſſia was, at that time, a matter that much ingroſſed the concern and converſation of the publick. There had been ſeveral embaſſies employed thither on that occaſion; and ſeveral tracts of the manners and ſtate of that nation written: ſo that a maſk of Muſcovites was as good an entertainment to the audience of that time, as a coronation has been ſince. WARBURTON.

A maſk of Muſcovites was no uncommon recreation at court long before our author's time. In the firſt year of King Henry the Eighth, at a banquet made for the foreign ambaſſadors in the parliament-chamber at Weſtminſter "came the lorde Henry, Earle of Wiltſhire, and the lorde Fitzwater, in twoo long gounes of yellowe ſatin travarſed with white ſatin, and in every ben of white was a bend of crimoſen ſatin after the faſhion of Ruſſia or Ruſlande, with furred hattes of grey on their hedes, either of them havying an hatchet in their handes, and bootes with pykes turned up." *Hall Henry VIII.* p. 6. This extract may ſerve to convey an idea of the dreſs uſed upon the preſent occaſion by the king and his lords at the performance of the play. RITSON.

Unto his ſeveral miſtreſs; which they'll know
By favours ſeveral, which they did beſtow.
Prin. And will they ſo? the gallants ſhall be taſk'd:—
For, ladies, we will every one be maſk'd;
And not a man of them ſhall have the grace,
Deſpite of ſuit, to ſee a lady's face.—
Hold, Roſaline, this favour thou ſhalt wear;
And then the king will court thee for his dear;
Hold, take thou this, my ſweet, and give me thine;
So ſhall Birón take me for Roſaline.—
And change you favours too; ſo ſhall your loves
Woo contrary, deceiv'd by theſe removes.
Roſ. Come on then; wear the favours moſt in ſight.
Kath. But, in this changing, what is your intent?
Prin. The effect of my intent is, to croſs theirs:
They do it but in mocking merriment;
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their ſeveral councils they unboſom ſhall
To loves miſtook; and ſo be mock'd withal,
Upon the next occaſion that we meet,
With viſages diſplay'd, to talk, and greet.
Roſ. But ſhall we dance, if they deſire us to't?
Prin. No; to the death, we will not move a foot:
Nor to their penn'd ſpeech render we no grace;
But, while 'tis ſpoke, each turn away her face.
Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the ſpeaker's heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.
Prin. Therefore I do it; and, I make no doubt,
The reſt will ne'er come in, if he be out.
There's no ſuch ſport, as ſport by ſport o'erthrown;
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own:
So ſhall we ſtay, mocking intended game;
And they, well mock'd, depart away with ſhame.

[*Trumpets ſound within.*

Boyet. The trumpet ſounds; be maſk'd, the maſkers come.

[*The ladies maſk.*

Enter

Enter the King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN, *in Ruſſian habits, and maſked*; MOTH, *Muſicians, and Attendants.*

Moth. All hail, the richeſt beauties on the earth!
Boyet. Beauties no richer than rich taffata.[2]
Moth. A holy parcel of the faireſt dames,
[The ladies turn their backs to him.
That ever turn'd their — backs — to mortal views!
Biron. Their eyes, villain, *their eyes.*
Moth. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views!
Out —
Boyet. True; *out,* indeed.
Moth. Out of your favours, heavenly ſpirits, vouchſafe
Not to behold —
Biron. Once to behold, rogue.
Moth. Once to behold with your ſun-beamed eyes,
— with your ſun-beamed eyes —
Boyet. They will not anſwer to that epithet;
You were beſt call it, daughter-beamed eyes.
Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.
Biron. Is this your perfectneſs? be gone, you rogue.
Roſ. What would theſe ſtrangers? know their minds,
Boyet:
If they do ſpeak our language, 'tis our will
That ſome plain man recount their purpoſes:
Know what they would.
Boyet. What would you with the princeſs?
Biron. Nothing but peace, and gentle viſitation.
Roſ. What would they, ſay they?
Boyet. Nothing but peace, and gentle viſitation.
Roſ. Why, that they have; and bid them ſo be gone.
Boyet. She ſays, you have it, and you may be gone.
King. Say to her, we have meaſur'd many miles.
To tread a meaſure with her on this graſs.

[2] i. e. the taffata maſks they wore to conceal themſelves. All the editors concur to give this line to Biron; but, ſurely, very abſurdly: for he's one of the zealous admirers, and hardly would make ſuch an inference. Boyet is ſneering at the parade of their addreſs, is in the ſecret of the ladies' ſtratagem, and makes himſelf ſport at the abſurdity of their proem, in complimenting their beauty, when they were maſk'd. It therefore comes from him with the utmoſt propriety. THEOBALD.

Boyet. They ſay, that they have meaſur'd many a mile,
To tread a meaſure[3] with you on this graſs.

Roſ. It is not ſo: aſk them, how many inches
Is in one mile: if they have meaſur'd many,
The meaſure then of one is eaſily told.

Boyet. If, to come hither you have meaſur'd miles,
And many miles; the princeſs bids you tell,
How many inches do fill up one mile.

Biron. Tell her, we meaſure them by weary ſteps.

Boyet. She hears herſelf.

Roſ. How many weary ſteps,
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?

Biron. We number nothing that we ſpend for you;
Our duty is ſo rich, ſo infinite,
That we may do it ſtill without accompt.
Vouchſafe to ſhow the ſunſhine of your face,
That we like ſavages, may worſhip it.

Roſ. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

King. Bleſſed are clouds, to do as ſuch clouds do!
Vouchſafe, bright moon, and theſe thy ſtars,[4] to ſhine
(Thoſe clouds remov'd) upon our wat'ry eyne.

Roſ. O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;
Thou now requeſt'ſt but moon-ſhine in the water.

King. Then, in our meaſure do but vouchſafe one change:
Thou bid'ſt me beg; this begging is not ſtrange.

Roſ. Play, muſick, then: nay, you muſt do it ſoon.

[*Muſick plays.*

Not yet:—no dance,—thus change I like the moon.

King. Will you not dance? How come you thus eſtrang'd?

Roſ. You took the moon at full; but now ſhe's chang'd.

King.

[3] The meaſures were dances ſolemn and ſlow. They were performed at court, and at public entertainments of the ſocieties of law and equity, at their halls, on particular occaſions. It was formerly not deemed inconſiſtent with propriety even for the graveſt perſons to join in them; and accordingly at the revels which were celebrated at the inns of court, it has not been unuſual for the firſt characters in the law to become performers in *treading the meaſures*. See Dugdale's *Origines Juridiciales*.

REED.

[4] When queen Elizabeth aſked an ambaſſador how he liked her ladies, *It is hard*, ſaid he, *to judge of ſtars in the preſence of the ſun*. JOHNSON.

King. Yet ſtill ſhe is the moon, and I the man.
The muſick plays; vouchſafe ſome motion to it.
Roſ. Our ears vouchſafe it.
King. But your legs ſhould do it.
Roſ. Since you are ſtrangers, and come here by chance,
We'll not be nice: take hands;—we will not dance.
King. Why take we hands then?
Roſ. Only to part friends:—
Court'ſy, ſweet hearts; and ſo the meaſure ends.
King. More meaſure of this meaſure; be not nice.
Roſ. We can afford no more at ſuch a price.
King. Prize you yourſelves; What buys your company?
Roſ. Your abſence only.
King. That can never be.
Roſ. Then cannot we be bought: and ſo adieu;
Twice to your viſor, and half once to you!
King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.
Roſ. In private then.
King. I am beſt pleas'd with that.
[*They converſe apart.*
Biron. White-handed miſtreſs, one ſweet word with thee.
Prin. Honey, and milk, and ſugar; there is three.
Biron. Nay then, two treys, (and if you grow ſo nice,)
Metheglin, wort, and malmſey;—Well run, dice!
There's half a dozen ſweets.
Prin. Seventh ſweet, adieu!
Since you can cog,[5] I'll play no more with you.
Biron. One word in ſecret.
Prin. Let it not be ſweet.
Biron. Thou griev'ſt my gall.
Prin. Gall? bitter.
Biron. Therefore meet.
[*They converſe apart.*
Dum. Will you vouchſafe with me to change a word?
Mar. Name it.
Dum. Fair lady,—
Mar. Say you ſo? Fair lord,—
Take that for your fair lady.

Dum.

[5] To *cog*, ſignifies *to falſify the dice*, and *to falſify a narrative*, or *to lye*.
JOHNSON.

Dum. Pleaſe it you,
As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.

[*They converſe apart.*

Kath. What, was your viſor made without a tongue?
Long. I know the reaſon, lady, why you aſk.
Kath. O, for your reaſon! quickly, ſir; I long.
Long. You have a double tongue within your maſk,
And would afford my ſpeechleſs viſor half.
Kath. Veal, quoth the Dutchman; [6]—Is not veal a calf?
Long. A calf fair lady?
Kath. No, a fair lord calf.
Long. Let's part the word.
Kath. No, I'll not be your half.
Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.
Long. Look how you butt yourſelf in theſe ſharp mocks!
Will you give horns, chaſte lady? do not ſo.
Kath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.
Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.
Kath. Bleat ſoftly then, the butcher hears you cry.

[*They converſe apart.*

Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge inviſible,
Cutting a ſmaller hair than may be ſeen;
Above the ſenſe of ſenſe: ſo ſenſible
Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings,
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, ſwifter things.[7]
Roſ. Not one word more, my maids; break off, break off.
Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure ſcoff!
King. Farewel, mad wenches; you have ſimple wits.

[*Exeunt* King, Lords, MOTH, *Muſick and attendants.*

Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muſcovites.—
Are theſe the breed of wits ſo wonder'd at?
Boyet. Tapers they are, with your ſweet breaths puff'd out.

Roſ.

[6] I ſuppoſe by *veal*, ſhe means *well*, ſounded as foreigners uſually pronounce that word; and introduced merely for the ſake of the ſubſequent queſtion. MALONE.

[7] Mr. Ritſon obſerves, that, for the ſake of meaſure, the word *bullets* ſhould be omitted. STEEVENS.

Ros. Well-liking wits [8] they have; groſs, groſs; fat, fat.
Prin. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!
Will they not, think you, hang themſelves to night?
Or ever, but in viſors, ſhow their faces?
This pert Birón was out of countenance quite.
Ros. O! they were all in lamentable caſes!
The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.
Prin. Biron did ſwear himſelf out of all ſuit.
Mar. Dumain was at my ſervice, and his ſword:
No *point*, quoth I; [9] my ſervant ſtraight was mute.
Kath. Lord Longaville ſaid, I came o'er his heart;
And trow you, what he call'd me?
Prin. Qualm, perhaps.
Kath. Yes, in good faith.
Prin. Go, ſickneſs as thou art!
Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain ſtatute-caps.[2]
But

[8] *Well-liking* is the ſame as *embonpoint*. So, in *Job*, xxxix. 4. "—Their young ones are in *good liking*." STEEVENS.

[9] *No* point, *quoth I*,] *Point* in French is an adverb of negation; but, if properly ſpoken, is not ſounded like the point of a ſword. A quibble, however, is intended. From this and the other paſſages it appears, that either our author was not well acquainted with the pronunciation of the French language, or it was different formerly from what it is at preſent. The former ſuppoſition appears to me much the more probable of the two. MALONE.

[2] This line is not univerſally underſtood, becauſe every reader does not know that a ſtatute cap is part of the academical habit. Lady Roſaline declares that her expectation was diſappointed by theſe courtly ſtudents, and that *better wits* might be found in the common place of education. JOHNSON.

Woollen caps were enjoined by act of parliament, in the year 1571, the 13th of queen Elizabeth. "Beſides the bills paſſed into acts this parliament, there was one which I judge not amiſs to be taken notice of—it concerned the queen's care for employment for her poor ſort of ſubjects. It was for continuance of making and wearing woollen caps, in behalf of the trade of cappers; providing that all above the age of ſix years, (except the nobility and ſome others) ſhould on *ſabbath days* and *holy days*, wear caps of wool, knit, thicked, and dreſſed in England, upon penalty of ten groats." *Strype's Annals* of Queen Elizabeth, Vol. II. p. 74. GREY.

This act may account for the diſtinguiſhing mark of Mother *Red-cap*. I have obſerved that mention is made of this ſign by ſome of our ancient pamphleteers and playwriters, as far back as the date of the act referred to by Dr. Grey. STEEVENS.

I think my own interpretation of this paſſage is right. JOHNSON.

But will you hear? the king is my love ſworn.
Prin. And quick Birón hath plighted faith to me.
Kath. And Longaville was for my ſervice born.
Mar. Dumain is mine, as ſure as bark on tree.
Boyet. Madam, and pretty miſtreſſes, give ear:
Immediately they will again be here
In their own ſhapes; for it can never be,
They will digeſt this harſh indignity.
Prin. Will they return?
Boyet. They will, they will, God knows;
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:
Therefore, change favours; and, when they repair,
Blow like ſweet roſes in this ſummer air.
Prin. How blow? how blow? ſpeak to be underſtood.
Boyet. Fair ladies, maſk'd are roſes in their bud;
Diſmaſk'd their damaſk ſweet commixture ſhown,
Are angels vailing clouds, or roſes blown.[3]

Prin.

Probably the meaning is—*better wits may be found among the citizens*, who are not in general remarkable for ſallies of imagination.

That theſe ſumptuary laws, which dictated the form and materials of caps, the dimenſions of ruffs, and the length of ſwords, were executed with great exactneſs but little diſcretion, by a ſet of people placed at the principal avenues of the city, may be known from the following curious paſſage in a letter from Lord Talbot to the Earl of Shrewſbury, June 1580. "The French Imbaſidore, Mounſwer Mouiſer, ridinge to take the ayer, in his returne cam thowrowe Smithfield; and ther, at the bars, was ſteayed by thos officers that ſitteth to cut ſourds, by reaſon *his raper was longer than the ſtatute*: He was in a great feaurie, and dreawe his raper. In the meane ſeaſon my Lord Henry Seamore cam, and ſo ſteayed the matt.r Hir Ma.ie is greatlie ofended wth the ofiſers, in that they wanted jugement." See Lodge's *Illuſtrations of Britiſh Hiſtory*, Vol. II. p. 228.

STEEVENS.

The ſtatute mentioned by Dr. Grey was repealed in the year 1597. The epithet by which theſe ſtatute caps are deſcribed, "*plain* ſtatute caps," induces me to believe the interpretation given in the preceding note by Mr. Steevens, the true one. The king and his lords probably wore *hats* adorned with feathers. So they are repreſented in the print prefixed to this play in Mr. Rowe's edition, probably from ſome ſtage tradition. MALONE.

[3] This ſtrange nonſenſe, made worſe by the jumbling together and tranſpoſing the lines, I directed Mr. Theobald to read thus:

Fair ladies maſk'd are roſes in their bud:
Or angels veil'd in *clouds: are roſes blown,*
Diſmaſk'd, their damaſk ſweet commixture ſhown.

Prin. Avaunt, perplexity! What ſhall we do,
If they return in their own ſhapes to woo?
Roſ. Good madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,
Let's mock them ſtill, as well known, as diſguis'd:
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Diſguis'd like Muſcovites, in ſhapeleſs gear; [4]
And wonder, what they were; and to what end
Their ſhallow ſhows, and prologue vilely penn'd,
And their rough carriage ſo ridiculous,
Should be preſented at our tent to us.
Boyet. Ladies withdraw; the gallants are at hand.
Prin. Whip to our tents, as roes run over land.
[*Exeunt* PRINCESS,[5] ROS. KATH. *and* MARIA.

Enter the King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN, *in their proper habits.*

King. Fair ſir, God ſave you! Where is the princeſs?
Boyet.

But he, willing to ſhow how well he could improve a thought, would print it:

Or angel-veiling *clouds*——

i. e. clouds which veil angels: and by this means gave us, as the old proverb ſays, *a cloud for a Juno.* It was Shakſpeare's *purpoſe* to compare a fine lady to an angel; it was Mr. Theobald's *chance* to compare her to a *cloud:* and perhaps the ill-bred reader will ſay a lucky one. However, I ſuppoſed the poet could never be ſo nonſenſical as to compare *a maſked lady* to a cloud, though he might compare her *maſk* to one. The Oxford editor, who had the advantage both of this emendation and criticiſm, is a great deal more ſubtile and refined, and ſays it ſhould not be

——*angels* veil'd in *clouds*,

but

——*angels* vailing *clouds*,

i. e. *capping* the ſun as they go by him, juſt as a man vails his bonnet.
WARBURTON.

I know not why Sir T. Hanmer's explanation ſhould be treated with ſo much contempt, or why *vailing clouds* ſhould be *capping the ſun. Ladies unmaſk'd*, ſays Boyet, *are* like *angels vailing clouds*, or letting thoſe clouds which obſcured their brightneſs, ſink from before them. What is there in this abſurd or contemptible? JOHNSON.

To *avale* comes from the Fr. *aval* [Terme de batelier] Down, downward, down the ſtream. STEEVENS.

[4] *Shapeleſs*, for uncouth, or what Shakſpeare elſewhere calls *diffuſed*.
WARBURTON.

[5] Mr. Theobald ends the fourth act here. JOHNSON.

Boyet. Gone to her tent: Pleaſe it your majeſty,
Command me any ſervice to her thither?

King. That ſhe vouchſafe me audience for one word.

Boyet. I will, and ſo will ſhe, I know, my lord. [*Exit.*

Biron. This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons peas;[6]
And utters it again when God doth pleaſe:
He is wit's pedler; and retails his wares
At wakes, and waſſels,[7] meetings, markets, fairs;
And we that ſell by groſs, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with ſuch ſhow.
This gallant pins the wenches on his ſleeve;
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve:
He can carve too, and liſp:[8] Why, this is he,
That kiſs'd away his hand in courteſy;
This is the ape of form, monſieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms; nay, he can ſing

A mean

[6] This expreſſion is proverbial:

"Children pick up words *as pigeons peas*,
"And utter them again as God ſhall pleaſe."

See *Ray's Collection.* STEEVENS.

Pecks is the reading of the firſt quarto. The folio has—*picks*. That *pecks* is the true reading, is aſcertained by one of Naſhe's tracts; *Chriſt's Tears over Jeruſalem*, 1594: "The ſower ſcattered ſome ſeede by the highway ſide, which the foules of the ayre *peck'd up*." MALONE.

[7] *Waſſels* were meetings of ruſtic mirth and intemperance. STEEVENS.

Waes heal, that is be of health, was a ſalutation firſt uſed by the lady Rowena to King Vortiger. Afterwards it became a cuſtom in villages, on new year's eve and twelfth-night, to carry a *Waſſel* or *Waiſſail* bowl from houſe to houſe, which was preſented with the Saxon words above mentioned. Hence in proceſs of time *waſſel* ſignified intemperance in drinking, and alſo a meeting for the purpoſe of feſtivity. MALONE.

[8] The character of Boyet, as drawn by Biron, repreſents an accompliſhed ſquire of the days of Chivalry, particularly in the inſtances here noted.—"Le jeune Ecuyer apprenoit long-temps dans le ſilence cet art de *bien parler*, lorſqu'en qualité d'*Ecuyer* TRANCHANT, il étoit debout dans les repas & dans les feſtins, occupé à *couper les viandes* avec la propreté, l'addreſſe & l'elegance convenables, et à les faire diſtribuer aux nobles convives dont il étoit environné. Joinville, dans ſa jeuneſſe, avoit rempli à la cour de Saint Louis *cet office*, qui, dans les maiſons des Souverains, étoit quelquefois exercé par leurs propres enfans." *Memoires ſur l'ancienne Chevalerie*, Tom. I. p. 16. HENLEY.

A mean moſt meanly ;[9] and, in uſhering,
Mend him who can: the ladies call him, ſweet;
The ſtairs, as he treads on them, kiſs his feet:
This is the flower that ſmiles on every one,
To ſhow his teeth as white as whales bone:[2]
And conſciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.

King. A bliſter on his ſweet tongue, with my heart,
That put Armado's page out of his part!

Enter the Princeſs, *uſher'd by* BOYET; ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, *and attendants.*

Biron. See where he comes!—Behaviour, what wert thou,
Till this man ſhow'd thee? and what art thou now?[3]

King. All hail, ſweet madam, and fair time of day!

Prin. Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.

King. Conſtrue my ſpeeches better, if you may,

Prin. Then wiſh me better, I will give you leave.

King. We came to viſit you; and purpoſe now
To lead you to our court: vouchſafe it then.

Prin. This field ſhall hold me; and ſo hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delight in perjur'd men.

King.

[9] The *mean*, in muſic, is the tenor. So, Bacon: "The treble cutteth the air ſo ſharp, as it returneth too ſwift to make the ſound equal; and therefore a *mean* or *tenor* is the ſweeteſt." STEEVENS.

[2] *As white as whale's bone* is a proverbial compariſon in the old poets. T. WARTON.

——*as* whales *bone:*] The Saxon genitive caſe.

It ſhould be remember'd that ſome of our ancient writers ſuppoſed *ivory* to be part of the *bones of a whale.* STEEVENS.

This *white whale his bone*, now ſuperſeded by ivory, was the tooth of the *Horſe whale*, Morſe, or Walrus, as appears by King Alfred's preface to his Saxon tranſlation of *Oroſius.* HOLT WHITE.

[3] Theſe are two wonderfully fine lines, intimating that what courts call *manners*, and value themſelves ſo much upon teaching, as a thing no where elſe to be learnt, is a modeſt ſilent accompliſhment under the direction of nature and common ſenſe, which does its office in promoting ſocial life without being taken notice of. But that when it degenerates into ſhow and parade, it becomes an unmanly contemptible quality. WARBURTON.

What is told in this note is undoubtedly true, but is not comprized in the quotation. JOHNSON.

King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke;
The virtue of your eye muſt break my oath.[4]
Prin. Your nick-name virtue: vice you ſhould have ſpoke;
For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.
Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure
As the unſullied lilly, I proteſt,
A world of torments though I ſhould endure,
I would not yield to be your houſe's gueſt:
So much I hate a breaking cauſe to be
Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.
King. O, you have liv'd in deſolation here,
Unſeen, unviſited, much to our ſhame.
Prin. Not ſo, my lord; it is not ſo, I ſwear;
We have had paſtime here, and pleaſant game;
A meſs of Ruſſians left us but of late.
King. How, madam? Ruſſians?
Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord;
Trim gallants, full of courtſhip, and of ſtate.
Ros. Madam, ſpeak true:—It is not ſo my lord;
My lady, (to the manner of the days,)
In courteſy, gives undeſerving praiſe.[5]
We four, indeed, confronted were with four
In Ruſſian habit: here they ſtay'd an hour,
And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bleſs us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirſty, fools would fain have drink.
Biron. This jeſt is dry to me.—Fair, gentle ſweet,[6]
Your wit makes wiſe things fooliſh: when we greet[7]
With eyes beſt ſeeing heaven's fiery eye,
By light we loſe light: Your capacity

Is

4 I believe our author means that the *virtue*, in which word *goodneſs* and *power* are both compriſed, *muſt diſſolve* the obligation of the oath. The princeſs, in her anſwer, takes the moſt invidious part of the ambiguity.
JOHNSON.

5 *To the manner* of the days, means according to the manner of the times—*Gives undeſerving praiſe*, means praiſe to what does not deſerve it,
M. MASON.

6 *Sweet* is generally uſed as a ſubſtantive by our author, in his addreſſes to ladies. MALONE.

7 This is a very lofty and elegant compliment. JOHNSON.

Is of that nature, that to your huge ſtore
Wiſe things ſeem fooliſh, and rich things but poor.
Roſ. This proves you wiſe and rich; for in my eye,—
Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty.
Roſ. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to ſnatch words from my tongue.
Biron. O, I am yours, and all that I poſſeſs.
Roſ. All the fool mine?
Biron. I cannot give you leſs.
Roſ. Which of the viſors was it, that you wore?
Biron. Where? when? what viſor? why demand you this?
Roſ. There, then, that viſor; that ſuperfluous caſe,
That hid the worſe, and ſhow'd the better face.
King. We are deſcried: they'll mock us now downright.
Dum. Let us confeſs, and turn it to a jeſt.
Prin. Amaz'd, my lord? Why looks your highneſs ſad?
Roſ. Help, hold his brows! he'll ſwoon! Why look you pale?—
Sea-ſick, I think, coming from Muſcovy.
Biron. Thus pour the ſtars down plagues for perjury.
Can any face of braſs hold longer out?—
Here ſtand I, lady; dart thy ſkill at me;
Bruiſe me with ſcorn, confound me with a flout;
Thruſt thy ſharp wit quite through my ignorance;
Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;
And I will wiſh thee never more to dance,
Nor never more in Ruſſian habit wait.
O! never will I truſt to ſpeeches penn'd,
Nor to the motion of a ſchool-boy's tongue;
Nor never come in viſor to my friend; [8]
Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's ſong:
Taffata phraſes, ſilken terms preciſe,
Three-pil'd hyperboles, [9] ſpruce affectation, [2]

Figures

[8] i. e. miſtreſs. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*

"——he hath got his *friend* with child." STEEVENS.

[9] A metaphor from the *pile* of velvet. STEEVENS.

[2] The old copies read—*affection*. STEEVENS.

The modern editors read—*affectation*. There is no need of change. We already

Figures pedantical; theſe ſummer-flies
Have blown me full of maggot oſtentation:
I do forſwear them: and I here proteſt,
By this white glove, (how white the hand, God knows!)
Henceforth my wooing mind ſhall be expreſs'd
In ruſſet yeas, and honeſt kerſey noes:
And, to begin, wench,—ſo God help me, la!—
My love to thee is ſound, ſans crack or flaw.

Roſ. *Sans* SANS, I pray you.[3]

Biron. Yet I have a trick
Of the old rage:—bear with me, I am ſick;
I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us ſee;—
Write, *Lord have mercy on us*,[4] on thoſe three;
They are infected, in their hearts it lies;
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:
Theſe lords are viſited; you are not free,
For the Lord's tokens on you do I ſee.

Prin. No, they are free, that gave theſe tokens to us.

Biron. Our ſtates are forfeit, ſeek not to undo us.

Roſ. It is not ſo; For how can this be true,

That

already in this play have had *affection* for *affectation*;—"witty without *affection*." The word was uſed by our author and his contemporaries, as a quadriſyllable; and the rhyme ſuch as they thought ſufficient.

MALONE.

In *The Merry Wives of Windſor* the word *affectation* occurs, and was moſt certainly deſigned to occur again in the preſent inſtance. No ear can be ſatisfied with ſuch rhymes as *affection* and *oſtentation*. STEEVENS.

3 It is ſcarce worth remarking, that the conceit here is obſcured by the punctuation. It ſhould be written *Sans* SANS, i. e. *without* SANS; without French words; an affectation of which Biron had been guilty in the laſt line of his ſpeech, though juſt before he had *forſworn* all *affectation* in phraſes, terms, &c. TYRWHITT.

4 This was the inſcription put upon the door of the houſes infected with the plague, to which Biron compares the love of himſelf and his companions, and purſuing the metaphor finds the *tokens* likewiſe on the ladies. The *tokens* of the plague are the firſt ſpots or diſcolorations, by which the infection is known to be received. JOHNSON.

So, in *Sir Thomas Overbury's Characters*, 1632:

"*Lord have mercy on us* may well ſtand over their doors, for debt is a moſt dangerous city *peſtilence*." MALONE.

That you ſtand forfeit, being thoſe that ſue? [5]

Biron. Peace; for I will not have to do with you.

Roſ. Nor ſhall not, if I do as I intend.

Biron. Speak for yourſelves, my wit is at an end.

King. Teach us, ſweet madam, for our rude tranſgreſſion
Some fair excuſe.

Prin. The faireſt is confeſſion.
Were you not here, but even now, diſguis'd?

King. Madam, I was.

Prin. And were you well adviſ'd. [6]

King. I was fair madam.

Prin. When you then were here,
What did you whiſper in your lady's ear?

King. That more than all the world I did reſpect her.

Prin. When ſhe ſhall challenge this, you will reject her.

King. Upon mine honour, no.

Prin. Peace, peace, forbear;
Your oath once broke, you force not to forſwear.[7]

King. Deſpiſe me, when I break this oath of mine.

Prin. I will; and therefore keep it:—Roſaline,
What did the Ruſſian whiſper in your ear?

Roſ. Madam, he ſwore, that he did hold me dear
As precious eye-ſight; and did value me
Above this world: adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or elſe die my lover.

Prin. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord
Moſt honourably doth uphold his word.

King. What mean you madam? by my life, my troth,
I never ſwore this lady ſuch an oath.

Roſ. By heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this: but take it, ſir, again.

King. My faith, and this, the princeſs I did give;
I knew her by this jewel on her ſleeve.

Prin. Pardon, me, ſir, this jewel did ſhe wear;
And lord Birón, I thank him, is my dear:—

What;

[5] That is, how can thoſe be liable to forfeiture that begin the proceſs. The jeſt lies in the ambiguity of *ſue*, which ſignifies *to proſecute by law*, or to *offer a petition*. JOHNSON.

[6] i. e. acting with ſufficient deliberation. STEEVENS.

[7] *You force not* is the ſame with *you make no difficulty*. This is a very juſt obſervation. The crime which has been once committed, is committed again with leſs reluctance. JOHNSON.

What; will you have me, or your pearl again?

Biron. Neither of either; [8] I remit both twain.—
I ſee the trick on't;—Here was a conſent,[9]
(Knowing aforehand of our merriment,)
To daſh it like a Chriſtmas comedy:
Some carry-tale, ſome pleaſe-man, ſome ſlight zany,[2]
Some mumble-news, ſome trencher-knight, ſome Dick,—
That ſmiles his cheek in years; [3] and knows the trick

To

[8] This ſeems to have been a common expreſſion in our author's time. MALONE.

[9] ——*a* conſent,] i. e. *a conſpiracy.* STEEVENS.

[2] A zany is a buffoon, a merry Andrew, a groſs mimic. MALONE.

[3] Mr. Theobald ſays, he *cannot for his heart, comprehend the meaning of this phraſe.* It was not his heart but his head that ſtood in his way. *In years,* ſignifies, into wrinkles. So, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

"*With mirth and* laughter *let old* wrinkles *come.*"

See the note on that line——But the Oxford editor was in the ſame caſe, and ſo alters it to *fleers.* WARBURTON.

Webſter, in his *Dutcheſs of Malfy,* makes Caſtruchio declare of his lady: "She cannot endure merry company, for ſhe ſays much *laughing* fills her too full of the *wrinckle.*" FARMER.

Again, in *Twelfth Night:*—he doth *ſmile his cheek* into more lines than is in the new map." &c. STEEVENS.

The old copies read—in *yeeres. Jeers,* the preſent emendation, which I propoſed ſome time ago, I have ſince obſerved, was made by Mr. Theobald. Dr. Warburton endeavours to ſupport the old reading, by explaining *years* to mean *wrinkles,* which belong alike to laughter and old age. But allowing the word to be uſed in that licentious ſenſe, ſurely our author would have written, not *in,* but *into,* years—i. e. *into* wrinkles, as in a paſſage quoted by Mr. Steevens from *Twelfth-Night*: "—he does *ſmile his cheek into* more *lines* than is in the new map," &c. The change being only that of a ſingle letter for another nearly reſembling it, I have placed *jeers* (formerly ſpelt *jeeres*) in my text. The words—*jeers, flout,* and *mock,* were much more in uſe in our author's time than at preſent. In *Othello,* 1623, the former word is uſed exactly as here:

"And mark the *jeers,* the gibes, and notable ſcorns,
"That dwell in every region of his *face.*"

Out-roaring DICK was a celebrated ſinger, who, with William Wimbars, is ſaid by Henry Chettle, in his KIND HARTS DREAME, to have got twenty ſhillings a day by ſinging at Braintree fair, in Eſſex. Perhaps this itinerant droll was here in our author's thoughts. This circumſtance adds ſome ſupport to the emendation now made. From the following paſſage in *Sir John Oldcaſtle,* 1600, it ſeems to have been a common term for a noiſy ſwaggerer:

"O he, ſir, he's a deſperate *Dick* indeed;
"Bar him your houſe."

As

To make my lady laugh, when ſhe's diſpos'd,—
Told our intents before: which once diſclos'd
The ladies did change favours; and then we,
Following the ſigns, woo'd but the ſign of ſhe.
Now, to our perjury to add more terror,
We are again forſworn; in will, and error.
Much upon this it is:—And might not you,[4] [*To* Boyet.
Foreſtal our ſport, to make us thus untrue?
Do not you know my lady's foot by the ſquire,[5]
And laugh upon the apple of her eye?
And ſtand between her back, ſir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jeſting merrily?
You put our page out: Go, you are allow'd;[6]
Die when you will, a ſmock ſhall be your ſhrowd.
You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye,
Wounds like a leaden ſword.
Boyet. Full merrily
Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.
Biron. Lo, he is tilting ſtraight! Peace; I have done.

As the aptitude of my quotation from *Twelfth Night* is queſtioned, I ſhall defend it, and without much effort; for Mr. Malone himſelf muſt, on recollection, allow that *in*, throughout the plays of Shakſpeare, is often uſed for *into*. Thus, in *K. Richard III*:

"But firſt, I'll turn yon fellow *in* his grave."

I really conceived this uſage of the prepoſition *in*, to have been too frequent to need exemplification. STEEVENS.

[4] I believe this paſſage ſhould be read thus:

—— *in will and error.*

Boyet. *Much upon this it is.*
Biron. *And might not you*, &c. JOHNSON.

In will, and error. i. e. firſt in will, and afterwards in error. MUSGRAVE.

[5] From *eſquierre*, French, a *rule*, or *ſquare*. The ſenſe is nearly the ſame as that of the proverbial expreſſion in our own language, *he hath got the length of her foot*; i. e. he hath humoured her ſo long that he can perſuade her to what he pleaſes. HEATH.

Squire in our author's time was the common term for a *rule*. MALONE.

[6] i. e. you may ſay what you will; you are a licenſed fool, a common jeſter. So, in *Twelfth Night*:

"*There is no ſlander in an* allow'd *fool.*" WARBURTON.

Enter COSTARD.

Welcome, pure wit! thou parteſt a fair fray.
Coſt. O Lord, ſir, they would know,
Whether the three worthies ſhall come in, or no.
Biron. What, are there but three?
Coſt. No, ſir; but it is vara fine,
For every one purſents three.
Biron. And three times thrice is nine.
Coſt. Not ſo, ſir; under correction, ſir; I hope, it is not ſo:
You cannot beg us,[7] ſir, I can aſſure, ſir; we know what we know:
I hope, ſir, three times thrice, ſir,—
Biron. Is not nine.
Coſt. Under correction, ſir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.
Biron. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.
Coſt. O Lord, ſir, it were pity you ſhould get your living by reckoning, ſir.
Biron. How much is it?
Coſt. O Lord, ſir, the parties themſelves, the actors, ſir, will ſhow whereuntil it doth amount: for my own part, I am, as they ſay, but to parfect one man,—e'en one poor man; Pompion the great, ſir.
Biron. Art thou one of the worthies?
Coſt. It pleaſed them, to think me worthy of Pompion the

[7] That is, we are not fools; our next relations cannot *beg* the wardſhip of our perſons and fortunes. One of the legal teſts of a *natural* is to try whether he can number. JOHNSON.

It is the wardſhip of *Lunaticks* not *Ideots* that devolves upon the next relations. Shakſpeare, perhaps, as well as Dr. Johnſon, was not aware of the diſtinction. DOUCE.

It was not the *next relation* only who begg'd the wardſhip of an ideot. "A rich fool was begg'd by a lord of the king; and the lord coming to another nobleman's houſe, the fool ſaw the picture of a fool in the hangings, which he cut out; and being chidden for it, anſwered, you have more cauſe to love me for it; for if my lord had ſeen the picture of the fool in the hangings, he would certainly have begg'd them of the king, as he did my lands." *Cabinet of Mirth*, 1674. RITSON.

the great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the worthy; but I am to ſtand for him.[8]

Biron. Go, bid them prepare.

Coſt. We will turn it finely off, ſir; we will take ſome care. [*Exit* COSTARD.

King. Birón, they will ſhame us, let them not approach.

Biron. We are ſhame-proof, my lord: and 'tis ſome policy
To have one ſhow worſe than the king's and his company.

King. I ſay, they ſhall not come.

Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you now;
That ſport beſt pleaſes, that doth leaſt know how:
Where zeal ſtrives to content, and the contents
Die in the zeal of them which it preſents,
Their form confounded makes moſt form in mirth;[9]
When great things labouring periſh in their birth.[2]

Biron. A right deſcription of our ſport, my lord.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Anointed, I implore ſo much expence of thy royal ſweet breath as will utter a brace of words.

[ARMADO *converſes with the* KING, *and delivers him a paper.*]

[8] This is a ſtroke of ſatire which, to this hour, has loſt nothing of its force. Few performers are ſolicitous about the hiſtory of the character they are to repreſent. STEEVENS.

[9] The third line may be read thus:

——*the contents*
Die in the zeal of him *which* them *preſents.*

The ſentiment of the Princeſs is very natural, but leſs generous than that of the Amazonian Queen, who ſays, on a like occaſion, in *The Midſummer-Night's Dream*:

"*I love not to ſee wretchedneſs o'ercharg'd,*
"*Nor duty in his ſervice periſhing.*" JOHNSON.

This paſſage, as it ſtands, is unintelligible.—Johnſon's amendment makes it grammatical, but does not make it ſenſe. What does he mean by the contents which die in the zeal of him who preſents them? The word *content*, when ſignifying an affection of the mind, has no plural. Perhaps we ſhould read thus:—

Where zeal ſtrives to content, and the content
Lies in the zeal of *thoſe* which it preſent—— M. MASON.

[2] *Labouring* here means, *in the act* of parturition. MALONE.

Prin. Doth this man ſerve God?

Biron. Why aſk you?

Prin. He ſpeaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm. That's all one, my fair, ſweet honey monarch: for, I proteſt, the ſchool-maſter is exceeding fantaſtical; too, too vain; too, too vain: But we will put it, as they ſay, to *fortuna della guerra.* I wiſh you the peace of mind, moſt royal couplement![3] [*Exit* ARMADO.

King. Here is like to be a good preſence of worthies: He preſents Hector of Troy; the ſwain, Pompey the great; the pariſh curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Macchabæus.

And if theſe four worthies[4] in their firſt ſhow thrive,
Theſe four will change habits, and preſent the other five.

Biron. There is five in the firſt ſhow.

King. You are deceiv'd, 'tis not ſo.

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-prieſt, the fool, and the boy:—

Abate a throw at novum;[5] and the whole world again,
Cannot prick out five ſuch, take each one in his vein.[6]

3 This ſingular word is again uſed by our author in his 21ſt Sonnet:
"Making a *couplement* of proud compare—" MALONE.

4 Theſe two lines might have been deſigned as a ridicule on the concluſion of *Selimus*, a tragedy, 1594:

"If this firſt part, gentles, do like you well,
"The ſecond part ſhall greater murders tell." STEEVENS.

I rather think Shakſpeare alludes to the ſhifts to which the actors were reduced in the old theatres, one perſon often performing two or three parts. MALONE.

5 *Novum* (or *novem*) appears from the following paſſage in Green's *Art of Legerdemain*, 1612, to have been ſome game at dice: "The principal uſe of them (the dice) is at *novum*," &c. STEEVENS.

A *bare* throw, &c. was an arbitrary alteration made by the editor of the ſecond folio. I have added only the article, which ſeems to have been inadvertently omitted. I ſuppoſe the meaning is, Except or put the chance of the dice out of the queſtion, and the world cannot produce five ſuch as theſe.

"A *bare* throw at novum" is to me unintelligible. MALONE.

6 Dr. Grey propoſes to read—*pick* out. The old reading, however, may be right. To *prick out*, is a phraſe ſtill in uſe among gardeners. To *prick* may likewiſe have reference to *vein*. STEEVENS.

Pick is the reading of the quarto, 1598: Cannot *prick* out,—that of the folio, 1623. Our author uſes the ſame phraſe in his 20th Sonnet, in the ſame

King. The ſhip is under ſail, and here ſhe comes amain.

[*Seats brought for the* KING, PRINCESS, *&c.*

Pageant of the Nine Worthies.[7]

Enter COSTARD *arm'd, for* Pompey.

Coſt. I Pompey am,——
Boyet. You lie, you are not he.
Coſt. I Pompey am,——
Boyet. With libbard's head on knee.[8]

ſame ſenſe;—*cannot point out by a puncture or mark.*

Again, in *Julius Cæſar*:

"Will you be *prick'd* in number of our friends?" MALONE.

To *prick* out, means to chooſe out, or to mark as choſen. The word, in this ſenſe, frequently occurs in the Second Part of *King Henry IV.* where Falſtaff receives his recruits from Juſtice Shallow:

"Here's Wart—Shall I *prick* him, Sir John?
"A woman's tailor, Sir—ſhall I *prick* him?
"Shadow will ſerve for ſummer. *Prick* him." M. MASON.

[7] In MS. Harl. 2057, p. 31. is "The order of a ſhowe intended to be made Aug. 1, 1621."

"Firſt, 2 woodmen, &c.

"St. George fighting with the dragon.

"The 9 worthies in compleat armor with crownes of gould on their heads, every one having his eſquires to beare before him his ſhield and penon of armes, dreſſed according as theſe lords were accuſtomed to be: 3 Aſſaralits, 3 Infidels, 3 Chriſtians.

"After them, a Fame, to declare the rare virtues and noble deedes of the 9 worthye women."

Such a pageant as this, we may ſuppoſe it was the deſign of Shakſpeare to ridicule. STEEVENS.

"This ſort of proceſſion was the uſual recreation of our anceſtors at Chriſtmas and other feſtive ſeaſons. Such things, being chiefly plotted and compoſed by ignorant people, were ſeldom committed to writing, at leaſt with the view of preſervation, and are of courſe rarely diſcovered in the reſearches of even the moſt induſtrious antiquaries. And it is certain that nothing of the kind (except the ſpeeches in this ſcene, which were intended to burleſque them) ever appeared in print." This obſervation belongs to Mr. Ritſon, who has printed a genuine ſpecimen of the poetry and manner of this rude and ancient drama, from an original manuſcript of Edward the Fourth's time. (*Tanner's MSS.* 407.) REED.

[8] This alludes to the old heroic habits, which on the knees and ſhoulders had uſually, by way of ornament, the reſemblance of a leopard's or lion's head. WARBURTON.

Biron. Well ſaid, old mocker; I muſt needs be friends with thee.

Coſt. *I Pompey am, Pompey ſurnam'd the big,—*

Dum. The great.

Coſt. It is great, ſir;—*Pompey ſurnam'd the great;*
That oft in field, with targe and ſhield, did make my foe to ſweat:
And, travelling along this coaſt, I here am come by chance;
And lay my arms before the legs of this ſweet laſs of France.
If your ladyſhip would ſay *Thanks, Pompey*, I had done.

Prin. Great thanks, great Pompey.

Coſt. 'Tis not ſo much worth; but, I hope, I was perfect: I made a little fault in, *great.*

Biron. My hat to a half-penny, Pompey proves the beſt worthy.

Enter NATHANIEL *arm'd, for* Alexander.

Nath. *When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;*
By eaſt, weſt, north, and ſouth, I ſpread my conquering might.
My 'ſcutcheon plain declares, that I am Aliſander.

Boyet. Your noſe ſays, no, you are not; for it ſtands too right.[9]

Biron. Your noſe ſmells, no, in this, moſt tender-ſmelling knight.

Prin. The conqueror is diſmay'd: Proceed, good Alexander.

Nath. *When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;—*

Boyet. Moſt true, 'tis right; you were ſo, Aliſander.

Biron. Pompey the great,——

Coſt. Your ſervant, and Coſtárd.

Biron.

The *libbard*, as ſome of the old Engliſh gloſſaries inform us, is the *male* of the *panther*. STEEVENS.

See *Maſquine* in Cotgrave's *Dictionary*: "The repreſentation of a lyon's head, &c. upon the elbow, or knee of ſome old faſhioned garments."

TOLLET.

[9] It ſhould be remembered, to reliſh this joke, that the head of Alexander was obliquely placed on his ſhoulders. STEEVENS.

Biron. Take away the conqueror, take away Aliſander.

Coſt. O, ſir, [*To* NATH.] you have overthrown Aliſander the conqueror! You will be ſcraped out of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his poll-ax ſitting on a cloſe-ſtool,[2] will be given to A-jax:[3] he will be the ninth worthy. A conqueror, and afeard to ſpeak! run away for ſhame, Aliſander. [NATH. *retires.*] There, an't ſhall pleaſe you; a fooliſh mild man; an honeſt man, look you, and ſoon daſh'd! He is a marvellous good neighbour, inſooth; and a very good bowler: but, for Aliſander, alas, you ſee, how 'tis;—a little o'er-parted:[4]—But there are worthies a coming will ſpeak their mind in ſome other ſort.

Prin. Stand aſide, good Pompey.

Enter HOLOFERNES *arm'd, for* Judas, *and* MOTH *arm'd, for* Hercules.

Hol. Great Hercules is preſented by this imp,
Whoſe club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed canus;
And, when he was a babe, a child, a ſhrimp,
Thus did he ſtrangle ſerpents in his manus;
Quoniam, *he ſeemeth in minority;*
Ergo, *I come with this apology.*—
Keep ſome ſtate in thy *exit*, and vaniſh. [*Exit* MOTH.

Hol. Judas I am,—

Dum. A Judas!

[2] This alludes to the arms given in the old hiſtory of *The Nine Worthies*, to "Alexander, the which did beare geules, a lion or, *ſeiante in a chayer*, holding a battle-ax argent." Leigh's *Accidence of Armory*, 1597, p. 23. TOLLET.

[3] There is a conceit of *Ajax* and *a jakes*. JOHNSON.

This conceit, paltry as it is, was uſed by Ben Jonſon, and Camden the antiquary. Ben, among his *Epigrams*, has theſe two lines:

"And I could wiſh, for their eternis'd ſakes,
"My muſe had plough'd with his that ſung *A-jax.*"

So, Camden, in his *Remains*, having mentioned the French word *pet*, ſays, "Enquire, if you underſtand it not, of Cloacina's chaplains, or ſuch as are well read in *A-jax.*" STEEVENS.

See alſo Dodſley's Collection of Old Plays, Vol. IX. p. 133 edition 1780. REED.

[4] That is, the *part* or character allotted to him in this piece is too conſiderable. MALONE.

Hol. Not Iſcariot, ſir.—
Judas I am, ycleped Machabæus.
Dum. Judas Machabæus clipt, is plain Judas.
Biron. A kiſſing traitor: — How art thou prov'd Judas?
Hol. Judas I am,—
Dum. The more ſhame for you, Judas.
Hol. What mean you, ſir?
Boyet. To make Judas hang himſelf.
Hol. Begin, ſir; you are my elder.
Biron. Well follow'd: Judas was hang'd on an elder.
Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.
Biron. Becauſe thou haſt no face.
Hol. What is this?
Boyet. A cittern head.[5]
Dum. The head of a bodkin.
Biron. A death's face in a ring.
Long. The face of an old Roman coin, ſcarce ſeen.
Boyet. The pummel of Cæſar's faulchion.
Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a flaſk.[6]
Biron. St. George's half-cheek in a brooch.
Dum. Ay, in a brooch of lead.
Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer:
And now, forward; for we have put thee in countenance.
Hol. You have put me out of countenance.
Biron. Falſe; we have given thee faces.
Hol. But you have out-fac'd them all.
Biron. An thou wert a lion, we would do ſo.
Boyet. Therefore, as he is, an aſs, let him go.
And ſo adieu, ſweet Jude! nay, why doſt thou ſtay?
Dum. For the latter end of his name.
Biron. For the aſs to the Jude; give it him:—Jud-as, away.

Hol.

[5] So, in *Fancies Chaſte and Noble*, 1638:

"—A cittern-headed gew gaw." Again, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631: "Fiddling on a *cittern* with a man's broken *head* at it." Again, in Ford's *Lover's Melancholy*, 1629: "I hope the chronicles will rear me one day for a head-piece—"

"Of woodcock without brains in it; barbers ſhall wear thee on their *citterns*," &c. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*on a* flaſk.] i. e. a ſoldier's powder-horn. STEEVENS.

Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boyet. A light for monſieur Judas: it grows dark, he may ſtumble.

Prin. Alas, poor Machabæus, how hath he been baited!

Enter ARMADO *arm'd for* Hector.

Biron. Hide thy head, Achilles; here comes Hector in arms.

Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

King. Hector was but a Trojan [7] in reſpect of this.

Boyet. But is this Hector?

Dum. I think, Hector was not ſo clean-timber'd.

Long. His leg is too big for Hector.

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boyet. No; he is beſt indued in the ſmall.

Biron. This cannot be Hector.

Dum. He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.

Arm. *The armipotent Mars, of lances* [8] *the almighty, Gave Hector a gift,*—

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Biron. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves. [9]

7 A *Trojan*, I believe, was in the time of Shakſpeare, a cant term for a *thief*. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I: "Tut there are other *Trojans* that thou dream'ſt not of," &c. Again, in this ſcene, "—unleſs you play the *honeſt* Trojan," &c. STEEVENS.

8 ——*of* lances—] i. e. of lance-men. STEEVENS.

9 An orange *ſtuck with cloves* appears to have been a common new-year's gift. So, Ben Jonſon, in his *Chriſtmas Maſque*: "he has an *orange* and roſemary, but not a *clove* to ſtick in it." A *gilt nutmeg* is mentioned in the ſame piece, and on the ſame occaſion.

The uſe, however, of an *orange*, &c. may be aſcertained from *The Second Booke of Notable Thinges* by Thomas Lupton, 4to. bl. l: "Wyne wyll be pleaſant in taſte and ſavour, if an *orenge* or a *Lymon* (ſtickt round about with *Cloaves*) be hanged within the veſſell that it touche not the wyne. And ſo the wyne wyll be preſerved from foyſtines and evyll ſavour." STEEVENS.

The quarto, 1598, reads—A *gift* nutmeg; and if a *gilt* nutmeg had not been mentioned by Ben Jonſon, I ſhould have thought it right. So we ſay a *gift*-horſe, &c. MALONE.

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. Peace!

The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;
A man so breath'd, that certain he would fight, yea,
From morn till night, out of his pavilion.
I am that flower,—

Dum. That mint.

Long. That columbine.

Arm. Sweet lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

Long. I muſt rather give it the rein; for it runs againſt Hector.

Dum. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

Arm. The ſweet war-man is dead and rotten; ſweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried: when he breath'd, he was a man—But I will forward with my device: Sweet royalty, [*to the* Princeſs.] beſtow on me the ſenſe of hearing. [BIRON *whiſpers* COSTARD.

Prin. Speak, brave Hector; we are much delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy ſweet grace's ſlipper.

Boyet. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the yard.

Arm. This Hector far ſurmounted Hannibal,—

Coſt. The party is gone, fellow Hector, ſhe is gone; ſhe is two months on her way.

Arm. What meaneſt thou?

Coſt. Faith unleſs you play the honeſt Trojan, the poor wench is caſt away: ſhe's quick; the child brags in her belly already; 'tis yours.

Arm. Doſt thou infamonize me among potentates? thou ſhalt die.

Coſt. Then ſhall Hector be whipp'd, for Jaquenetta that is quick by him; and hang'd, for Pompey that is dead by him.

Dum. Moſt rare Pompey!

Boyet. Renowned Pompey!

Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the huge!

Dum. Hector trembles.

Biron. Pompey is mov'd:—More Ates, more Ates;[2] ſtir them on! ſtir them on!

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Biron. Ay, if he have no more man's blood in's belly than will ſup a flea.

Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Coſt. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man;[3] I'll ſlaſh; I'll do it by the ſword:—I pray you, let me borrow my arms[4] again.

Dum. Room for the incenſed worthies.

Coſt. I'll do it in my ſhirt.

Dum. Moſt reſolute Pompey!

Moth. Maſter, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not ſee, Pompey is uncaſing for the combat? What mean you? you will loſe your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen, and ſoldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my ſhirt.

Dum. You may not deny it; Pompey hath made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Biron. What reaſon have you for't?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no ſhirt; I go woolward for penance.

Boyet. True, and it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linen:[5] ſince when, I'll be ſworn, he wore none, but a

[2] That is more inſtigation. Ate was the miſchievous goddeſs that incited bloodſhed. JOHNSON.

[3] *Vir Borealis*, a clown. See Gloſſary to Urry's Chaucer. FARMER.

[4] The weapons and armour which he wore in the character of Pompey. JOHNSON.

[5] This may poſſibly allude to a ſtory well known in our author's time, to this effect. A Spaniard at Rome falling in a duel, as he lay expiring, an intimate friend, by chance, came by, and offered him his beſt ſervices. The dying man told him he had but one requeſt to make him, but conjured him, by the memory of their paſt friendſhip, punctually to comply with it, which was not to ſuffer him to be ſtript, but to bury him as he lay, in the habit he then had on. When this was promiſed, the Spaniard cloſed his eyes, and expired with great compoſure and reſignation. But his friend's curioſity prevailing over his good-faith, he had him ſtript, and found, to his great ſurpriſe, that he was without a ſhirt. WARBURTON.

diſh-clout of Jaquenetta's; and that 'a wears next his heart, for a favour.

Enter

This is a plain reference to the following ſtory in Stowe's *Annals*, p. 98. (in the time of Edward the Confeſſor.) "Next after this (king Edward's firſt cure of the king's evil) mine authors affirm, that a certain man, named Viſunius Spileorne, the ſon of Ulmore of Nutgarſhall, who, when he hewed timber in the wood of Brutheullena, laying him down to ſleep after his ſore labour, the blood and humours of his head ſo congealed about his eyes, that he was thereof blind, for the ſpace of nineteen years; but then (as he had been moved in his ſleep) he *went woolward* and barefooted to many churches, in every of them to pray to God for help in his blindneſs." DR. GREY.

In Lodge's *Incarnate Devils*, 1596, we have the character of a *ſwaſhbuckler*: "His common courſe is to go always untruſt; except when his *ſhirt is a waſhing*, and then he goes *woolward*." FARMER.

Woolward—] "I have no ſhirt: I go *woolward* for penance." The learned Dr. Grey, whoſe accurate knowledge of our old hiſtorians has often thrown much light on Shakſpeare, ſuppoſes that this paſſage is a *plain reference* to a ſtory in Stowe's *Annals*, p. 98. But where is the connection or reſemblance between this monkiſh tale and the paſſage before us? There is nothing in the ſtory, as here related by Stowe, that would even put us in mind of this dialogue between Boyet and Armado, except the ſingular expreſſion *go woolward*; which, at the ſame time is not explained by the annotator, nor illuſtrated by his quotation. To *go woolward*, I believe, was a phraſe appropriated to pilgrims and penitentiaries. In this ſenſe it ſeems to be uſed in *Pierce Plowman's Viſions*, Paſſ. xviii. fol. 96. b. edit. 1550:

"*Wolward* and wetſhod *went* I forth after
"As a rechleſs reuke, that of no wo retcheth,
"And yedeforth like a lorell," &c.

Skinner derives *woolward* from the Saxon wol, *plague*, ſecondarily *any great diſtreſs*, and weard, *toward*. Thus, ſays he, it ſignifies, "*in magno diſcrimine & expectatione magni mali conſtitutus*." I rather think it ſhould be written *woolward*, and that it means *cloathed in wool*, and *not in linen*. This appears, not only from Shakſpeare's context, but more particularly from an hiſtorian who relates the legend before cited, and whoſe words Stowe has evidently tranſlated. This is Ailred abbot of Rievaulx, who ſays, that our blind man was admoniſhed, "Eccleſias numero octoginta *nudis pedibus* et *abſque linteis* circumire." *Dec. Scriptor.* 392. 50. The ſame ſtory is told by William of Malmſbury, *Geſt. Reg. Angl.* lib. ii. p. 91. edit. 1601. And in *Caxton's Legenda Aurea*, fol. 307. edit. 1493. By the way it appears, that Stowe's Viſunius Spileorne, ſon of Ulmore of Nutgarſhall, ought to be Wulwin, ſurnamed de Spillicote, ſon of Wulmar de Lutegarſhelle, now Ludgerſhall: and the wood of Brutheullena is the foreſt of Bruelle, now called Brill, in Buckinghamſhire. T. WARTON.

Enter MERCADE.

Mer. God ſave you, madam!
Prin. Welcome, Mercade;
But that thou interrupt'ſt our merriment.
Mer. I am ſorry, madam; for the news I bring,
Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—
Prin. Dead, for my life.
Mer. Even ſo? my tale is told.
Biron. Worthies, away; the ſcene begins to cloud.
Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath: I have ſeen the day of wrong through the little hole of diſcretion,[6] and I will right myſelf like a ſoldier. [*Exeunt Worthies.*
King. How fares your majeſty?
Prin. Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.
King. Madam, not ſo; I do beſeech you, ſtay.
Prin. Prepare, I ſay.—I thank you, gracious lords,
For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,
Out of a new-ſad ſoul, that you vouchſafe
In your rich wiſdom, to excuſe, or hide,
The liberal oppoſition of our ſpirits:
If over-boldly we have borne ourſelves
In the converſe of breath,[7] your gentleneſs

Was

[6] This has no meaning. We ſhould read, *the day of* right, i. e. I have ſeen that a day will come when I ſhall have juſtice done me, and therefore I prudently reſerve myſelf for that time. WARBURTON.

I believe it rather means, *I have hitherto looked on the indignities I have received, with the eyes of diſcretion,* (i. e. not been too forward to reſent them) *and ſhall inſiſt on ſuch ſatisfaction as will not diſgrace my character, which is that of a ſoldier.* To have decided the quarrel in the manner propoſed by his antagoniſt, would have been at once a derogation from the honour of a ſoldier, and the pride of a Spaniard. STEEVENS.

The paſſage is faulty; but Warburton has miſtaken the meaning of it, and the place in which the error lies.

Armado means to ſay, in his affected ſtyle, that "he had diſcovered that he was wronged, and was determined to right himſelf as a ſoldier;" and this meaning will be clearly expreſſed if we read it thus, with a very ſlight alteration:—"I have ſeen the day of wrong, through the little hole of diſcretion." M. MASON.

[7] Perhaps *converſe* may, in this line, mean *interchange.* JOHNSON.

Converſe of breath means no more than converſation "made upof breath," as our author expreſſes himſelf in *Othello.* STEEVENS.

Was guilty of it.—Farewell, worthy lord!
A heavy heart bears not an humble tongue: [8]
Excuſe me ſo, coming ſo ſhort of thanks
For my great ſuit ſo eaſily obtain'd.

King. The extreme parts of time extremely form
All cauſes to the purpoſe of his ſpeed;
And often, at his very looſe, decides [9]
That which long proceſs could not arbitrate:
And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbid the ſmiling courteſy of love,
The holy ſuit which fain it would convince; [2]
Yet, ſince love's argument was firſt on foot,
Let not the cloud of ſorrow juſtle it
From what it purpos'd; ſince, to wail friends loſt,
Is not by much ſo wholeſome, profitable,
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I underſtand you not; my griefs are double.[3]

Biron.

[8] Thus all the editions; but, ſurely, without either ſenſe or truth. None are more *humble* in ſpeech, than they who labour under any oppreſſion. The princeſs is deſiring her grief may apologize for her not expreſſing her obligations at large; and my correction is conformable to that ſentiment. Beſides, there is an antitheſis between *heavy* and *nimble*; but between *heavy* and *humble*, there is none. THEOBALD.

[9] *At his very looſe*, may mean, *at the moment of his parting*, i. e. of his *getting looſe*, or away from us. STEEVENS.

[2] We muſt read:

——*which fain* would it *convince*;

that is, the entreaties of love which would fain *over-power* grief. So Lady Macbeth declares, "*That ſhe will* convince *the chamberlains with wine.*" JOHNSON.

If Johnſon was right with reſpect to the meaning of this paſſage, I ſhould think that the words, as they now ſtand, would expreſs it without the tranſpoſition which he propoſes to make. Place a comma after the word *it*, and *fain it would convince*, will ſignify the ſame as *fain would convince it*.—In reading, it is certain that a proper emphaſis will ſupply the place of that tranſpoſition. But I believe that the words *which fain it would convince*, mean only what it would wiſh to ſucceed in obtaining. To *convince* is to *overcome*; and to prevail in a ſuit which was ſtrongly denied, is a kind of conqueſt. M. MASON.

[3] I ſuppoſe, ſhe means, 1. on account of the death of her father; 2. on account of not underſtanding the king's meaning.—A modern editor, [Mr. Capell,] inſtead of *double*, reads *deaf*; but the former is not at all likely to have been miſtaken, either by the eye or the ear, for the latter. MALONE.

Biron. Honeſt plain words [4] beſt pierce the ear of grief;—
And by theſe badges underſtand the king.
For your fair ſakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul play with our oaths; your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deform'd us, faſhioning our humours
Even to the oppoſed end of our intents:
And what in us hath ſeem'd ridiculous,—
As love is full of unbefitting ſtrains;
All wanton as a child, ſkipping, and vain;
Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye
Full of ſtrange ſhapes, of habits, and of forms,
Varying in ſubjects as the eye doth roll
To every varied object in his glance:
Which party-coated preſence of looſe love
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
Have miſbecom'd our oaths and gravities,
Thoſe heavenly eyes, that look into theſe faults,
Suggeſted us [5] to make: Therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewiſe yours: we to ourſelves prove falſe,
By being once falſe for ever to be true
To thoſe that make us both,—fair ladies, you:
And even that falſehood, in itſelf a ſin,

Thus

[4] As it ſeems not very proper for Biron to court the princeſs for the king in the king's preſence at this critical moment, I believe the ſpeech is given to a wrong perſon. I read thus:

Prin. *I underſtand you not, my griefs are double:*
Honeſt plain words beſt pierce the ear of grief.
King. *And by theſe badges*, &c. JOHNSON.

Too many authors ſacrifice propriety to the conſequence of their principal character, into whoſe mouth they are willing to put more than juſtly belongs to him, or at leaſt the beſt things they have to ſay. The original actor of Biron, however, like *Bottom* in *The Midſummer-Night's Dream*, might have wreſted this ſpeech from an inferior performer. I have been aſſured, that Mercutio's rhapſody concerning the tricks of Queen Mab, was put into the mouth of Romeo by the late Mr. Sheridan, as often as he himſelf performed that character in Ireland. STEEVENS.

In a former part of this ſcene Biron ſpeaks for the king and the other lords, and being at length exhauſted, tells them, they muſt woo for themſelves. I believe, therefore, the old copies are right in this reſpect; but think with Dr. Johnſon that the line "Honeſt," &c. belongs to the princeſs. MALONE.

[5] Suggeſted *us*—] That is, *tempted* us. JOHNSON.

Thus purifies itſelf, and turns to grace.

Prin. We have receiv'd your letters, full of love;
Your favours, the embaſſadors of love;
And, in our maiden council, rated them
At courtſhip, pleaſant jeſt, and courteſy,
As bombaſt, and as lining to the time:[6]
But more devout than this, in our reſpects,
Have we not been; and therefore met your loves
In their own faſhion, like a merriment.

Dum. Our letters, madam, ſhow'd much more than jeſt.

Long. So did our looks.

Roſ. We did not quote them ſo.[7]

King.

[6] This line is obſcure. *Bombaſt* was a kind of looſe texture not unlike what is now called *wadding*, uſed to give the dreſſes of that time bulk and protuberance, without much increaſe of weight; whence the ſame name is given to a tumour of words unſupported by ſolid ſentiment. The princeſs, therefore, ſays, that they conſidered this courtſhip as but *bombaſt*, as ſomething to fill out life, which not being cloſely united with it, might be thrown away at pleaſure. JOHNSON.

We have receiv'd your letters full of love;
Your favours the ambaſſadors of love;
And in our maiden council rated them
At courtſhip, pleaſant jeſt, and courteſy,
As bombaſt and as lining to the time:
But more devout than theſe in our *reſpects,*
Have we not been, *and therefore met your loves*
In their own faſhion, like a merriment.

The ſixth verſe being evidently corrupted, Dr. Warburton propoſes to read:

But more devout than this (ſave *our reſpects*)
Have we not been;———

Dr. Johnſon prefers the conjecture of Sir Thomas Hanmer:

But more devout than this, in *our reſpects.*

I would read, with leſs violence, I think, to the text, though with the alteration of two words:

But more devout than theſe are your *reſpects*
Have we not ſeen,——— TYRWHITT.

The difficulty I believe ariſes only from Shakſpeare's remarkable poſition of his words, which may be thus conſtrued.—*But we have not been more devout*, or made a more ſerious matter of your letters and favours than theſe *our reſpects*, or conſiderations and reckonings of them, are, and as we have juſt before ſaid, *we rated them in our maiden council at courtſhip, pleaſant jeſt, and courteſy.* TOLLET.

[7] The old copies read—*cote.* STEEVENS.

King. Now, at the lateſt minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time, methinks, too ſhort
To make a world-without-end bargain in : [8]
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur'd much,
Full of dear guiltineſs; and, therefore, this,—
If for my love (as there is no ſuch cauſe)
You will do aught, this ſhall you do for me :
Your oath I will not truſt ; but go with ſpeed
To ſome forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleaſures of the world;
There ſtay, until the twelve celeſtial ſigns
Have brought about their annual reckoning :
If this auſtere inſociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood ;
If froſts, and faſts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,[9]
Nip not the gaudy bloſſoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial, and laſt love ;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge, challenge me by theſe deſerts,
And, by this virgin palm, now kiſſing thine,
I will be thine; and, till that inſtant, ſhut
My woeful ſelf up in a mourning houſe ;
Raining the tears of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part ;
Neither intitled in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,

To

We ſhould read—*quote*, eſteem, reckon; though our old writers ſpelling by the ear, probably wrote—*cote*, as it was pronounced. JOHNSON.

Cote is only the old ſpelling of *quote*. So again, in our poet's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594:

"Yea, the illiterate—
"Will *cote* my loathed treſpaſs in my looks." MALONE.

We did not *quote* 'em ſo, is, *we did not regard them as ſuch*. So, in *Hamlet* :

"I'm ſorry that with better heed and judgement
"I had not *quoted* him." See Act II. ſc. i. STEEVENS.

[8] *To make a* world-without-end *bargain in* :] This ſingular phraſe, which Shakſpeare borrowed probably from our liturgy, occurs again in his 87th Sonnet. MALONE.

[9] —*and thin* weeds,] i. e. cloathing. MALONE.

To flatter up theſe powers of mine with reſt,[2]
The ſudden hand of death cloſe up mine eye!
Hence ever then my heart is in thy breaſt.
Biron. And what to me, my love? and what to me?
Roſ. You muſt be purged too, your ſins are rank;[3]
You are attaint with faults and perjury;
Therefore, if you my favour mean to get,
A twelvemonth ſhall you ſpend, and never reſt,
But ſeek the weary beds of people ſick.[4]
Dum. But what to me, my love? but what to me?
Kath. A wife!—A beard, fair health, and honeſty;
With three-fold love I wiſh you all theſe three.
Dum. O, ſhall I ſay, I thank you, gentle wife?
Kath. Not ſo, my lord;—a twelvemonth and a day
I'll mark no words that ſmooth-fac'd wooers ſay:
Come when the king doth to my lady come,
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you ſome.
Dum. I'll ſerve thee true and faithfully till then.
Kath. Yet, ſwear not, leſt you be forſworn again.
Long. What ſays Maria?
Mar. At the twelvemonth's end,

I'll

[2] Dr. Warburton would read *fetter*, but *flatter* or *ſooth* is, in my opinion, more appoſite to the king's purpoſe than *fetter*. Perhaps we may read:

To flatter on *theſe* hours of time *with reſt*;

That is, I would not deny to live in the hermitage, to make the year of delay paſs in quiet. JOHNSON.

[3] The folio and quarto, 1598, read—are *rack'd*. STEEVENS.

i. e. *extended* "to the top of their bent."

Mr. Rowe and the ſubſequent editors read—are *rank*. MALONE.

Rowe's emendation is every way juſtifiable. Things *rank* (not thoſe which are *racked*) need *purging*. Beſides, Shakſpeare has uſed the ſame epithet on the ſame occaſion in *Hamlet*:

"O! my *offence* is *rank*, it ſmells to heaven." STEEVENS.

[4] Theſe ſix verſes both Dr. Thirlby and Mr. Warburton concur to think ſhould be expunged; and therefore I have put them between crotchets: not that they were an interpolation, but as the author's draught, which he afterwards rejected, and executed the ſame thought a little lower with much more ſpirit and elegance. Shakſpeare is not to anſwer for the preſent abſurd repetition, but his actor-editors; who, thinking Roſaline's ſpeech too long in the ſecond plan, had abridg'd it to the lines above quoted; but, in publiſhing the play, ſtupidly printed both the original ſpeech of Shakſpeare, and their own abridgement of it.

THEOBALD.

I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.
Long. I'll ſtay with patience; but the time is long.
Mar. The liker you; few taller are ſo young.
Biron. Studies my lady? miſtreſs, look on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble ſuit attends thy anſwer there;
Impoſe ſome ſervice on me for thy love.
Roſ. Oft have I heard of you, my lord Birón,
Before I ſaw you: and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of compariſons, and wounding flouts;
Which you on all eſtates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit:
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain;
And, therewithal, to win me, if you pleaſe,
(Without the which I am not to be won)
You ſhall this twelvemonth term from day to day
Viſit the ſpeechleſs ſick, and ſtill converſe
With groaning wretches; and your taſk ſhall be,
With all the fierce endeavour[5] of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to ſmile.
Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be; it is impoſſible:
Mirth cannot move a ſoul in agony.
Roſ. Why that's the way to choke a gibing ſpirit,
Whoſe influence is begot of that looſe grace,
Which ſhallow laughing hearers give to fools:
A jeſt's proſperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if ſickly ears,
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear groans,[6]
Will hear your idle ſcorns, continue then,
And I will have you, and that fault withal;
But, if they will not, throw away that ſpirit,
And I ſhall find you empty of that fault,

Right

[5] *Fierce* is *vehement, rapid.* STEEVENS.
[6] *Dear* ſhould here, as in many other places, be *dere*, ſad, odious. JOHNSON.
I believe *dear* in this place, as in many others, means only *immediate, conſequential.* So, already in this ſcene:
——full of *dear* guiltineſs. STEEVENS.

Right joyful of your reformation.

Biron. A twelvemonth? well, befal what will befal,
I'll jeſt a twelvemonth in an hoſpital.[6]

Prin. Ay, ſweet my lord; and ſo I take my leave.

[*To the* KING.

King. No, madam: we will bring you on your way.

Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old play;
Jack hath not Jill: theſe ladies' courteſy
Might well have made our ſport a comedy.

King. Come, ſir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,
And then 'twill end.

Biron. That's too long for a play.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Sweet majeſty, vouchſafe me,—

Prin. Was not that Hector?

Dum. The worthy knight of Troy.

Arm. I will kiſs thy royal finger, and take leave: I am a votary; I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her ſweet love three years. But, moſt eſteemed greatneſs, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled, in praiſe of the owl and the cuckoo? it ſhould have followed in the end of our ſhow.

King. Call them forth quickly, we will do ſo.

Arm. Holla! approach.

Enter HOLOFERNES, NATHANIEL, MOTH, COSTARD, *and others.*

This ſide is Hiems, winter; this Ver, the ſpring; the one maintain'd by the owl, the other by the cuckoo. Ver, begin.

SONG.

[6] The characters of *Biron* and *Roſaline* ſuffer much by compariſon with thoſe of *Benedick* and *Beatrice*. We know that *Love's Labour's Loſt* was the elder performance; and as our author grew more experienced in dramatic writing, he might have ſeen how much he could improve on his own originals. To this circumſtance, perhaps, we are indebted for the more perfect comedy of *Much ado about Nothing*. STEEVENS.

SONG.

Spring. *When daiſies pied,*[7] *and violets blue,*
And lady-ſmocks all ſilver-white,
And cuckoo-buds[8] *of yellow hue,*
Do paint the meadows with delight.
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus ſings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
Unpleaſing to a married ear!

II.

When ſhepherds pipe on oaten ſtraws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their ſummer ſmocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus ſings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
Unpleaſing to a married ear!

Winter.

[7] The firſt lines of this ſong that were tranſpoſed, have been replaced by Mr. Theobald. JOHNSON.

[8] Gerard in his *Herbal*, 1597, ſays, that the *flos cuculi cardamine*, &c. are called "in Engliſh *cuckoo-flowers*, in Norfolk *Canterbury-bells*, and at *Namptwich* in Cheſhire *laidie ſmocks*." Shakſpeare, however, might not have been ſufficiently ſkilled in botany to be aware of this particular.

Mr. Tollet has obſerved that Lyte in his *Herbal*, 1578 and 1579, remarks, that *cowſlips* are in French, of ſome called *coquu*, prime vere, and brayes de *coquu*. This he thinks will ſufficiently account for our author's *cuckoo-buds*, by which he ſuppoſes *cowſlip buds* to be meant; and further directs the reader to Cotgrave's *Dictionary*, under the articles—*Cocu*, and *herbe a coqu*. STEEVENS.

Cuckoo-buds muſt be wrong. I believe *cowſlip-buds*, the true reading. FARMER.

Mr. Whalley, the learned editor of Ben Jonſon's Works, many years ago propoſed to read *crocus* buds. The cuckoo-flower, he obſerved, could not be called *yellow*, it rather approaching to the colour of white, by which epithet, Cowley, who was himſelf no mean botaniſt, has diſtinguiſhed it:

Albaque cardamine, &c. MALONE.

Crocus *buds* is a phraſe unknown to naturaliſts and gardeners. STEEVENS.

III.

Winter. *When icicles hang by the wall,*[9]
And Dick *the ſhepherd blows his nail,*[2]
And Tom *bears logs into the hall,*
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring owl,
To-who;
Tu-whit, to-who,[3] *a merry note,*
While greaſy Joan *doth keel the pot.*[4]

When

[9] i. e. from the eaves of the thatch or other roofing, from which in the morning icicles are found depending in great abundance, after a night of froſt.

Our author (whoſe images are all taken from nature) has alluded in *The Tempeſt*, to the drops of water that after rain flow from ſuch coverings, in their natural unfrozen ſtate:

"His tears run down his beard, like *winter's drops*
"*From eves of reeds.*" MALONE.

[2] *And Dick the* ſhepherd blows his nail,] So, in *King Henry VI.* P. III.

"What time *the ſhepherd, blowing of his nails,*
"Can neither call it perfect day or night." MALONE.

[3] So, in Lyly's *Mother Bombie:*

"*To-whit, to-whoo the owle* does cry." HOLT WHITE.

[4] This word is yet uſed in Ireland, and ſignifies *to ſcum the pot.*
GOLDSMITH.

So, in Marſton's *What you Will*, 1607:——"Faith, Doricus, thy brain boils, *keel* it, *keel* it, or all the fat's in the fire." STEEVENS.

To *keel the pot* is certainly to *cool it*, but in a particular manner: it is to ſtir the pottage with the ladle to prevent the *boiling over*. FARMER.

——*keel the pot.*] i. e. cool the pot. "The thing is, they mix their thicking of oatmeal and water, which they call *blending the litting* [or *lithing*], and put it in the pot, when they ſet on, becauſe when the meat, pudding and turnips are all in, they cannot ſo well mix it, but 'tis apt to go into lumps; yet this method of theirs renders the pot liable to boil over at the firſt riſing, and every ſubſequent increaſe of the fire; to prevent which it becomes neceſſary for one to attend to cool it occaſionally, by lading it up frequently with a ladle, which they call *keeling the pot*, and is indeed a greaſy office." *Gent. Mag.* 1760. This account ſeems to be accurate. RITSON.

To *keel* ſignifies to *cool* in general, without any reference to the kitchen.

Mr. Lambe obſerves in his notes on the ancient metrical Hiſtory of *The Battle of Floddon*, that it is a common thing in the North "for a maid ſervant to take out of a boiling pot a *wheen*, i. e. a ſmall quantity, viz. a porringer

IV.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parſon's ſaw,[5]
And birds ſit brooding in the ſnow,
And Marian's *noſe looks red and raw,*
When roaſted crabs hiſs in the bowl,[6]
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring owl,
To-who;
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greaſy Joan *doth keel the pot.*

Arm. The words of Mercury are harſh after the ſongs of Apollo. You, that way; we, this way. [*Exeunt.*[7]

porringer or two of broth, and then to fill up the pot with cold water. The broth thus taken out, is called the *keeling wheen.* In this manner greaſy Joan keeled the pot." STEEVENS.

[5] *Saw* ſeems anciently to have meant, not as at preſent, a proverb, a ſentence, but the whole tenor of any inſtructive diſcourſe. STEEVENS.

Yet in *As you like it*, our author uſes this word in the ſenſe of a ſentence, or maxim: "Dead ſhepherd, now I find thy *ſaw* of might," &c. It is, I believe, ſo uſed here. MALONE.

[6] i. e. the wild apples, ſo called. STEEVENS.

The bowl muſt be ſuppoſed to be filled with ale; a toaſt and ſome ſpice and ſugar being added, what is called *Lamb's wool* is produced. MALONE.

[7] In this play, which all the editors have concurred to cenſure, and ſome have rejected as unworthy of our poet, it muſt be confeſſed that there are many paſſages mean, childiſh, and vulgar; and ſome which ought not to have been exhibited, as we are told they were, to a maiden queen. But there are ſcattered through the whole many ſparks of genius; nor is there any play that has more evident marks of the hand of Shakſpeare. JOHNSON.

ACT I. SCENE I. Page 417.

This child of fancy, *that Armado hight*, &c.] This, as I have ſhown in the note in its place, relates to the ſtories in the books of chivalry. A few words, therefore, concerning their origin and nature, may not be unacceptable to the reader. As I don't know of any writer, who has given any tolerable account of this matter: and eſpecially as monſieur Huet, the biſhop of Avranches, who wrote a formal treatiſe of the Origin of Romances, has ſaid little or nothing of theſe in that ſuperficial work. For having brought down the account of Romances to the later Greeks, and entered upon thoſe compoſed by the barbarous weſtern writers, which have now the name of Romances almoſt appropriated to them, he puts the

change upon his reader, and inſtead of giving us an account of theſe books of chivalry, one of the moſt curious and intereſting parts of the ſubject he promiſed to treat of, he contents himſelf with a long account of the poems of the Provincial writers, called likewiſe romances; and ſo, under the *equivoque* of a common term, drops his proper ſubject, and entertains us with another, that had no relation to it more than in the name.

The Spaniards were of all others the fondeſt of theſe fables, as ſuiting beſt their extravagant turn to gallantry and bravery; which in time grew ſo exceſſive, as to need all the efficacy of Cervantes's incomparable ſatire to bring them back to their ſenſes. The French ſuffered an eaſier cure from their doctor Rabelais, who enough diſcredited the books of chivalry, by only uſing the extravagant ſtories of its giants, &c. as a cover for another kind of ſatire againſt the *refined politicks* of his countrymen; of which they were as much poſſeſſed as the Spaniards of their *romantick bravery*: a *bravery* our Shakſpeare makes their characteriſtic in this deſcription of a Spaniſh gentleman:

A man of complements, whom right and wrong
Have choſe as umpire *of their mutiny:*
This child of fancy, *that Armado hight,*
For interim to our ſtudies, ſhall relate,
In high-born words, *the worth of many a knight,*
From tawny *Spain,* loſt in the world's debate.*

The ſenſe of which is to this effect: *This gentleman,* ſays the ſpeaker, *ſhall relate to us the celebrated ſtories recorded in the old romances, and in their very ſtile.* Why he ſays *from tawny Spain,* is becauſe theſe romances, being of the Spaniſh original, the heroes and the ſcene were generally of that country. He ſays, *loſt in the world's debate,* becauſe the ſubjects of thoſe romances were the cruſades of the European Chriſtians againſt the Saracens of Aſia and Africa.

Indeed, the wars of the Chriſtians againſt the Pagans were the general ſubject of the romances of chivalry. They all ſeem to have had their ground-work in two fabulous monkiſh hiſtorians: the one, who under the name of Turpin, archbiſhop of Rheims, wrote the Hiſtory and Atchievements of Charlemagne and his Twelve Peers; to whom, inſtead of his father, they aſſigned the taſk of driving the Saracens out of France and the ſouth parts of Spain: the other, our Geoffry of Monmouth.

Two of thoſe peers, whom the old romances have rendered moſt famous, were Oliver and Rowland. Hence Shakſpeare makes Alençon, in the firſt part of Henry VI. ſay; "Froyſſard, a countryman of ours, records,

* *From tawny Spain,* &c.] This paſſage may, as Dr. Warburton imagines, be in alluſion to the Spaniſh Romances, of which ſeveral were extant in Engliſh, and very popular at the time this play was written. Such, for inſtance, as *Amadis, de Gaule, Don Bellianis, Palmerin d'Oliva, Palmerin of England,* the *Mirrour of Knighthood,* &c. But he is egregiouſly miſtaken in aſſerting that "the heroes and the ſcene were generally of that country," which, in fact, (except in an inſtance or two nothing at all to the preſent purpoſe) is never the caſe. If the words *loſt in the world's debate* will bear the editor's conſtruction, there are certainly many books of chivalry on the ſubject. I cannot, however, think that Shakſpeare was particularly converſant in works of this deſcription: But, indeed, the alternately rhyming parts, at leaſt, of the preſent play are apparently by an inferior hand; the remains, no doubt, of the *old platform.* RITSON.

cords, England all Olivers and Rowlands bred, during the time Edward the third did reign." In the Spaniſh romance of *Bernardo del Carpio*, and in that of *Roncesvalles*, the feats of Roland are recorded under the name of *Roldan el encantador*; and in that of *Palmerin de Oliva*,* or ſimply *Oliva*, thoſe of Oliver: for *Oliva* is the ſame in Spaniſh as *Olivier* is in French. The account of their exploits is in the higheſt degree monſtrous and extravagant, as appears from the judgement paſſed upon them by the prieſt in Don Quixote, when he delivers the knight's library to the ſecular arm of the houſe-keeper, "Eccetuando à un Bernardo del Carpio que anda por ay, y à otro llamado Roncesvalles; que eſtos en llegando a mis manos, an de eſtar en las de la ama, y dellas en las del fuego ſin remiſſion alguna." † And of Oliver he ſays, "eſſa Oliva ſe haga luego raxas, y ſe queme, que aun no queden della las cenizas."‡ The reaſonableneſs of this ſentence may be partly ſeen from one ſtory in the *Bernardo del Carpio*, which tells us, that the cleft called Roldan, to be ſeen in the ſummit of an high mountain in the kingdom of Valencia, near the town of Alicant, was made with a ſingle back-ſtroke of that hero's broad-ſword. Hence came the proverbial expreſſion of *our* plain and ſenſible anceſtors, who were much cooler readers of theſe extravagancies than the Spaniards, of *giving one a Rowland for his Oliver*, that is of matching one impoſſible lye with another: as, in French, *faire le Roland* means, *to ſwagger*. This driving the Saracens out of France and Spain, was, as we ſay, the ſubject of the elder romances. And the firſt that was printed in Spain was the famous *Amadis de Gaula*, of which the inquiſitor prieſt ſays: "ſegun he oydo dezir, eſte libro fué el primero de Cavallerias qui ſe imprimio en Eſpana, y todos los demás an tomado principio y origen deſte;" § and for which he humourouſly condemns it to the fire, *coma à Dogmatazador de una ſecta tan mala*. When this ſubject was well exhauſted, the affairs of Europe afforded them another of the ſame nature. For after that the weſtern parts had pretty well cleared themſelves of theſe inhoſpitable gueſts, by the excitements of the popes, they carried their arms againſt them into Greece and Aſia, to ſupport the Byzantine empire, and recover the holy ſepulchre. This gave birth to a new tribe of romances, which we may call of the *ſecond* race or claſs. And as *Amadis de Gaula* was at the head of the firſt, ſo, correſpondently to the ſubject, *Amadis de Græcia* was at the head of the latter. Hence it is, we find, that Trebizonde is as celebrated in theſe romances as Roncesvalles is in the other. It may be worth obſerving, that the two famous Italian epic poets, Arioſto and Taſſo, have borrowed, from each of theſe claſſes of old romances, the ſcenes and ſubjects of their ſeveral ſtories: Arioſto chooſing the firſt, *the Saracens in*

* Dr. Warburton is quite miſtaken in deriving Oliver from (Palmerin de) Oliva, which is utterly incompatible with the genius of the Spaniſh language. The old romance, of which Oliver was the hero, is entitled in Spaniſh, "Hiſtorias de los nobles Cavalleros Oliveros de Caſtilla, y Artus de Algarbe, in fol. en Valladolid, 1501, in fol. en Sevilla, 1507;" and in French thus, "Hiſtoire d'Olivier de Caſtille, & Artus d'Algarbe ſon loyal compagnon, & de Heleine, Fille au Roy d'Angleterre, &c. tranſlatée du Latin par Phil. Kamus, in fol. Gothique." It has alſo appeared in Engliſh. See Ames's Typograph. p. 94. 47. PERCY.

† B. i. c. 6. ‡ Ibid. § Ibid.

France and Spain; and Taſſo, the latter, *the Cruſade againſt them in Aſia*: Arioſto's hero being Orlando, or the French *Roland*: for as the Spaniards, by one way of tranſpoſing the letters, had made it *Roldan*, ſo the Italians, by another, make it *Orland*.

The main ſubject of theſe fooleries, as we have ſaid, had its original in Turpin's famous Hiſtory of Charlemagne and his Twelve Peers, Nor were the monſtrous embelliſhments of enchantments, &c. the invention of the romancers, but formed upon eaſtern tales, brought thence by travellers from their cruſades and pilgrimages; which indeed have a caſt peculiar to the wild imaginations of the eaſtern people. We have a proof of this in the travels of Sir John Maundeville, whoſe exceſſive ſuperſtition and credulity, together with an impudent monkiſh addition to his genuine work, have made his veracity thought much worſe of than it deſerved. This voyager, ſpeaking of the iſle of Cos in the Archipelago, tells the following ſtory of an enchanted dragon. "And alſo a zonge man, that wiſt not of the dragoun, went out of the ſchipp, and went through the ile, till that he cam to the caſtelle, and cam into the cave; and went ſo longe till that he fond a chambre, and there he ſaughe a damyſelle, that kembed hire hede, and lokede in a myrour: and ſche hadde moche treſoure abouten hire: and he trowed that ſche hadde ben a comoun woman, that dwelled there to receive men to folye. And he abode till the damyſelle ſaughe the ſchadowe of him in the myrour. And ſche turned hire toward him, and aſked him what he wolde. And he ſeyde, he wolde ben hire limman or paramour. And ſche aſked him, if that he were a knyghte. And he ſayde, nay. And then ſche ſayde, that he might not ben hire limman. But ſche bad him gon azen unto his felowes, and make him knyghte, and come azen upon the morwe, and ſche ſcholde come out of her cave before him; and thanne come and kyſſe hire on the mowth and have no drede. For I ſchalle do the no maner harm, alle be it that thou ſee me in lykeneſs of a dragoun. For thoghe thou ſee me hideouſe and horrible to loken onne, I do the to wytene that it is made be enchauntement. For withouten doubte, I am none other than thou ſeeſt now, a woman; and herefore drede the noughte. And zyf thou kyſſe me, thou ſchalt have all this treſoure, and be my lord, and lord alſo of all that iſle. And he departed," &c. p. 29, 30, ed. 1725. Here we ſee the very ſpirit of a romance adventure. This honeſt traveller believed it all, and ſo, it ſeems did the people of the iſle. "And ſome men ſeyne (ſays he) that in the iſle of Lango is zit the doughtre of Ypocras in forme and lykeneſſe of a gret dragoun, that is an hundred fadme in lengthe, as men ſeyn: for I have not ſeen hire. And they of the iſles callen hire, lady of the land." We are not to think then, theſe kind of ſtories, believed by pilgrims and travellers, would have leſs credit either with the writers or readers of romances: which humour of the times therefore may well account for their birth and favourable reception in the world.

The other monkiſh hiſtorian, who ſupplied the romancers with materials, was our Geoffry of Monmouth. For it is not to be ſuppoſed, that theſe *children of fancy* (as Shakſpeare in th place quoted above, finely calls them, inſinuating that *fancy* hath its *infancy* as well as *manhood*,)

Lood,) ſhould ſtop * in the midſt of ſo extraordinary a career, or confine themſelves within the liſts of the *terra firma*. From *him* therefore the Spaniſh romances took the ſtory of the Britiſh Arthur, and the knights of his round table, his wife Gueniver, and his conjurer Merlin. But ſtill it was the ſame ſubject, (eſſential to books of chivalry,) the wars of Chriſtians againſt Infidels. And, whether it was by blunder or deſign, they changed the Saxons into Saracens, I ſuſpect by deſign; for chivalry without a Saracen was ſo very lame and imperfect a thing, that even the wooden image, which turned round on an axis, and ſerved the knights to try their ſwords, and break their lances upon, was called by the Italians and Spaniards, *Saracino and Sarazino*; ſo cloſely were thoſe two ideas connected.

In theſe old romances there was much religious ſuperſtition mixed with their other extravagancies; as appears even from their very names and titles. The firſt romance of Launcelot of the Lake and King Arthur and his Knights, is called the Hiſtory of Saint Greaal. This ſaint Greaal was the famous relick of the holy blood pretended to be collected into a veſſel by Joſeph of Arimathea. So another is called Kyrie Eleiſon of Montauban. For in thoſe days Deuteronomy and Paralipomenon were ſuppoſed to be the names of holy men. And as they made ſaints of the knights-errant, ſo they made knights-errant of their tutelary ſaints; and each nation advanced its own into the order of chivalry. Thus every thing in thoſe times being either a ſaint or a devil, they never wanted for the *marvellous*. In the old romance of Launcelot of the Lake, we have the doctrine and diſcipline of the church as formally delivered as in Bellarmine himſelf. "Là confeſſion (ſays the preacher) ne vaut rien ſi le cœur n'eſt repentant; et ſi tu es moult & eloigné de l'amour de noſtre Seigneur, tu ne peus eſtre recordé ſi non par trois choſes: premierement par la confeſſion de bouche; ſecondement par une contrition de cœur; tiercement par peine de cœur, & par oeuvre d'aumône & charité. Telle eſte la droite voye d'aimer Dieu. Or va & ſi te confeſſe en cette maniere & recois la diſcipline des mains de tes confeſſeurs, car c'eſt le ſigne de merite.—Or mande le roy ſes eveſques, dont grande partie avoit en l'oſt, & vinrent tous en ſa chapelle. Le roy vint devant eux tout nud en pleurant, & tenant ſon plein point de vint menuës verges, ſi les jetta devant eux, & leur dit en ſoupirant, qu'ils priſſent de luy vengeance, car je ſuis le plus vil pecheur, &c.—Apres prinſt diſcipline & d'eux & moult doucement la receut." Hence we find the divinity lectures of Don Quixote and the penance of his 'ſquire, are both of them in the ritual of chivalry. Laſtly, we find the knight-errant, after much turmoil to himſelf, and diſturbance to the world, frequently ended his courſe, like Charles V. of Spain, in a monaſtery; or turned hermit, and became a ſaint

* "For it is not to be ſuppoſed, that theſe Children of Fancy, as Shakſpeare calls them, *inſinuating thereby that fancy hath its infancy as well as manhood*, ſhould ſtop," &c.]

I cannot conceive how Shakſpeare, by calling Armado the Child of Fancy, inſinuates that fancy hath its infancy as well as manhood. The ſhowing that a woman had a child, would be a ſtrange way of proving her in her infancy.—By calling Armado the Child of Fancy, Shakſpeare means only to deſcribe him as fantaſtical.

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in good earneſt. And this again will let us into the ſpirit of thoſe dialogues between Sancho and his maſter, where it is gravely debated whether he ſhould not turn ſaint or archbiſhop.

There were ſeveral cauſes of this ſtrange jumble of nonſenſe and religion. As firſt, the nature of the ſubject, which was a religious war or cruſade: ſecondly, the quality of the firſt writers, who were religious men; and thirdly, the end of writing many of them, which was to carry on a religious purpoſe. We learn, that Clement V. interdicted juſts and tournaments, becauſe he underſtood they had much hindered the cruſade decreed in the council of Vienna. "Torneamenta ipſa & haſtiludia ſive juxtas in regnis Franciæ, Angliæ & Almanniæ, & aliis nonnullis provinciis, in quibus ea conſuevere frequentiùs exerceri, ſpecialiter interdixit." *Extrav. de Torneamentis C. unic. temp. Ed. I.* Religious men, I conceive, therefore, might think to forward the deſign of the cruſades by turning the fondneſs for tilts and tournaments into that channel. Hence we ſee the books of knight-errantry ſo full of ſolemn juſts and torneaments held at Trebizonde, Bizance, Tripoly, &c. Which wiſe project, I apprehend, it was Cervantes's intention to ridicule, where he makes his knight purpoſe it as the beſt means of ſubduing the Turk, to aſſemble all the knights-errant together by proclamation.* WARBURTON.

It is generally agreed, I believe, that this long note of Dr. Warburton's is, at leaſt, very much miſplaced. There is not a ſingle paſſage in the character of *Armado*, that has the leaſt relation to *any ſtory in any romance of chivalry*. With what propriety therefore a diſſertation on the *origin and nature of thoſe romances* is here introduced, I cannot ſee; and I ſhould humbly adviſe the next editor of Shakſpeare to omit it. That he may have the leſs ſcruple upon that head, I ſhall take this opportunity of throwing out a few remarks, which, I think, will be ſufficient to ſhow, that the learned writer's hypotheſis was formed upon a very haſty and imperfect view of the ſubject.

At ſetting out, in order to give a greater value to the information which is to follow, he tells us, that no other writer has given any tolerable account of this matter; and particularly,—that "*Monſieur Huet, the biſhop of Avranches, who wrote a formal treatiſe of the Origin of Romances, has ſaid little or nothing of theſe* [books of chivalry] *in that ſuperficial work.*"—The fact is true, that *Monſieur Huet* has ſaid very little of Romances of chivalry; but the imputation, with which Dr. W. proceeds to load him of—"*putting the change upon his reader,*" and "*dropping his proper ſubject*" for another, "*that had no relation to it more than in the name,*" is unfounded.

It appears plainly from *Huet's* introductory addreſs to *De Segrais*, that his object was to give ſome account of thoſe romances which were then popular in France, ſuch as the *Aſtrée* of *D'Urfé*, the *Grand Cyrus* of *De Scuderi*, &c. He defines the Romances of which he means to treat, to be "*fictions des avantures amoureuſes*;" and he excludes epic poems from the number, becauſe—"*Enfin les poëmes ont pour ſujet une action militaire ou politique, et ne traitent d' amour que par occaſion; les Romans au contraire ont l'amour pour ſujet principal, et ne traitent la politique et la guerre que par incident.*

* See Part II. l. 5. c. 1.

incident. Je parle des Romans réguliers; car la plûpart des vieux Romans François, Italiens, et Eſpagnols ſont bien moins amoureux que militaires." After this declaration, ſurely no one has a right to complain of the author for not treating more at large of the old romances of chivalry, or to ſtigmatiſe his work as ſuperficial, upon account of that omiſſion. I ſhall have occaſion to remark below, that Dr. W. who, in turning over this *ſuperficial work*, (as he is pleaſed to call it,) ſeems to have ſhut his eyes againſt every ray of good ſenſe and juſt obſervation, has condeſcended to borrow from a it very groſs miſtake.

Dr. W's own poſitions, to the ſupport of which his ſubſequent facts and arguments might be expected to apply, are two; 1. *That Romances of chivalry being of Spaniſh original, the heroes and the ſcene were generally of that country*; 2. *That the ſubject of theſe romances were the cruſades of the European Chriſtians againſt the Saracens of Aſia and Africa.* The firſt poſition, being complicated, ſhould be divided into the two following; 1. *That romances of chivalry were of Spaniſh original*; 2. *That the heroes and the ſcene of them were generally of that country.*

Here are therefore three poſitions, to which I ſhall ſay a few words in their order; but I think it proper to premiſe a ſort of definition of a Romance of Chivalry. If Dr. W. had done the ſame, he muſt have ſeen the hazard of ſyſtematizing in a ſubject of ſuch extent, upon a curſory peruſal of a few modern books, which indeed ought not to have been quoted in the diſcuſſion of a queſtion of antiquity.

A romance of chivalry therefore, according to my notion, is any fabulous narration, in verſe or proſe, in which the principal characters are knights, conducting themſelves in their ſeveral ſituations and adventures, agreeably to the inſtitutions and cuſtoms of Chivalry. Whatever names the characters may bear, whether hiſtorical or fictitious, and in whatever country, or age, the ſcene of the action may be laid, if the actors are repreſented as knights, I ſhould call ſuch a fable a Romance of Chivalry.

I am not aware that this definition is more comprehenſive than it ought to be: but, let it be narrowed ever ſo much; let any other be ſubſtituted in its room; Dr. W's *firſt* poſition, *that romances of chivalry were of Spaniſh original*, cannot be maintained. *Monſieur Huet* would have taught him better. He ſays very truly, that "*les plus vieux*," of the Spaniſh romances, "*ſont poſterieurs à nos* Triſtans *et à nos* Lancelots, *de quelques centaines d'années.*" Indeed the fact is indiſputable. *Cervantes*, in a paſſage quoted by Dr. W. ſpeaks of *Amadis de Gaula* (the firſt four books) as the *firſt book of chivalry printed in Spain.* Though he ſays only *printed*, it is plain that he means *written.* And indeed there is no good reaſon to believe that *Amadis* was written long before it was printed. It is unneceſſary to enlarge upon a ſyſtem, which places the original of romances of chivalry in a nation, which has none to produce older than the art of printing.

Dr. W.'s *ſecond* poſition, *that the heroes and the ſcene of theſe romances were generally of the country of Spain*, is as unfortunate as the former. Whoever will take the ſecond volume of *Du Freſnoy's Bibliotheque des Romans*, and look over his liſts of *Romans de Chevalerie*, will ſee that not one of

the celebrated heroes of the old romances was a Spaniard. With reſpect to the general ſcene of ſuch irregular and capricious fictions, the writers of which were uſed, literally, to "give to airy nothing, a local habitation and a name," I am ſenſible of the impropriety of aſſerting any thing poſitively, without an accurate examination of many more of them than have fallen in my way. I think, however, I might venture to aſſert, in direct contradiction to Dr. W. that the ſcene of them was *not generally* in Spain. My own notion is, that it was very rarely there; except in thoſe few romances which treat expreſsly of the affair at Ronceſvalles.

His *laſt* poſition, *that the ſubject of theſe romances were the cruſades of the European Chriſtians againſt the Saracens of Aſia and Africa*, might be admitted with a ſmall amendment. If it ſtood thus; *the ſubject of* ſome, *or* a few, *of theſe romances were the cruſades*, &c. the poſition would have been incontrovertible; but then it would not have been either new, or fit to ſupport a ſyſtem.

After this ſtate of Dr. W.'s hypotheſis, one muſt be curious to ſee what he himſelf has offered in proof of it. Upon the *two firſt* poſitions he ſays not one word: I ſuppoſe he intended that they ſhould be received as axioms. He begins his illuſtration of his *third* poſition, by repeating it (*with a little change of terms*, for a reaſon which will appear.) "*Indeed* the wars *of the Chriſtians againſt* the Pagans *were the general ſubject of the romances of chivalry. They all ſeem to have had their ground-work in two fabulous monkiſh hiſtorians, the one, who, under the name of* Turpin, *archbiſhop of Rheims, wrote* the Hiſtory and Atchievements of Charlemagne and his twelve Peers;—*the other, our* Geoffry *of Monmouth.*" Here we ſee the reaſon for changing the terms of *cruſades* and *Saracens* into *wars* and *Pagans*; for, though the expedition of Charles into Spain, as related by the Pſeudo-Turpin, might be called a cruſade againſt the Saracens, yet, unluckily, our Geoffry has nothing like a cruſade, nor a ſingle Saracen in his whole hiſtory; which indeed ends before Mahomet was born. I muſt obſerve too, that the ſpeaking of Turpin's hiſtory under the title of "*the Hiſtory of the Atchievements of Charlemagne and his twelve Peers,*" is inaccurate and unſcholarlike, as the fiction of a limited number of twelve peers is of a much later date than that hiſtory.

However, the ground-work of the romances of chivalry being thus marked out and determined, one might naturally expect ſome account of the firſt builders and their edifices; but inſtead of that we have a digreſſion upon *Oliver* and *Roland*, in which an attempt is made to ſay ſomething of thoſe two famous characters, not from the old romances, but from Shakſpeare, and Don Quixote, and ſome modern Spaniſh romances. My learned friend, the dean of Carliſle, has taken notice of the ſtrange miſtake of Dr. W. in ſuppoſing that the feats of *Oliver* were recorded under the name of *Palmerin de Oliva*; a miſtake, into which no one could have fallen, who had read the firſt page of the book. And I very much ſuſpect that there is a miſtake, though of leſs magnitude, in the aſſertion, that, "*in the Spaniſh romance of* Bernardo del Carpio, *and in that of* Ronceſvalles, *the feats of* Roland *are recorded under the name of* Roldan el Encantador." Dr. W.'s authority for this aſſertion was, I apprehend,

the

following paſſage of *Cervantes*, in the firſt chapter of Don Quixote. "*Mejor eſtava con* Bernardo del Carpio *porque en Roncesvalles avia muerto à* Roldan el Encantado, *valiendoſe de la induſtria de Hercules, quando ahogò à Anteon el hijo de la Tierra entre los braços.*" Where it is obſervable, that *Cervantes* does not appear to ſpeak of more than one romance; he calls Roldan *el encantado*, and not *el encantador*; and moreover the word *encantado* is not to be underſtood as an addition to Roldan's name, but merely as a participle, expreſſing that he was *enchanted*, or *made invulnerable by enchantment*.

But this is a ſmall matter. And perhaps *encantador* may be an error of the preſs for *encantado*. From this digreſſion Dr. W. returns to the ſubject of the old romances in the following manner. "*This driving the Saracens out of France and Spain, was, as we ſay, the ſubject of the elder romances. And the firſt that was printed in Spain was the famous Amadis de Gaula.*" According to all common rules of conſtruction, I think the latter ſentence muſt be underſtood to imply, that *Amadis de Gaula* was *one of the elder romances*, and that the ſubject of it was *the driving of the Saracens out of France and Spain*; whereas, for the reaſons already given, *Amadis*, in compariſon with many other romances, muſt be conſidered as *a very modern one*; and the ſubject of it has not the leaſt connection with *any driving of the Saracens whatſoever*.—But what follows is ſtill more extraordinary. "*When this ſubject was well exhauſted, the affairs of Europe afforded them another of the ſame nature. For after that the weſtern parts had pretty well cleared themſelves of theſe inhoſpitable gueſts; by the excitements of the popes, they carried their arms againſt them into Greece and Aſia, to ſupport the Byzantine empire, and recover the holy ſepulchre. This gave birth to a new tribe of romances, which we may call of the ſecond race or claſs. And as* Amadis de Gaula *was at the head of the firſt, ſo, correſpondently to the ſubject,* Amadis de Græcia *was at the head of the latter.*"—It is impoſſible I apprehend, to refer *this ſubject* to any antecedent but that in the paragraph laſt quoted, viz. *the driving of the Saracens out of France and Spain.* So that, according to one part of the hypotheſis here laid down, the ſubject *of the driving the Saracens out of France and Spain*, was well exhauſted by the old romances (with *Amadis de Gaula* at the head of them) *before the Cruſades*; the firſt of which is generally placed in the year 1395: and, according to the latter part, the cruſades happened in the interval between *Amadis de Gaula*, and *Amadis de Græcia*; a ſpace of twenty, thirty, or at moſt fifty years, to be reckoned backwards from the year 1032: in which year an edition of *Amadis de Græcia* is mentioned by *Du Freſnoy*. What induced Dr. W. to place *Amadis de Græcia* at the head of his *ſecond race or claſs* of romances, I cannot gueſs. The fact is, that *Amadis de Græcia* is no more concerned in *ſupporting the Byzantine empire, and recovering the holy ſepulchre*, than *Amadis de Gaula* in *driving the Saracens out of France and Spain*. And a ſtill more pleaſant circumſtance is, that *Amadis de Græcia*, through more than nine tenths of his hiſtory, is himſelf a declared Pagan.

And here ends Dr. W.'s account of the old romances of chivalry, which he ſuppoſes to have had their ground-work in *Turpin's* hiſtory. Before he proceeds to the others, which had their ground-work in our *Geoffry*, he interpoſes a curious ſolution of a puzzling queſtion concerning the

origin of lying in romances.—"*Nor were the monſtrous embelliſhments of enchantments, &c. the invention of the romancers, but formed upon eaſtern tales, brought thence by travellers from their cruſades and pilgrimages; which indeed have a caſt peculiar to the wild imaginations of the eaſtern people. We have a proof of this in the Travels of Sir J. Maundevile.*"—He then gives us a ſtory of an enchanted dragon in the iſle of Cos, from Sir *J. Maundevile*, who wrote his Travels in 1356; by way of *proof*, that the tales of enchantments, &c. which had been current here in romances of chivalry for above two hundred years before, were brought by travellers from the Eaſt! The proof is certainly not concluſive. On the other hand, I believe it would be eaſy to ſhow, that, at the time when romances of chivalry began, our Europe had a very ſufficient ſtock of lies of her own growth, to furniſh materials for every variety of *monſtrous embelliſhment*. At moſt times, I conceive, and in moſt countries, imported lies are rather for luxury than neceſſity.

Dr. W. comes now to that other ground-work of the old romances, our *Geoffry of Monmouth*. And him he diſpatches very ſhortly, becauſe, as has been obſerved before, it is impoſſible to find any thing in him to the purpoſe of *cruſades*, or *Saracens*. Indeed, in treating of Spaniſh romances, it muſt be quite unneceſſary to ſay much of *Geoffry*, as, whatever they have of "*the Britiſh Arthur and his conjurer Merlin*," is of ſo late a fabrick, that, in all probability, they took it from the more modern Italian romances, and not from *Geoffry's* own book. As to the doubt, "*Whether it was by blunder or deſign that they changed the Saxons to Saracens*," I ſhould wiſh to poſtpone the conſideration of it, till we have ſome Spaniſh romance before us, in which king *Arthur* is introduced carrying on a war againſt *Saracens*.

And thus, I think, I have gone through the ſeveral facts and arguments, which Dr. W. has advanced in ſupport of his *third* poſition. In ſupport of his *two firſt* poſitions, as I have obſerved already, he has ſaid nothing; and indeed nothing can be ſaid. The remainder of his note contains another hypotheſis concerning *the ſtrange jumble of nonſenſe and religion in the old romances*, which I ſhall not examine. The reader, I preſume, by this time is well aware, that Dr. W.'s information upon this ſubject is to be received with caution. I ſhall only take a little notice of one or two facts, with which he ſets out.—"*In theſe old romances there was much religious ſuperſtition mixed with their other extravagancies; as appears even from their very names and titles.* The firſt romance of *Launcelot of the Lake and King Arthur and his Knights, is called the* Hiſtory of Saint Graal.—*So another is called* Kyrie eleiſon of Montauban. *For in thoſe days Deuteronomy and Paralipomenon were ſuppoſed to be the names of holy men.*—I believe no one, who has ever looked into the common romance of king *Arthur*, will be of opinion, that the part relating to the *Saint Graal* was the *firſt* romance of *Lancelot of the Lake and King Arthur and his Knights*. And as to the other ſuppoſed to be called *Kyrie eleiſon of Montauban*, there is no reaſon to believe that any romance with that title ever exiſted. This is the miſtake, which, as was hinted above, Dr. W. appears to have borrowed from *Huet*. The reader will judge. *Huet* is giving an account of

the

the romances in Don Quixote's library, which the curate and barber ſaved from the flames.—"*Ceux qu'ils jugent dignes d' etre gardez ſont* les quatre livres d'Amadis de Gaule,—Palmerin d'Angleterre,—Don Belianis; le miroir de chevalerie; Tirante le Blanc, et Kyrie éleiſon de Montauban (*car au bon vieux temps on croyoit que Kyrie éleiſon et Paralipomenon etoient les noms de quelques ſaints*) où les ſubtilitez *de la Damoiſelle Plaiſir-de-ma-vie*, et les tromperies *de la Veuve repoſée*, ſont fort louées."—It is plain, I think, that Dr. W. copied what he ſays of *Kyrie eleiſon of Montauban*, as well as the witticiſm in his laſt ſentence, from this paſſage of Huet, though he has improved upon his original by introducing a *ſaint Deuteronomy*, upon what authority I know not. It is ſtill more evident (from the paſſage of *Cervantes*, which is quoted below*) that *Huet* was miſtaken in ſuppoſing *Kyrie éleiſon de Montauban* to be the name of a ſeparate romance. He might as well have made *La Damoiſelle Plaiſir-de-ma-vie* and *La Veuve repoſée* the names of ſeparate romances. All three are merely characters in the romance of *Tirante le Blanc*.—And ſo much for Dr. W.'s account of the origin and nature of romances of chivalry. TYRWHITT.

No future editor of Shakſpeare will, I believe, readily conſent to omit the diſſertation here examined, though it certainly has no more relation to the play before us, than to any other of our author's dramas. Mr. Tyrwhitt's judicious obſervations upon it have given it a value which it certainly had not before; and, I think, I may venture to foretell, that Dr. Warburton's futile performance, like the piſmire which Martial tells us was accidentally incruſted with amber, will be ever preſerved, for the ſake of the admirable comment in which it is now *enſhrined*.

——quæ fuerat vitâ contempta manente,
Funeribus facta eſt nunc pretioſa ſuis. MALONE.

* Don Quix. lib. 1. c. 6. "Valame Dios, dixo el Cura, dando una gran voz, que acqui eſſé *Tirante el Blanco!* Dadmele acà, compadre, que hago cuenta que he hallado en él un teſoro de contento, y una mina de paſſatiempos. *Aqui eſtá Don Quirieleyſon de Montalvan*, valeroſo Cavallero, y ſu hermano Tomas de Montalvan, y el Cavallero Fonſeca, con la batalla que el valiente Detriante [r. de Tirante] hizo con el alano, *y las agudezas de la Donzella Plazer de mi vida, con los amores y embuſtes de la viuda Repoſada*, y la Senora Emperatriz, enamorado de Hippolito ſu eſcudero."
Aqui eſtà Don Quirieleyſon, &c. HERE, i. e. *in the romance of Tirante el Blanco, is Don Quirieleyſon*, &c.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.*

*** The reader will find a diſtinct epitome of the novels from which the ſtory of this play is ſuppoſed to be taken, at the concluſion of the notes. It ſhould however be remembered, that if our poet was at all indebted to the Italian noveliſts, it muſt have been through the medium of ſome old tranſlation, which has hitherto eſcaped the reſearches of his moſt induſtrious editors.

It appears from a paſſage in Stephen Goſſon's *School of Abuſe*, &c. 1579, that a play, comprehending the diſtinct plots of Shakſpeare's *Merchant of Venice*, had been exhibited long before he commenced a writer, viz. "The Jew ſhown at the Bull, repreſenting the greedineſſe of worldly chooſers, and the bloody minds of uſurers." "Theſe plays, ſays Goſſon, (for he mentions others with it) are goode and ſweete plays," &c. It is therefore not improbable that Shakſpeare new-wrote his piece, on the model already mentioned, and that the elder performance, being inferior, was permitted to drop ſilently into oblivion.

This play of Skakſpeare had been exhibited before the year 1598, as appears from Meres's *Wits Treaſury*, where it is mentioned with eleven more of our author's pieces. It was enter'd on the books of the Stationers' Company, July 22, in the ſame year. It could not havebeen printed earlier, becauſe it was not yet licenſed. The old ſong of *Gernutus the Jew of Venice*, is publiſhed by Dr. Percy in the firſt volume of his *Reliques of ancient Engliſh Poetry*: and the ballad intituled, *The Murtherous lyfe and terrible death of the rich Jewe of Malta*; and the tragedy on the ſame ſubject, were both entered on the Stationers' books, May 1594. STEEVENS.

The ſtory was taken from an old tranſlation of *The Geſta Romanorum*, firſt printed by Wynkyn de Worde. The book was very popular, and Shakſpeare has cloſely copied ſome of the language: an additional argument, if we wanted it, of his track of reading. *Three veſſels* are exhibited to a lady for her *choice*—The firſt was made of pure *gold*, well beſet with precious ſtones *without*, and *within* full of dead men's bones; and thereupon was engraven this poſie: *Whoſo chuſeth me, ſhall find that he deſerveth.* The ſecond veſſel was made of fine *ſilver*, filled with earth and worms; the ſuperſcription was thus: *Whoſo chuſeth me, ſhall find that his nature deſireth.* The third veſſel was made of *lead*, full within of precious ſtones, and thereupon was inſculpt this poſie: *Whoſo chuſeth me, ſhall find that God hath diſpoſed for him.*——The lady after a comment upon each, chuſes the *leaden veſſel.*

In a MS. of *Lidgate*, belonging to my very learned friend, Dr. *Aſkew*, I find a *Tale of two Marchants of Egipt* and of *Baldad*, *ex Geſtis Romanorum*. *Leland* therefore could not be the original author, as Biſhop *Tanner* ſuſpected. He lived a century after *Lidgate*. FARMER.

The two principal incidents of this play are to be found ſeparately in a collection of odd ſtories, which were very popular, at leaſt five hundred years ago, under the title of *Geſta Romanorum*. The firſt, *Of the bond*, is in ch. xlviii. of the copy which I chuſe to refer to, as the completeſt of any which I have yet ſeen. MS. Harl. n. 2270. A knight there borrows money of a merchant, upon condition of forfeiting *all his fleſh* for non-payment. When the penalty is exacted before the judge; *the knight's miſtreſs*, diſguiſed, *in forma viri & veſtimentis pretioſis induta*, comes into

into court, and, by permiſſion of the judge, endeavours to mollify the merchant. She firſt offers him his money, and then the double of it, &c. to all which his anſwer is—*Conventionem meam volo habere.*—Puella, cum hoc audiſſet, ait coram omnibus, Domine mi judex, da rectum judicium ſuper his quæ vobis dixero.—Vos ſcitis quod miles nunquam ſe obligabat ad aliud per literam niſi quod mercator habeat poteſtatem carnes ab oſſibus ſcindere, *ſine ſanguinis effuſione*, de quo nihil erat prolocutum: Statim mittat manum in eum; ſi vero ſanguinem effuderit, *Rex contra eum actionem habet.* Mercator, cum hoc audiſſet, ait; date mihi pecuniam & omnem actionem ei remitto. Ait puella, Amen dico tibi, nullum denarium habebis—pone ergo manum in eum, ita ut ſanguinem non effundas. Mercator vero videns ſe confuſum abſceſſit; & ſic vita militis ſalvata eſt, & nullum denarium dedit.

The other incident, *of the caſkets*, is in ch. xcix of the ſame collection. A king of Apulia ſends his daughter to be married to the ſon of an emperor of Rome. After ſome adventures, (which are nothing to the preſent purpoſe,) ſhe is brought before the emperor; who ſays to her, "Puella, propter amorem filii mei multa adverſa ſuſtinuiſti. Tamen ſi digna fueris ut uxor ejus ſis cito probabo. Et fecit fiera tria vaſa. PRIMUM fuit *de auro puriſſimo* & lapidibus pretioſis interius ex omni parte, & plenum *oſſibus mortuorum*; & exterius erat ſubſcriptio; *Qui me elegerit, in me inveniet quod meruit.* SECUNDUM vas erat *de argento* puro & gemmis pretioſis, plenum *terra*; & exterius erat ſubſcriptio: *Qui me elegerit, in me inveniet quod natura appetit.* TERTIUM vas *de plumbo* plenum *lapidibus pretioſis interius & gemmis nobiliſſimis*; & exterius erat ſubſcriptio talis: *Qui me elegerit, in me inveniet quod deus diſpoſuit.* Iſta tria oſtendit puellæ, & dixit, ſi unum ex iſtis elegeris in quo commodum, & proficuum eſt, filium meum habebis. Si vero elegeris quod nec tibi nec aliis eſt commodum, ipſum non habebis." The young lady, after mature conſideration of the veſſels and their inſcriptions, chuſes the *leaden*, which being opened, and found to be full of gold and precious ſtones, the emperor ſays: "Bona puella, bene elegiſti —ideo filium meum habebis."

From this abſtract of theſe two ſtories, I think it appears ſufficiently plain that they are the *remote* originals of the two incidents in this play. That *of the caſkets* Shakſpeare might take from the Engliſh *Geſta Romanorum*, as Dr. Farmer has obſerved; and that *of the bond* might come to him from the *Pecorone*; but upon the whole I am rather inclined to ſuſpect, that he has followed ſome hitherto unknown noveliſt, who had ſaved him the trouble of working up the two ſtories into one. TYRWHITT.

This comedy, I believe, was written in the beginning of the year, 1598. Meres's book was not publiſhed till the end of that year. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the order of Shakſpeare's plays.* MALONE.

PERSONS

PERSONS REPRESENTED.[2]

Duke of Venice
Prince of Morocco, } *Suitors to* Portia.
Prince of Arragon, }
Antonio, *the Merchant of* Venice.
Baſſanio, *his friend.*
Salanio,[3] }
Salarino, } *Friends to* Antonio *and* Baſſanio.
Gratiano, }
Lorenzo, *in love with* Jeſſica.
Shylock, *a* Jew:
Tubal, *a* Jew, *his friend.*
Launcelot Gobbo, *a clown, ſervant to* Shylock.
Old Gobbo *father to* Launcelot.
Salerio,[4] *a meſſenger from* Venice.
Leonardo, *ſervant to* Baſſanio.
Balthazar, } *ſervants to* Portia.
Stephano, }

Portia, *a rich heireſs:*
Neriſſa, *her waiting-maid.*
Jeſſica, *daughter to* Shylock.

Magnificoes of Venice, *Officers of the Court of Juſtice, Jailer, Servants, and other Attendants.*

SCENE, partly at Venice, *and partly at* Belmont, *the Seat of* Portia, *on the Continent.*

[2] In the old editions in quarto, for J. Roberts, 1600, and in the old folio, 1623, there is no enumeration of the perſons. It was firſt made by Mr. Rowe. JOHNSON.

[3] It is not eaſy to determine the orthography of this name. In the old editions the owner of it is called—*Salanio, Salino,* and *Solanio.* STEEVENS.

[4] This character I have reſtored to the *Perſonæ Dramatis.* The name appears in the firſt folio: the deſcription is taken from the quarto. STEEVENS.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Venice. *A Street.*

Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, *and* SALANIO.

Ant. In ſooth, I know not why I am ſo ſad;
It wearies me; you ſay, it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What ſtuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And ſuch a want-wit ſadneſs makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myſelf.

Salar. Your mind is toſſing on the ocean;
There, where your argoſies[5] with portly ſail,—
Like ſigniors and rich burghers of the flood,
Or as it were the pageants of the ſea,—
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curt'ſy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Salan. Believe me, ſir, had I ſuch venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I ſhould be ſtill
Plucking the graſs,[6] to know were ſits the wind;

Peering

[5] A name given in our author's time to ſhips of great burthen, probably galleons, ſuch as the Spaniards now uſe in their Weſt India trade. JOHNSON.

In Ricaut's *Maxims of Turkiſh Polity*, ch. xiv. it is ſaid, "Thoſe vaſt carracks called *argoſies*, which are ſo much famed for the vaſtneſs of their burthen and bulk, were corruptly ſo denominated from *Ragoſies*," i. e. ſhips of *Raguſa*, a city and territory on the gulph of Venice, tributary to the Porte. If my memory does not fail me, the *Raguſans* lent their laſt great ſhip to the king of Spain for the Armada, and it was loſt on the coaſt of Ireland. Shakſpeare, as Mr. Heath obſerves, has given the name of *Ragozine* to the pirate in *Meaſure for Meaſure*. STEEVENS.

[6] By holding up the graſs, or any light body that will bend by a gentle blaſt, the direction of the wind is found.

Peering in maps, for ports, and piers, and roads;
And every object, that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
Would make me ſad.

Salar. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at ſea.
I ſhould not ſee the ſandy hour-glaſs run,
But I ſhould think of ſhallows and of flats;
And ſee my wealthy Andrew[7] dock'd in ſand,
Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs,[8]
To kiſs her burial. Should I go to church,
And ſee the holy edifice of ſtone,
And not bethink me ſtraight of dangerous rocks?
Which touching but my gentle veſſel's ſide,
Would ſcatter all her ſpices on the ſtream;
Enrobe the roaring waters with my ſilks;
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this; and ſhall I lack the thought,
That ſuch a thing, bechanc'd, would make me ſad?
But, tell not me: I know, Antonio
Is ſad to think upon his merchandize.

Ant. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom truſted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole eſtate
Upon the fortune of this preſent year:
Therefore, my merchandize makes me not ſad.

Salan. Why then you are in love.

Ant. Fie, fie!

Salan. Not in love neither? Then let's ſay, you are ſad,
Becauſe you are not merry: and 'twere as eaſy
For you, to laugh, and leap, and ſay, you are merry,
Becauſe

" *This way I uſed in ſhooting. When I was in the myddle way betwixt the markes, which was an open place, there I toke a fethere, or a* lyttle graſſe, *and ſo learned how the wind ſtood.*" Aſcham. JOHNSON.

[7] The name of the ſhip. JOHNSON.

[8] In Bullokar's *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 1616, *to vail*, is thus explained: " It means *to put off the hat*, to *ſtrike ſail*, to *give ſign of ſubmiſſion*." STEEVENS.

Becauſe you are not ſad. Now, by two-headed Janus,[9]
Nature hath fram'd ſtrange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes; [2]
And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;
And other of ſuch vinegar aſpect,
That they'll not ſhow their teeth in way of ſmile,[3]
Though Neſtor ſwear the jeſt be laughable.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, *and* GRATIANO.

Salan. Here comes Baſſanio, your moſt noble kinſman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo: Fare you well;
We leave you now with better company.
Salar. I would have ſtaid till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.
Ant. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own buſineſs calls on you,
And you embrace the occaſion to depart.
Salar. Good morrow, my good lords.
Baſſ. Good ſigniors both, when ſhall we laugh? Say, when?
You grow exceeding ſtrange; Muſt it be ſo?
Salar. We'll make our leiſures to attend on yours.
[*Exeunt* SALARINO *and* SALANIO.
Lor. My lord Baſſanio,[4] ſince you have found Antonio,
We

[9] Here Shakſpeare ſhews his knowledge in the antique. By *two-headed* Janus is meant thoſe antique bifrontine heads, which generally repreſent a young and ſmiling face, together with an old and wrinkled one, being of Pan and Bacchus; of Saturn and Apollo, &c. Theſe are not uncommon in collections of Antiques: and in the books of the antiquaries, as Montfaucon, Spanheim, &c. WARBURTON.

Here, ſays Dr. Warburton, Shakſpeare ſhows his knowledge in the antique: and ſo does Taylor the water-poet, who deſcribes Fortune, "Like a *Janus* with a *double-face*." FARMER.

[2] This gives us a very pictureſque image of the countenance in laughing, when the eyes appear half ſhut. WARBURTON.

[3] Becauſe ſuch are apt enough to ſhow their teeth in anger. WARBURTON.

[4] This ſpeech [which by Mr. Rowe and ſubſequent editors was allotted to *Salanio*,] is given to *Lorenzo* in the old copies; and *Salarino* and *Salanio* make their *exit* at the cloſe of the preceding ſpeech. Which is certainly right. *Lorenzo* (who, with Gratiano, had only accompanied *Baſſanio*,

We two will leave you: but, at dinner time,
I pray you, have in mind where we muſt meet.
Baſſ. I will not fail you.
Gra. You look not well, ſignior Antonio;
You have too much reſpect upon the world:
They loſe it, that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellouſly chang'd.
Ant. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A ſtage, where every man muſt play a part,
And mine a ſad one.
Gra. Let me play the Fool: [5]
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why ſhould a man, whoſe blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandſire cut in alabaſter?
Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice
By being peeviſh? I tell thee what, Antonio,—
I love thee, and it is my love that ſpeaks;—
There are a ſort of men, whoſe viſages
Do cream [6] and mantle, like a ſtanding pond;
And do a wilful ſtillneſs [7] entertain,
With purpoſe to be dreſs'd in an opinion
Of wiſdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who ſhould ſay, *I am Sir Oracle*,

And,

Baſſanio, till he ſhould find Antonio) prepares now to leave Baſſanio to his buſineſs; but is detained by *Gratiano*, who enters into a converſation with *Antonio*. TYRWHITT.

I have availed myſelf of this judicious correction, by reſtoring the ſpeech to *Lorenzo*, and marking the exits of *Salarino* and *Salanio* at the end of the preceding ſpeech. STEEVENS.

[5] Alluding to the common compariſon of human life to a ſtage play. So that he deſires his may be the fool's or buffoon's part, which was a conſtant character in the old farces; from whence came the phraſe, *to play the fool*. WARBURTON.

[6] The poet here alludes to the manner in which the film extends itſelf over milk in ſcalding; and he had the ſame appearance in his eye when writing a foregoing line:

"With mirth and laughter let old *wrinkles* come."

So alſo, the author of *Buſſy d'Ambois*:

"Not any *wrinkles creaming* in their faces." HENLEY.

[7] i. e. an obſtinate ſilence. MALONE.

And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark! [8]
O, my Antonio, I do know of theſe,
That therefore only are reputed wiſe,
For ſaying nothing; who, I am very ſure,
If they ſhould ſpeak, would almoſt damn thoſe ears,
Which hearing them, would call their brothers, fools.
I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fiſh not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool's gudgeon, this opinion.—
Come, good Lorenzo:—Fare ye well, a while;
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.[9]

Lor. Well, we will leave you then till dinner-time:
I muſt be one of theſe ſame dumb wiſe men,
For Gratiano never lets me ſpeak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years more,
Thou ſhalt not know the ſound of thine own tongue.

Ant. Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this gear.[2]

Gra. Thanks, i'faith; for ſilence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt* GRATIANO *and* LORENZO.

Ant. Is that any thing now? [3]

Baſſ. Gratiano ſpeaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice: His reaſons are as two grains of wheat hid in two buſhels of chaff; you ſhall ſeek all day ere you find them; and, when you have them, they are not worth the ſearch.

Ant.

[8] This ſeems to be a proverbial expreſſion. STEEVENS.

[9] The humour of this conſiſts in its being an alluſion to the practice of the puritan preachers of thoſe times; who, being generally very long and tedious, were often forced to put off that part of their ſermon called the *exhortation*, till after dinner. WARBURTON.

[2] In Act II. ſc. ii. the ſame phraſe occurs again: "If fortune be a woman, ſhe's a good wench for *this geer*." This is a colloquial expreſſion perhaps of no very determined import. STEEVENS.

[3] All the old copies read, *is that any thing* now? I ſuppoſe we ſhould read—*is that any thing* new? JOHNSON.

The ſenſe of the old reading is,—Does what he has juſt ſaid amount to any thing, or mean any thing? STEEVENS.

Surely the reading of the old copies is right. Antonio aſks: Is that *any thing* now? and Baſſanio anſwers, that, *Gratiano ſpeaks an infinite deal of* nothing——the greateſt part of his diſcourſe is *not any thing*.

TYRWHITT.

Ant. Well; tell me now, what lady is this ſame
To whom you ſwore a ſecret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

Baſſ. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have diſabled mine eſtate,
By ſomething ſhowing a more ſwelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From ſuch a noble rate; but my chief care
Is, to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, ſomething too prodigal,
Hath left me gaged: To you, Antonio,
I owe the moſt, in money, and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots, and purpoſes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Ant. I pray you, good Baſſanio, let me know it;
And, if it ſtand, as you yourſelf ſtill do,
Within the eye of honour, be aſſur'd,
My purſe, my perſon, my extremeſt means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occaſions.

Baſſ. In my ſchool-days, when I had loſt one ſhaft,
I ſhot his fellow [3] of the ſelf-ſame flight
The ſelf-ſame way, with more adviſed watch,
To find the other forth; and by advent'ring both,
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
Becauſe what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,[4]
That which I owe is loſt: but if you pleaſe

To

[3] This method of finding a loſt arrow is preſcribed by P. Creſcentius in his Treatiſe *de Agricultura*, Lib. X. cap. xxviii. and is alſo mentioned in *Howel's Letters*, Vol. I. p. 183. edit. 1655. 12mo. DOUCE.

[4] This does not at all agree with what he had before promiſed, that what followed ſhould be *pure innocence*. For *wilfulneſs* is not quite ſo *pure*. We ſhould read—*witleſs*, i. e. heedleſs; and this agrees exactly to that to which he compares his caſe, of a ſchool-boy; who, for want of *adviſed watch*, loſt his firſt arrow, and ſent another after it with more attention. But *wilful* agrees not at all with it. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton confounds the time paſt and preſent. He has formerly loſt his money like a *wilful* youth; he now borrows more in *pure innocence*, without diſguiſing his former faults or his preſent deſigns. JOHNSON.

To ſhoot another arrow that ſelf way
Which you did ſhoot the firſt, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully reſt debtor for the firſt.

Ant. You know me well; and herein ſpend but time.
To wind about my love with circumſtance;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,
In making queſtion of my uttermoſt,
Than if you had made waſte of all I have:
Then do but ſay to me what I ſhould do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am preſt unto it: [5] therefore, ſpeak.

Baſſ. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And ſhe is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wond'rous virtues; ſometimes from her eyes [6]
I did receive fair ſpeechleſs meſſages:
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coaſt
Renowned ſuitors: and her ſunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her ſeat of Belmont, Colchos' ſtrand,
And many Jaſons come in queſt of her.
O my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind preſages me ſuch thrift,
That I ſhould queſtionleſs be fortunate.

Ant. Thou know'ſt, that all my fortunes are at ſea;
Nor have I money, nor commodity
To raiſe a preſent ſum: therefore go forth,

Try

[5] *Preſt* may not here ſignify *impreſs'd*, as into military ſervice, but *ready*. *Pret.* Fr. STEEVENS.

[6] So all the editions; but it certainly ought to be, *ſometime*, i. e. *formerly*, *ſome time ago*, at a *certain time*: and it appears by the ſubſequent ſcene, that Baſſanio was at Belmont with the Marquis de Montferrat, and ſaw Portia in her father's life time. THEOBALD.

It is ſtrange, Mr. Theobald did not know, that in old Engliſh, *ſometimes* is ſynonymous with *formerly*. Nothing is more frequent in title-pages, than "*ſometimes* fellow of ſuch a college." FARMER. 7

Try what what my credit can in Venice do;
That ſhall be rack'd, even to the uttermoſt,
To furniſh thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, preſently inquire; and ſo will I,
Where money is; and I no queſtion make,
To have it of my truſt, or for my ſake. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Belmont. *A Room in* Portia's *Houſe.*

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

Por. By my troth, Neriſſa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, ſweet madam, if your miſeries were in the ſame abundance as your good fortunes are: And, yet, for aught I ſee, they are as ſick, that ſurfeit with too much, as they that ſtarve with nothing: It is no mean happineſs therefore, to be ſeated in the mean; ſuperfluity comes ſooner by white hairs,[7] but competency lives longer.

Por. Good ſentences, and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do were as eaſy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages, princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own inſtructions: I can eaſier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may deviſe laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps over a cold decree: ſuch a hare is madneſs the youth, to ſkip o'er the meſhes of good counſel the cripple. But this reaſoning is not in the faſhion to chooſe me a huſband:—O me, the word chooſe! I may neither chooſe whom I would, nor refuſe whom I diſlike; ſo is the will of a living daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father:—Is it not hard, Neriſſa, that I cannot chooſe one, nor refuſe none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, at their

7 Superfluity ſooner *acquires* white hairs; becomes old, We ſtill ſay, How did he *come by* it? MALONE.

their death, have good inſpirations; therefore, the lottery, that he hath deviſed in theſe three cheſts, of gold, ſilver, and lead, (whereof who chooſes his meaning, chooſes you,) will, no doubt, never be choſen by any rightly, but one who you ſhall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of theſe princely ſuitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou nameſt them, I will deſcribe them; and, according to my deſcription, level at my affection.

Ner. Firſt, there is the Neapolitan prince.[8]

Por. Ay, that's a colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horſe;[9] and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can ſhoe him himſelf: I am much afraid, my lady his mother played falſe with a ſmith.

Ner. Then, is there the county Palatine.[2]

Por. He doth nothing but frown; as who ſhould ſay, *An if you will not have me, chooſe:* he hears merry tales, and ſmiles not: I fear, he will prove the weeping philoſopher when he grows old, being ſo full of unmannerly ſadneſs in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone

[8] The Neapolitans in the time of Shakſpeare, were eminently ſkilled in all that belongs to horſemanſhip; nor have they, even now, forfeited their title to the ſame praiſe. STEEVENS.

Though our author, when he compoſed this play, could not have read the following paſſage in Florio's tranſlation of Montaigne's *Eſſaies*, 1603, he had perhaps met with the relation in ſome other book of that time: "While I was a young lad, (ſays old Montaigne,) I ſaw the *prince* of Salmona, at *Naples*, manage a young, a rough, and fierce horſe, and ſhow all manner of horſemanſhip; to hold teſtons or reals under his knees and toes, ſo faſt, as if they had been nayled there, and all to ſhow his ſure, ſteady, and unmoveable ſitting." MALONE.

[9] *Colt* is uſed for a witleſs, heady, gay youngſter, whence the phraſe uſed of an old man too juvenile, that he ſtill retains his *colt's tooth*. JOHNSON.

[2] I am almoſt inclined to believe, that Shakſpeare has more alluſions to particular facts and perſons than his readers commonly ſuppoſe. The count here mentioned was, perhaps, Albertes a Laſco, a Poliſh Palatine, who viſited England in our author's life-time, was eagerly careſſed, and ſplendidly entertained; but running in debt, at laſt ſtole away, and endeavoured to repair his fortune by enchantment. JOHNSON.

County and *Count* in old language were ſynonymous.—The Count Alaſco was in London in 1583. MALONE.

bone in his mouth, than to either of theſe. God defend me from theſe two!

Ner. How ſay you by the French lord, Monſieur Le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him paſs for a man. In truth, I know it is a ſin to be a mocker; But, he! why, he hath a horſe better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the count Palatine: he is every man in no man: if a throſtle[2] ſing, he falls ſtraight a capering; he will fence with his own ſhadow: If I ſhould marry him, I ſhould marry twenty huſbands: If he would deſpiſe me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madneſs, I ſhall never requite him.

Ner. What ſay you then to Faulconbridge, the young baron of England?

Por. You know, I ſay nothing to him; for he underſtands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian;[3] and you will come into the court and ſwear, that I have a poor pennyworth in the Engliſh. He is a proper man's picture;[4] But, alas! who can converſe with a dumb ſhow? How oddly he is ſuited! I think, he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hoſe in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every where.

Ner. What think you of the Scottiſh lord,[5] his neighbour.

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Engliſhman, and ſwore he would pay him again, when he was able: I think, the Frenchman became his ſurety,[6] and ſealed under for another,

Ner.

[2] That the *throſtle* is a diſtinct bird from the *thruſh*, may be known from T. Kewton's *Herball to the Bible*. STEEVENS.

[3] A ſatire on the ignorance of the young Engliſh travellers in our author's time. WARBURTON.

[4] *Proper* is *handſome*. So, in *Othello*:

"This Ludovico is a *proper* man." STEEVENS.

[5] Scottiſh, which is in the quarto, was omitted in the firſt folio, for fear of giving offence to king James's countrymen. THEOBALD.

[6] Alluding to the conſtant aſſiſtance, or rather conſtant promiſes of aſſiſtance, that the French gave the Scots in their quarrels with the Engliſh. This alliance is here humorouſly ſatirized. WARBURON.

Ner. How like you the young German,[7] the duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is ſober; and moſt vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is beſt, he is little worſe than a man; and when he is worſt, he is little better than a beaſt: an the worſt fall that ever fell, I hope, I ſhall make ſhift to go without him.

Ner. If he ſhould offer to chooſe, and chooſe the right caſket, you ſhould refuſe to perform your father's will, if you ſhould refuſe to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worſt, I pray thee, ſet a deep glaſs of Rheniſh wine on the contrary caſket: for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will chooſe it. I will do any thing, Neriſſa, ere I will be married to a ſpunge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of theſe lords; they have acquainted me with their determinations: which is indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more ſuit; unleſs you may be won by ſome other ſort than your father's impoſition, depending on the caſkets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaſte as Diana, unleſs I be obtained by the manner of my father's will: I am glad this parcel of wooers are ſo reaſonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very abſence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a ſcholar, and a ſoldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Baſſanio; as I think, ſo was he called.

Ner. True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my fooliſh eyes look'd upon, was the beſt deſerving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praiſe.—How now! what news?

[7] In Shakſpeare's time the duke of Bavaria viſited London, and was made knight of the garter.

Perhaps in this enumeration of Portia's ſuitors, there may be ſome covert alluſion to thoſe of queen Elizabeth. JOHNSON.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The four ſtrangers ſeek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a fore-runner come from a fifth, the prince of Morocco; who brings word, the prince, his maſter will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with ſo good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I ſhould be glad of his approach: if he have the condition[8] of a ſaint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he ſhould ſhrive me than wive me. Come, Neriſſa.—Sirrah, go before.—Whiles we ſhut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Venice. *A Publick Place.*

Enter BASSANIO *and* SHYLOCK.

Shy. Three thouſand ducats,—well.

Baſſ. Ay, ſir, for three months.

Shy. For three months,—well.

Baſſ. For the which, as I told you, Antonio ſhall be bound.

Shy. Antonio ſhall become bound.—well.

Baſſ. May you ſtead me? Will you pleaſure me? Shall I know your anſwer.

Shy. Three thouſand ducats, for three months, and Antonio bound.

Baſſ. Your anſwer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Baſſ. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Ho, no, no, no, no;—my meaning, in ſaying he is a good man, is to have you underſtand me, that he is ſufficient: yet his means are in ſuppoſition: he hath an argoſy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I underſtand moreover upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England,——and other ventures he hath, ſquander'd abroad:

But

[8] i. e. the temper, qualities. MALONE.

But ſhips are but boards, ſailors but men: there be land-rats, and water-rats, water-thieves, and land-thieves; I mean, pirates; and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks: The man is, notwithſtanding, ſufficient:—three thouſand ducats;—I think, I may take his bond.

Baſſ. Be aſſur'd you may.

Shy. I will be aſſur'd, I may; and, that I may be aſſur'd, I will bethink me: May I ſpeak with Antonio?

Baſſ. If it pleaſe you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to ſmell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into:[9] I will buy with you, ſell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and ſo following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto?—Who is he comes here?

Enter ANTONIO.

Baſſ. This is ſignior Antonio.

Shy. [*Aſide.*] How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him for he is a chriſtian:
But more, for that, in low ſimplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of uſance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,[2]
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our ſacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants moſt do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls intereſt: Curſed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

[9] Perhaps there is no character through all Shakſpeare, drawn with more ſpirit, and juſt diſcrimination, than Shylock's. His language, alluſions, and ideas, are every where ſo appropriate to a Jew, that Shylock might be exhibited for an exemplar of that peculiar people. HENLEY.

[2] This Dr. Johnſon obſerves, is a phraſe taken from the practice of wreſtlers; and (he might have added) is an alluſion to the angel's thus laying hold on Jacob when he wreſtled with him. See Gen. xxxii. 24, &c. HENLEY.

It is ſtill a familiar phraſe to expreſs the having an advantage over any one. NICHOLS.

Baſſ. Shylock, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my preſent ſtore;
And, by the near gueſs of my memory,
I cannot inſtantly raiſe up the groſs
Of full three thouſand ducats: What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furniſh me: But ſoft; How many months
Do you deſire?—Reſt you fair, good ſignior;
[*To* ANTONIO.
Your worſhip was the laſt man in our mouths.

Ant. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking, nor by giving of exceſs,
Yet, to ſupply the ripe wants of my friend,[3]
I'll break a cuſtom:—Is he yet poſſeſs'd,[4]
How much you would?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thouſand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot,—three months, you told me ſo.
Well then, your bond; and, let me ſee,——But hear you;
Methought, you ſaid, you neither lend, nor borrow,
Upon advantage.

Ant. I do never uſe it.

Shy. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's ſheep,
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
(As his wiſe mother wrought in his behalf,)
The third poſſeſſor; ay, he was the third.

Ant. And what of him? did he take intereſt?

Shy. No, not take intereſt; not, as you would ſay,
Directly intereſt: mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himſelf were compromis'd,
That all the eanlings[5] which were ſtreak'd, and pied,
Should fall as Jacob's hire, the ewes, being rank,
In the end of autumn turned to the rams:
And when the work of generation was
Between

3 *Ripe wants* are wants *come to the height*, wants that can have no longer delay. Perhaps we might read—*rife wants*, wants that come thick upon him. JOHNSON.

Ripe is, I believe, the true reading. So afterwards:

"But ſtay the very *riping* of the time." MALONE.

4 ——*poſſeſs'd*,] i. e. acquainted, informed. STEEVENS.

5 Lambs juſt dropt: from *ean*, *eniti*. MUSGRAVE.

Between theſe woolly breeders in the act,
The ſkilful ſhepherd peel'd me certain wands,[7]
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,[8]
He ſtuck them up before the fulſome ewes;[9]
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and thoſe were Jacob's,[2]
This was a way to thrive,[3] and he was bleſt;
And thrift is bleſſing, if men ſteal it not.

Ant. This was a venture, ſir, that Jacob ſerv'd for;
A thing not in his power to bring to paſs,
But ſway'd, and faſhion'd, by the hand of heaven,
Was this inſerted to make intereſt good;
Or is your gold and ſilver, ewes and rams?

Shy. I cannot tell; I make it breed as faſt:
But note me, ſignior.

Ant. Mark you this, Baſſanio,
The devil can cite ſcripture for his purpoſe.[4]
An evil ſoul, producing holy witneſs,
Is like a villain with a ſmiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart:
O, what a goodly outſide falſhood hath![5]

7 A *wand* in our author's time was the uſual term for what we now call a *ſwitch*. MALONE.

8 ——*of* kind,] i. e. of nature. COLLINS.

9 *Fulſome*, I believe in this inſtance, means laſcivious, obſcene. STEEVENS.

Minſheu ſuppoſes it to mean *nauſeous* in ſo high a degree as to excite vomiting. MALONE.

2 See Geneſis, xxx. 37, &c. STEEVENS.

3 So, in the ancient ſong of *Gernutus the Jew of Venice*:

" His wife muſt lend a ſhilling,
" For every weeke a penny,
" Yet bring a pledge that is double worth,
" If that you will have any.
" And ſee, likewiſe, you keepe your day,
" Or elſe you loſe it all:
" This was the living of the wife,
" Her *cow* ſhe did it call."

Her *cow*, &c. ſeems to have ſuggeſted to Shakſpeare Shylock's argument for uſury. PERCY.

4 See St. Matthew. iv. 6. HENLEY.

5 *Falſehood*, which as *truth* means *honeſty*, is taken here for *treachery*, and *knavery*, does not ſtand for *falſhood* in general, but for the diſhoneſty now operating. JOHNSON.

Shy. Three thouſand ducats,—'tis a good round ſum.
Three months from twelve, then let me ſee the rate.

Ant. Well, Shylock, ſhall we be beholden to you?

Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my monies, and my uſances: [5]
Still have I borne it with a patient ſhrug;
For ſufferance is the badge of all our tribe;
You call me—miſbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And ſpit upon my Jewiſh gaberdine,
And all for uſe of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears, you need my help:
Go to then; you come to me, and you ſay,
Shylock, [6] *we would have monies*; You ſay ſo;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you ſpurn a ſtranger cur
Over your threſhold; monies is your ſuit.

What

[5] *Uſe* and *Uſance* are both words anciently employ'd for *uſury*, both in its favourable and unfavourable ſenſe. STEEVENS.

Mr. Ritſon aſks, whether Mr. Steevens is not miſtaken in ſaying that *uſe* and *uſance*, were anciently employed for *uſury*. "*Uſe* and *uſance*, (he adds) mean nothing more than *intereſt*; and the former word is ſtill uſed by country people in the ſame ſenſe." That Mr. Steevens however is right reſpecting the word in the text, will appear from the following quotation. "I knowe a gentleman borne to five hundred pounde lande, did never receyve above a thouſand pound of nete money, and within certeyne yeres ronnynge ſtill upon uſurie and double uſurie, the merchants termyng it *uſance* and *double uſance*, by a more clenly name he did owe to maſter uſurer five thouſand pound at the laſt, borowyng but one thouſande pounde at firſt, ſo that his land was clean gone, beynge five hundred poundes inherytance, for one thouſand pound in money, and the uſurie of the ſame money for ſo fewe yeres; and the man now beggeth." *Wylſon on Uſurye*, 1572, p. 32. REED.

Uſance, in our author's time, I believe, ſignified *intereſt of money*. It has been already uſed in this play in that ſenſe:

"He lends out money gratis, and brings down
"The rate of *uſance* with us here in Venice."

Again, in a ſubſequent part, he ſays, he will take "no *doit* of *uſance* for his monies." Here it muſt mean *intereſt*. MALONE.

[6] Our author, as Dr. Farmer informs me, took the name of his Jew from an old pamphlet entitled, "Caleb *Shillocke*, his propheſie; or the Jewes Prediction." London, printed for T. P. (Thomas Pavyer.) No date. STEEVENS.

What ſhould I ſay to you? Should I not ſay,
Hath a dog money? is it poſſible,
A cur can lend three thouſand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath, and whiſpering humbleneſs,
Say this,——
Fair ſir, you ſpit on me on wedneſday laſt;
You ſpurn'd me ſuch a day; another time
You call'd me—dog; and for theſe courteſies
I'll lend you thus much monies.

Ant. I am as like to call thee ſo again,
To ſpit on thee again, to ſpurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; (for when did friendſhip take
A breed for barren metal of his friend?) [7]
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who if he break, thou may'ſt with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, look you, how you ſtorm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the ſhames that you have ſtain'd me with,
Supply your preſent wants, and take no doit
Of uſance for my monies, and you'll not hear me:
This is kind I offer.

Ant. This were kindneſs.

Shy. This kindneſs will I ſhow:—
Go with me to a notary, ſeal me there
Your ſingle bond; and, in a merry ſport,
If you repay me not on ſuch a day,
In ſuch a place, ſuch ſum, or ſums, as are
Expreſs'd in the condition, let the forfeit

[7] A *breed*, that is intereſt money bred from the principal. By the epithet *barren*, the author would inſtruct us in the argument on which the advocates againſt uſury went, which is this; that money is a *barren* thing, and cannot, like corn and cattle, multiply itſelf. And to ſet off the abſurdity of this kind of uſury, he put *breed* and *barren* in oppoſition. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton very truly interprets this paſſage. Old Meres ſays, "Uſurie and encreaſe by gold and ſilver is unlawful, becauſe againſt nature; nature hath made them *ſterill* and *barren*, and uſurie makes them *procreative*." FARMER.

Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair fleſh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaſeth me.

Ant. Content, in faith; I'll ſeal to ſuch a bond,
And ſay, there is much kindneſs in the Jew.

Baſſ. You ſhall not ſeal to ſuch a bond for me,
I'll rather dwell in my neceſſity.[8]

Ant. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it;
Within theſe two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. O father Abraham, what theſe Chriſtians are;
Whoſe own hard dealings teaches them ſuſpect
The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this;
If he ſhould break his day, what ſhould I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's fleſh, taken from a man,
Is not ſo eſtimable, profitable neither,
As fleſh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I ſay,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendſhip:
If he will take it, ſo; if not, adieu;
And, for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.

Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will ſeal unto this bond.

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purſe the ducats ſtraight;
See to my houſe, left in the fearful guard[9]
Of an unthrifty knave; and preſently
I will be with you. [*Exit.*

Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew.
This Hebrew will turn Chriſtian; he grows kind.

Baſſ. I like not fair terms,[2] and a villain's mind.

Ant. Come on; in this there can be no diſmay,
My ſhips come home a month before the day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

[8] To *dwell* ſeems in this place to mean the ſame as to *continue*. To *abide* has both the ſenſes of *habitation* and *continuance*. JOHNSON.

[9] *Fearful guard*, is a guard that is not to be truſted, but gives cauſe of fear. To *fear* was anciently to *give* as well as *feel terrours*. JOHNSON.

[2] Kind words, good language. JOHNSON.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Belmont. *A Room in* Portia's *Houſe.*

Flouriſh of Cornets. Enter the Prince of Morocco,[3] *and his train*; PORTIA, NERISSA, *and other of her attendants.*

Mor. Miſlike me not for my complexion,
The ſhadow'd livery of the burniſh'd ſun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the faireſt creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire ſcarce thaws the iſicles,
And let us make inciſion for your love,
To prove whoſe blood is reddeſt, his, or mine.[4]
I tell thee, lady, this aſpect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant; [5] by my love, I ſwear,
The beſt-regarded virgins of our clime
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to ſteal your thoughts, my gentle queen.
Por. In terms of choice I am not ſolely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes:
Beſides, the lottery of my deſtiny
Bars me the right of voluntary chooſing:
But, if my father had not ſcanted me,
And hedg'd me by his wit,[6] to yield myſelf

[3] The old ſtage direction is "Enter Morochus a tawnie Moore, all in white, and three or foure followers accordingly." &c. STEEVENS.

[4] To underſtand how the tawny prince, whoſe ſavage dignity is very well ſupported, means to recommend himſelf by this challenge, it muſt be remembered that *red* blood is a traditionary ſign of courage: Thus Macbeth calls one of his frighted ſoldiers, a *lily-liver'd* boy; again, in this play, Cowards are ſaid to *have livers as white as milk*; and an effeminate and timorous man is termed a *milkſop*. JOHNSON.

[5] i. e. *terrify'd*. To *fear* is often uſed by our old writers, in this ſenſe. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III.

"For Warwick was a bug that *fear'd* us all." STEEVENS.

[6] I ſuppoſe we may ſafely read—*and hedg'd me by his* will. Confined me by his will. JOHNSON.

As the ancient ſignification of *wit*, was ſagacity, or power of mind, I have not diſplaced the original reading. See our author, paſſim. STEEVENS.

His wife, who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourſelf, renowned prince, then ſtood as fair,
As any comer I have look'd on yet,
For my affection.

Mor. Even for that I thank you;
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caſkets,
To try my fortune. By this ſcimitar,—
That ſlew the Sophy,[7] and a Perſian prince,
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,—
I would out-ſtare the ſterneſt eyes that look,
Out-brave the heart moſt daring on the earth,
Pluck the young ſucking cubs from the ſhe bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady; But, alas the while!
If Hercules, and Lichas, play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his page; [8]
And ſo may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miſs that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Por. You muſt take your chance;

And

[7] Shakſpeare ſeldom eſcapes well when he is entangled with geography. This prince of Morocco muſt have travelled far to kill the Sophy of Perſia. JOHNSON.

It were well, if Shakſpeare had never *entangled* himſelf *with geography* worſe than in the preſent caſe. If the prince of Morocco be ſuppoſed to have ſerved in the army of ſultan *Solyman (the ſecond*, for inſtance), I ſee no *geographical* objection to his having killed the Sophi of Perſia. See *D'Herbelot* in *Solyman Ben Selim*. TYRWHITT.

[8] The ancient copies read—his *rage*. STEEVENS.

Though the whole ſet of editions concur in this reading, it is corrupt at bottom. Let us look into the poet's drift, and the hiſtory of the perſons mentioned in the context. If Hercules, (ſays he,) and Lichas were to play at dice for the deciſion of their ſuperiority, Lichas, the weaker man, might have the better caſt of the two. But how then is Alcides beaten by his *rage?* The poet means no more, than, if Lichas had the better throw, ſo might Hercules himſelf be beaten by Lichas. And who was he, but a poor unfortunate ſervant of Hercules, that unknowingly brought his maſter the envenomed ſhirt, dipt in the blood of the Centaur Neſſus, and was thrown headlong into the ſea for his pains; this one circumſtance of Lichas's quality known, ſufficiently aſcertains the emendation I have ſubſtituted, *page* inſtead of *rage*. THEOBALD.

And either not attempt to chooſe at all,
Or ſwear, before you chooſe,—if you chooſe wrong,
Never to ſpeak to lady afterward
In way of marriage; therefore be advis'd.[9]

Mor. Nor will not; come, bring me unto my chance.

Por. Firſt, forward to the temple; after dinner
Your hazard ſhall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then! [*Cornets.*
To make me bleſs't, or curſed'ſt among men. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Venice. *A Street:*

Enter LAUNCELOT GOBBO.[2]

Laun. Certainly, my conſcience will ſerve me to run from this Jew my maſter: The fiend is at mine elbow; and tempts me, ſaying to me, *Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, uſe your legs, take the ſtart, run away:* My conſcience ſays,—*no*; *take heed honeſt Launcelot; take heed honeſt Gobbo*; *or*, as aforeſaid, *honeſt Launcelot Gobbo*; *do not run*; *ſcorn running with thy heels:* Well, the moſt courageous fiend bids me pack; *via!* ſays the fiend; *away!* ſays the fiend, *for the heavens*;[3] *rouſe up a brave mind*, ſays the fiend, *and run.* Well, my conſcience, hanging about the neck of my heart, ſays very wiſely to me,—*my honeſt friend Launcelot, being an*

9 Therefore be not precipitant; conſider well what you are to do. *Advis'd* is the word oppoſite to *raſh*. JOHNSON.

2 The old copies read—*Enter the Clown alone*; and throughout the play this character is called the *Clown* at moſt of his *entrances* or *exits*. STEEVENS.

3 i. e. *Begone* to the heavens. So again, in *Much ado about Nothing*: "So I deliver up my apes, [to the *devil*,] and *away* to St. Peter, *for the heavens*." MALONE.

As it is not likely that Shakſpeare ſhould make the *Devil* conjure Launcelot to do any thing for *Heaven's* ſake, I have no doubt but this paſſage is corrupt, and that we ought to read,

Away! ſays the fiend, for the *haven*,

By which Launcelot was to make his eſcape, if he was determined to run away. M. MASON.

honeſt man's ſon,—or rather an honeſt woman's ſon;—for, indeed, my father did ſomething ſmack, ſomething grow to, he had a kind of taſte;—well, my conſcience ſays,—*Launcelot, budge not*; *budge*, ſays the fiend; *budge not*, ſays my conſcience: Conſcience, ſay I, you counſel well, fiend, ſay I, you counſel well: to be ruled by my conſcience, I ſhould ſtay with the Jew my maſter, who, (God bleſs the mark!) is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I ſhould be ruled by the fiend, who, ſaving your reverence, is the devil himſelf: Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnation; and, in my conſcience, my conſcience is but a kind of hard conſcience, to offer to counſel me to ſtay with the Jew: The fiend gives the more friendly counſel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

Enter old GOBBO,[4] *with a baſket.*

Gob. Maſter, young man, you, I pray you; which is the way to maſter Jew's?

Laun. [*aſide.*] O heavens, this is my true begotten father! who, being more than ſand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not:—I will try concluſions[5] with him.

Gob. Maſter young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to maſter Jew's?

Laun. Turn up on your right hand,[6] at the next turning but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's houſe.

Gob. By God's ſonties,[7] 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you

[4] It may be inferred from the name of Gobbo, that Shakſpeare deſigned this character to be repreſented with a *hump-back*. STEEVENS.

[5] To *try concluſions* is to try experiments. STEEVENS.

[6] This arch and perplexed direction to puzzle the enquirer, ſeems to imitate that of Syrus to Demea in the *Brothers* of Terence:

"——*ubi eas præterieris*,
"*Ad* ſiniſtram *hac* rectâ *plateâ*: *ubi ad Dianæ veneris*,
"*Ito ad* dextram: *prius quam ad portam venias*," &c.

THEOBALD.

[7] I know not exactly of what oath this is a corruption. I meet with *God's ſanty* in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, 1635:

Again, in *The longer thou liveſt the more Fool thou art*, a comedy, bl. l. without date:

you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him, or no?

Laun. Talk you of young master Launcelot?—Mark me now; [*aside.*] now will I raise the waters:—Talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man's son; his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of young master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend, and,[8] Launcelot, sir.[9]

Laun. But I pray you *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you; Talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

Laun. *Ergo*, master Launcelot; talk not of master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning,) is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say, in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post, a staff, or a prop?—Do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, (God rest his soul!) alive, or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind, I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father, that knows his own child.

"*Gods santie*, this is a goodly book indeed."

Perhaps it was once customary to swear by the *santé*, i. e. *health*, of the Supreme Being, or by his *saints*; or, as Mr. Ritson observes to me, by his *sanctity*. Oaths of such a turn are not unfrequent among our ancient writers. All, however, seem to have been so thoroughly convinced of the crime of profane swearing, that they were content to disguise their meaning by abbreviations which were permitted silently to terminate in irremediable corruptions. STEEVENS.

[8] Dr. Farmer is of opinion we should read *Gobbo* instead of *Launcelot*. STEEVENS.

[9] i. e. plain Launcelot; and not, as you term him, *master* Launcelot. MALONE.

child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your ſon: Give me your bleſſing:[2] truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long, a man's ſon may; but, in the end, truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, ſir, ſtand up; I am ſure, you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your bleſſing; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your ſon that is, your child that ſhall be.

Gob. I cannot think, you are my ſon.

Laun. I know not what I ſhall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and, I am ſure, Margery, your wife, is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be ſworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own fleſh and blood. Lord worſhipp'd might he be! what a beard haſt thou got! thou haſt got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin my thill-horſe has on his tail.[3]

Laun. It ſhould ſeem then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward; I am ſure, he had more hair on his tail, than I have on my face, when I laſt ſaw him.

Gob. Lord, how art thou changed! How doſt thou and thy maſter agree? I have brought him a preſent; How 'gree you now?

Laun. Well, well; but, for mine own part, as I have ſet up my reſt to run away, ſo I will not reſt till I have run ſome ground: my maſter's a very Jew; Give him a preſent! give him a halter: I am famiſh'd in his ſervice; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come; give me your preſent to one maſter Baſſanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries; if I ſerve not him, I will

[2] In this converſation between Launcelot and his blind father, there are frequent references to the deception practiſed on the blindneſs of Iſaac, and the bleſſing obtained in conſequence of it. HENLEY.

[3] *Thill* or *fill*, means the ſhafts of a cart or waggon. STEEVENS.

All the ancient copies have *phil*-horſe, but no Dictionary that I have met with acknowledges the word. It is, I am informed, a corruption uſed in ſome counties for the proper term, *thill*-horſe. MALONE.

will run as far as God has any ground.—O rare fortune! here comes the man;—to him father; for I am a Jew, if I ſerve the Jew any longer.

Enter BASSANIO, *with* LEONARDO, *and other followers.*

Baſſ. You may do ſo;—but let it be ſo haſted, that ſupper be ready at the fartheſt by five of the clock: See theſe letters deliver'd; put the liveries to making; and deſire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. [*Exit a* Servant.

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bleſs your worſhip!

Baſſ. Gramercy; Would'ſt thou aught with me?

Gob. Here's my ſon, ſir, a poor boy,——

Laun. Not a poor boy, ſir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, ſir, as my father ſhall ſpecify,——

Gob. He hath a great infection, ſir, as one would ſay, to ſerve——

Laun. Indeed, the ſhort and the long is, I ſerve the Jew, and I have a deſire, as my father ſhall ſpecify,——

Gob. His maſter and he, (ſaving your worſhip's reverence,) are ſcarce cater-couſins:

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cauſe me, as my father, being I hope an old man, ſhall frutify unto you,——

Gob. I have here a diſh of doves, that I would beſtow upon your worſhip; and my ſuit is,—

Laun. In very brief, the ſuit is impertinent to myſelf, as your worſhip ſhall know by this honeſt old man; and, though I ſay it, though old man, yet, poor man, my father.

Baſſ. One ſpeak for both;—What would you?

Laun. Serve you, ſir.

Gob. This is the very defect of the matter, ſir.

Baſſ. I know thee well, thou haſt obtain'd thy ſuit:
Shylock, thy maſter, ſpoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee; if it be preferment,
To leave a rich Jew's ſervice, to become
The follower of ſo poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my

maſter

maſter Shylock and you, ſir; you have the grace of God ſir, and he hath enough.

Baſſ. Thou ſpeak'ſt it well: Go, father, with thy ſon:—
Take leave of thy old maſter, and enquire
My lodging out:—Give him a livery [*to his followers.*
More guarded [4] than his fellows': See it done.

Laun. Father in:—I cannot get a ſervice, no;—I have ne'er a tongue in my head.—Well; [*looking on his palm.*] if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to ſwear upon a book.[5]—I ſhall have good fortune;[6] Go to, here's

4 i. e. more ornamented. STEEVENS.

5 *Table* is the palm of the hand extended. Launcelot congratulates himſelf upon his dexterity and good fortune, and, in the height of his rapture, inſpects his hand, and congratulates himſelf upon the felicities in his table. The act of expanding his hand puts him in mind of the action in which the palm is ſhown, by raiſing it to lay it on the book, in judicial atteſtations. *Well*, ſays he, *if any man in Italy have a fairer table, that doth offer to ſwear upon a book*——Here he ſtops with an abruptneſs very common, and proceeds to particulars. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon's explanation thus far appears to me perfectly juſt. In ſupport of it, it ſhould be remembered, that *which* is frequently uſed by our author and his contemporaries, for the perſonal pronoun, *who*. It is ſtill ſo uſed in our Liturgy. In *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, Mrs. Quickly addreſſes Fenton in the ſame language as is here uſed by Launcelot:—"I'll be *ſworn on a book* ſhe loves you:" a vulgariſm that is now ſuperſeded by another of the ſame import—"I'll take my bible-oath of it." MALONE.

Without examining the expoſitions of this paſſage, given by the three learned annotators, [Mr. T. Dr. W. and Dr. J.] I ſhall briefly ſet down what appears to me to be the whole meaning of it. Launcelot, applauding himſelf for his ſucceſs with Baſſanio, and looking into the palm of his hand, which by fortune-tellers is called *the table*, breaks out into the following reflexion: *Well: if any man in Italy have a fairer table; which doth offer to ſwear upon a book, I ſhall have good fortune*—i. e. a table, *which doth* (not only *promiſe*, but) *offer to ſwear* (and to ſwear *upon a book* too) that *I ſhall have good fortune.*—(He omits the concluſion of the ſentence which might have been) *I am much miſtaken*; or, *I'll be hanged*, &c. TYRWHITT.

6 The whole difficulty of this paſſage (concerning which there is a great difference of opinion among the commentators) aroſe, as I conceive, from a word being omitted by the compoſitor or tranſcriber. I am perſuaded the author wrote—I ſhall have *no* good fortune. Theſe words, are not, I believe, connected with what goes before, but with what follows; and begin a new ſentence. Shakſpeare, I think, meant, that Launcelot, after this abrupt ſpeech—*Well*; *if any man* that *offers to ſwear upon*

here's a ſimple line of life! here's a ſmall trifle of wives: Alas, fifteen wives is nothing; eleven widows, and nine maids, is a ſimple coming-in for one man: and then, to 'ſcape drowning thrice; and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed [7]—here are ſimple 'ſcapes! Well, if fortune be a woman, ſhe's a good wench for this geer.—Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye. [*Exeunt* LAUNCELOT *and old* GOBBO.

Baſſ. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this;
Theſe things being bought, and orderly beſtow'd,
Return in haſte, for I do feaſt to-night
My beſt-eſteem'd acquaintance; hie thee, go.

Leon. My beſt endeavours ſhall be done herein.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Where is your maſter?

Leon.

upon a book, has a fairer table than mine—[I am much miſtaken:] ſhould proceed in the ſame manner in which he began:—"I ſhall have *no* good fortune; go to; here's a *ſimple* line of life!" &c. So before: "I can*not* get a ſervice, *no*;—I have *ne'er* a tongue in my head." And afterwards: "Alas! fifteen wives is *nothing*." The Nurſe, in *Romeo and Juliet*, expreſſes herſelf exactly in the ſame ſtyle: "Well, you have made a *ſimple* choice; you know *not* how to chooſe a man; Romeo? *no*, *not* he;—he is *not* the flower of courteſy," &c. So alſo, in *K. Henry IV.* "Here's *no* fine villainy!" Again, more appoſitely, in the anonymous play of *K. Henry V:* "Ha! me have *no* good luck." Again, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor:* "We are *ſimple* men; we do *not* know what's brought about under the profeſſion of fortune-telling."

Almoſt every paſſage in theſe plays, in which the ſenſe is abruptly broken off, as I have more than once obſerved, has been corrupted.

It is not without ſome reluctance that I have excluded this emendation from a place in the text. Had it been propoſed by any former editor or commentator, I ſhould certainly have adopted it; being convinced that it is juſt. But the danger of innovation is ſo great, and partiality to our own conceptions ſo deluſive, that it becomes every editor to diſtruſt his own emendations; and I am particularly inclined to do ſo in the preſent inſtance, in which I happen to differ from that moſt reſpectable and judicious critick, whoſe name is ſubjoined to the preceding note. According to his idea, the mark of an abrupt ſentence ſhould not be after the word *book*, but *fortune*. MALONE.

[7] A cant phraſe to ſignify the danger of marrying.——A certain French writer uſes the ſame kind of figure, "*O mon Ami, j'aimerois mieux être tombée ſur la point d'un Oreiller, & m'être rompû le Cou.*"——

WARBURTON.

Leon. Yonder, ſir, he walks.
[*Exit* LEONARDO.

Gra. Signior Baſſanio,——
Baſſ. Gratiano!
Gra. I have a ſuit to you.
Baſſ. You have obtain'd it.
Gra. You muſt not deny me; I muſt go with you to Belmont.
Baſſ. Why, then you muſt;—But hear thee Gratiano;
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;—
Parts, that become thee happily enough,
And in ſuch eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why, there they ſhow
Something too liberal;[8]—pray thee, take pain
To allay with ſome cold drops of modeſty
Thy ſkipping ſpirit; leſt, through thy wild behaviour,
I be miſconſtrued in the place I go to,
And loſe my hopes.
Gra. Signior Baſſanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a ſober habit,
Talk with reſpect, and ſwear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;
Nay more, while grace is ſaying, hood mine eyes[9]
Thus with my hat, and ſigh, and ſay, amen;
Uſe all the obſervance of civility,
Like one well ſtudied in a ſad oſtent[2]
To pleaſe his grandam, never truſt me more.
Baſſ. Well, we ſhall ſee your bearing.[3]
Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night; you ſhall not gage me
By what we do to-night.
Baſſ. No, that were pity;
I would entreat you rather to put on

Your

[8] Liberal I have already ſhown to be mean, groſs, coarſe, licentious. JOHNSON.
So, in *Othello:* "Is he not a moſt profane and *liberal* counſellor? STEEVENS.

[9] Alluding to the manner of covering a hawk's eyes. STEEVENS.

[2] Grave appearance; ſhow of ſtaid and ſerious behaviour. JOHNSON.
Oſtent is a word very commonly uſed for *ſhow* among the old dramatick writers. STEEVENS.

[3] *Bearing* is carriage, deportment. STEEVENS.

Your boldeſt ſuit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpoſe merriment: But fare you well,
I have ſome buſineſs.

Gra. And I muſt to Lorenzo, and the reſt;
But we will viſit you at ſupper-time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The ſame. A Room in Shylock's *Houſe.*

Enter JESSICA *and* LAUNCELOT.

Jeſ. I am ſorry, thou wilt leave my father ſo;
Our houſe is hell, and thou a merry devil,
Didſt rob it of ſome taſte of tediouſneſs:
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee.
And, Launcelot, ſoon at ſupper ſhalt thou ſee
Lorenzo, who is thy new maſter's gueſt:
Give him this letter; do it ſecretly,
And ſo farewel; I would not have my father
See me talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu!—tears exhibit my tongue.—
Moſt beautiful pagan,—moſt ſweet Jew! If a Chriſtian do not play the knave, and get thee,[4] I am much deceived: But, adieu! theſe fooliſh drops do ſomewhat drown my manly ſpirit; adieu! [*Exit.*

Jeſ. Farewel, good Launcelot.—

Alack,

[4] I ſuſpect that the waggiſh Launcelot deſigned this for a broken ſentence—"and get thee"—implying, *get thee with child.* Mr. Malone, however, ſuppoſes him to mean only—*carry thee away from thy father's houſe.* STEEVENS.

I ſhould not have attempted to explain ſo eaſy a paſſage, if the ignorant editor of the ſecond folio, thinking probably that the word *get* muſt neceſſarily mean *beget*, had not altered the text, and ſubſtituted *did* in the place of *do*, the reading of all the old and authentick editions; in which he has been copied by every ſubſequent editor. Launcelot is not talking about Jeſſica's father, but about her future huſband. I am aware that, in a ſubſequent ſcene, he ſays to Jeſſica, "Marry, you may partly hope your *father got you not*;" but he is now on another ſubject. MALONE.

From the general cenſure expreſſed in the preceding note I take leave to exempt Mr. Reed; who, by following the firſt folio was no ſharer in the inexpiable guilt of the ſecond. STEEVENS.

Alack, what heinous ſin is it in me,
To be aſham'd to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners: O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promiſe, I ſhall end this ſtrife;
Become a Chriſtian, and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The ſame. A Street.

Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, *and* SALANIO.

Lor. Nay, we will ſlink away in ſupper-time;
Diſguiſe us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Salar. We have not ſpoke us yet of torch-bearers.[5]

Salan. 'Tis vile, unleſs it may be quaintly order'd;
And better, in my mind, not undertook.

Lor. 'Tis now but four a-clock; we have two hours
To furniſh us:—

Enter LAUNCELOT, *with a letter.*

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

Laun. An it ſhall pleaſe you to break up this,[6] it ſhall ſeem to ſignify.

Lor. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand;
And whiter than the paper it writ on.
Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, ſir.

Lor. Whither goeſt thou?

Laun. Marry, ſir, to bid my old maſter the Jew to ſup to night with my new maſter the Chriſtian.

Lor.

[5] See the note in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. ſc. iv. We have not *ſpoke us yet*, &c. i. e. *we have not yet beſpoke us*, &c. Thus the old copies. It may, however, mean, we have not as yet conſulted on the ſubject of torch-bearers. Mr. Pope reads—"ſpoke *as* yet." STEEVENS.

[6] To *break up* was a term in carving. STEEVENS.

Lor. Hold here, take this:—tell gentle Jeſſica,
I will not fail her;—ſpeak it privately; go;—
Gentlemen. [*Exit* LAUNCELOT.
Will you prepare for this maſque to-night?
I am provided of a torch-bearer.

Salar. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it ſtraight.

Salan. And ſo will I.

Lor. Meet me, and Gratiano,
At Gratiano's lodging ſome hour hence.

Salar. 'Tis good we do ſo. [*Exeunt* SALAR. *and* SALAN.

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jeſſica?

Lor. I muſt needs tell thee all: She hath directed,
How I ſhall take her from her father's houſe;
What gold, and jewels, ſhe is furniſh'd with;
What page's ſuit ſhe hath in readineſs.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's ſake:
And never dare misfortune croſs her foot,
Unleſs ſhe do it under this excuſe,—
That ſhe is iſſue to a faithleſs Jew.
Come, go with me; peruſe this, as thou goeſt:
Fair Jeſſica ſhall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The ſame. Before Shylock's *Houſe.*

Enter SHYLOCK *and* LAUNCELOT.

Shy. Well, thou ſhalt ſee, thy eyes ſhall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Baſſanio:—
What, Jeſſica!—thou ſhalt not gormandize,
As thou haſt done with me;—What, Jeſſica!—
And ſleep and ſnore, and rend apparel out;—
Why, Jeſſica, I ſay!

Laun. Why, Jeſſica!

Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

Laun. Your worſhip was wont to tell me, I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter

Enter JESSICA.

Jef. Call you? What is your will?
Shy. I am bid forth [7] to ſupper, Jeſſica;
There are my keys:—But wherefore ſhould I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Chriſtian.[8]—Jeſſica, my girl,
Look to my houſe:—I am right loth to go;
There is ſome ill a brewing towards my reſt,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Laun. I beſeech you, ſir, go; my young maſter doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conſpired together,—I will not ſay, you ſhall ſee a maſque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my noſe fell a bleeding on Black-Monday laſt,[9] at ſix o'clock i'the morning, falling out that year on Aſh-wedneſday was four year in the afternoon.

Shy. What! are there maſques? Hear you me, Jeſſica:
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile ſqueaking of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the caſements then,

Nor

7 I am invited. To *bid* in old language meant to *pray*. MALONE.

8 Shylock forgets his reſolution. In a former ſcene he declares he will neither *eat*, *drink*, nor *pray* with Chriſtians. Of this circumſtance the poet was aware, and meant only to heighten the malignity of the character, by making him depart from his moſt ſettled reſolve, for the proſecution of his revenge. STEEVENS.

9 "*Black-Monday* is *Eaſter-Monday*, and was ſo called on this occaſion: in the 34th of Edward III. (1360) the 14th of April, and the morrow after Eaſter-day, king Edward, with his hoſt, lay before the city of Paris; which day was full dark of miſt and hail, and ſo bitter cold, that many men died on their horſes' backs with the cold. Wherefore, unto this day, it hath been called the *Blacke-Monday*." Stowe, p. 264—6. GREY.

It appears from a paſſage in Lodge's *Roſalynde*, 1592, that ſome ſuperſtitious belief was annexed to the accident of *bleeding at the noſe*: "As he ſtood gazing, *his noſe on a ſudden bled*, which made him conjecture it was ſome friend of his." STEEVENS.

One that was ſuperſtitious would count this ominous, when it merely comes by chance." REED.

Nor thruſt your head into the publick ſtreet,
To gaze on Chriſtian fools with varniſh'd faces:
But ſtop my houſe's ears, I mean, my caſements;
Let not the ſound of ſhallow foppery enter
My ſober houſe.—By Jacob's ſtaff, I ſwear,
I have no mind of feaſting forth to-night:
But I will go.—Go you before me, ſirrah;
Say, I will come.

Laun. I will go before, ſir.—
Miſtreſs, look out at window, for all this;
There will come a Chriſtian by,
Will be worth a Jeweſs' eye.[2] [*Exit* LAUN.

Shy. What ſays that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?

Jeſ. His words were, Farewel, miſtreſs; nothing elſe.

Shy. The patch is kind enough;[3] but a huge feeder,
Snail-ſlow in profit, and he ſleeps by day
More than the wild cat; drones hive not with me;
Therefore I part with him; and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waſte
His borrow'd purſe.—Well, Jeſſica, go in;
Perhaps, I will return immediately;
Do, as I bid you,
Shut doors after you: Faſt bind, faſt find;
A proverb never ſtale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*

Jeſ. Farewel; and if my fortune be not croſt,
I have a father, you a daughter, loſt. [*Exit.*

SCENE

[2] *It's worth a Jew's eye*, is a proverbial phraſe. WHALLEY.

[3] This term ſhould ſeem to have come into uſe from the name of a celebrated fool. This I learn from Wilſon's *Art of Rhetorique*, 1553: "A word making, called of the Grecians Onomatopeia, is when we make words of our own mind, ſuch as be derived from the nature of things;—as to call one *Patche*, or Cowlſon, whom we ſee to do a thing fooliſhly; becauſe theſe two in their time were notable fools."

Probably the dreſs which the celebrated *Patche* wore, was, in alluſion to his name, patched or parti-coloured. Hence the ſtage fool has ever ſince been exhibited in a motley coat. *Patche*, of whom Wilſon ſpeaks, was Cardinal Wolſey's fool. MALONE.

SCENE VI.

The ſame.

Enter GRATIANO, *and* SALARINO, *maſqued.*

Gra. This is the pent-houſe, under which Lorenzo
Deſir'd us to make ſtand.
Salar. His hour is almoſt paſt.
Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.
Salar. O, ten times faſter Venus' pigeons fly [4]
To ſeal love's bonds new made, than they are wont,
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!
Gra. That ever holds: Who riſeth from a feaſt,
With that keen appetite that he ſits down?
Where is the horſe, that doth untread again
His tedious meaſures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them firſt? All things that are,
Are with more ſpirit chaſed than enjoy'd.
How like a younker, or a prodigal,
The ſcarfed bark [5] puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the ſtrumpet wind!
How like a prodigal doth ſhe return; [6]
With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged ſails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the ſtrumpet wind!

Enter LORENZO.

Salar. Here comes Lorenzo;—more of this hereafter.
Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait:
When you ſhall pleaſe to play the thieves for wives,
I'll

[4] Lovers have in poetry been always called *Turtles* or *Doves*, which in lower language may be pigeons. JOHNSON.

[5] i. e. the veſſel decorated with flags. STEEVENS.

[6] Surely the bark ought to be of the *maſculine* gender, otherwiſe the alluſion wants ſomewhat of propriety. This indiſcriminate uſe of the perſonal for the neuter, at leaſt obſcures the paſſage. A ſhip, however, is commonly ſpoken of in the feminine gender. STEEVENS.

I'll watch as long for you then.—Approach; [7]
Here dwells my father Jew:—Ho! who's within?

Enter JESSICA *above, in boy's clothes.*

Jeſ. Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I'll ſwear that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jeſ. Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed;
For who love I ſo much? And now who knows,
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heaven, and thy thoughts, are witneſs that thou art.

Jeſ. Here, catch this caſket; it is worth the pains.
I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much aſham'd of my exchange:
But love is blind, and lovers cannot ſee
The pretty follies that themſelves commit;
For if they could, Cupid himſelf would bluſh
To ſee me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Deſcend, for you muſt be my torch-bearer.

Jeſ. What, muſt I hold a candle to my ſhames?
They in themſelves, good ſooth, are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of diſcovery, love;
And I ſhould be obſcur'd.

Lor. So are you, ſweet,
Even in the lovely garniſh of a boy.
But come at once;
For the cloſe night doth play the run-away,
And we are ſtaid for at Baſſanio's feaſt.

Jeſ. I will make faſt the doors, and gild myſelf
With ſome more ducats, and be with you ſtraight.

[*Exit, from above.*

Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.[8]

[7] Read, with a ſlight variation from Sir T. Hanmer:
"I'll watch as long for you. *Come* then, approach."
RITSON.

[8] A jeſt ariſing from the ambiguity of *Gentile*, which ſignifies both a *Heathen*, and *one well born*. JOHNSON.
Dr. Johnſon rightly explains this. There is an old book by one Ellis, entitled, "The *Gentile Sinner*, or *England's brave Gentleman*." FARMER.

Lor. Beſhrew me, but I love her heartily:
For ſhe is wiſe, if I can judge of her;
And fair ſhe is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true ſhe is, as ſhe hath prov'd herſelf;
And therefore, like herſelf, wiſe, fair and true,
Shall ſhe be placed in my conſtant ſoul.

Enter JESSICA, *below.*

What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen, away:
Our maſquing mates by this time for us ſtay.
[*Exit, with* JESSICA *and* SALARINO.

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Who's there?
Gra. Signior Antonio?
Ant. Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the reſt?
'Tis nine o'clock; our friends all ſtay for you:—
No maſque to-night; the wind is come about,
Baſſanio preſently will go aboard:
I have ſent twenty out to ſeek for you.
Gra. I am glad on't; I deſire no more delight.
Than to be under ſail, and gone to-night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Belmont. *A Room in* Portia's *Houſe.*

Flouriſh of Cornets. Enter PORTIA, *with the Prince of* Morocco, *and both their trains.*

Por. Go, draw aſide the curtains, and diſcover
The ſeveral caſkets to this noble prince:—
Now make your choice.
Mor. The firſt, of gold, who this inſcription bears;—
Who

To underſtand Gratiano's oath, it ſhould be recollected that he is in a maſqued habit, to which it is probable that formerly, as at preſent, a large cape or *hood* was affixed. MALONE.

Gratiano alludes to the practice of friars, who frequently ſwore by this part of their habit. STEEVENS.

Who chooſeth me, ſhall gain what many men deſire.
The ſecond, ſilver, which this promiſe carries;—
Who chooſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves.
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt; [9]
Who chooſeth me, muſt give and hazard all he hath.
How ſhall I know if I do chooſe the right?

Por. The one of them contains my picture, prince;
If you chooſe that, then I am yours withal.

Mor. Some god direct my judgement! Let me ſee.
I will ſurvey the inſcriptions back again:
What ſays this leaden caſket?
Who chooſeth me, muſt give and hazard all he hath.
Muſt give—For what? for lead? hazard for lead?
This caſket threatens: Men, that hazard all,
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind ſtoops not to ſhows of droſs;
I'll then nor give, nor hazard, aught for lead.
What ſays the ſilver, with her virgin hue?
Who chooſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves.
As much as he deſerves?—Pauſe there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand:
If thou be'ſt rated by thy eſtimation,
Thou doſt deſerve enough; and yet enough
May not extend ſo far as to the lady;
And yet to be afeard of my deſerving,
Were but a weak diſabling of myſelf.
As much as I deſerve!—Why, that's the lady:
I do in birth deſerve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding;
But, more than theſe, in love I do deſerve.
What if I ſtray'd no further, but choſe here?—
Let's ſee once more this ſaying grav'd in gold.
Who chooſeth me, ſhall gain what many men deſire.
Why, that's the lady; all the world deſires her;
From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiſs this ſhrine, this mortal breathing ſaint.
The Hyrcanian deſerts, and the vaſty wilds
Of wide Arabia, are as through-fares now,
For princes to come view fair Portia:

[9] That is, as groſs as the dull metal. JOHNSON.

The watry kingdom, whoſe ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To ſtop the foreign ſpirits; but they come,
As o'er a brook, to ſee fair Portia.
One of theſe three contains her heavenly picture.
Is't like, that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation,
To think ſo baſe a thought; it were too groſs
To rib [2] her cerecloth in the obſcure grave.
Or ſhall I think, in ſilver ſhe's immur'd,
Being ten times undervalued to try'd gold?
O ſinful thought! Never ſo rich a gem
Was ſet in worſe than gold. They have in England
A coin, that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold; but that's inſculp'd upon; [3]
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within.—Deliver me the key;
Here do I chooſe, and thrive I as I may!

Por. There, take it, prince, and if my form lie there,
Then I am yours. [*He unlocks the golden caſket*

Mor. O hell! what have we here?
A carrion death, within whoſe empty eye
There is a written ſcroll? I'll read the writing.

All that gliſters is not gold,
Often have you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath ſold,
But my outſide to behold:
Gilded tombs do worms infold, [4]
Had you been as wiſe as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgement old,

Your

2 i. e. incloſe, as the ribs incloſe the viſcera. STEEVENS.

3 To *inſculp* is to engrave. STEEVENS.

The meaning is that the figure of the angel is raiſed or emboſſed on the coin, not engraved on it. TUTET.

4 In all the old editions this line is written thus:

Gilded timber *do worms infold.*

From which Mr. Rowe and all the following editors have made:

Gilded wood *may worms infold.*

A line not bad in itſelf, but not ſo applicable to the occaſion as that which, I believe, Shakſpeare wrote:

Gilded tombs *do worms infold.*

A tomb is the proper repoſitory of a *death's-head.* JOHNSON.

Your anſwer had not been inſcrol'd: [5]
Fare you well; your ſuit is cold.
Cold, indeed; and labour loſt:
Then, farewel, heat; and, welcome, froſt.—
Portia, adieu! I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus loſers part. [*Exit.*
Por. A gentle riddance:——Draw the curtains go;——
Let all of his complexion chooſe me ſo.[6] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Venice. *A Street.*

Enter SALARINO *and* SALANIO.

Salar. Why man, I ſaw Baſſanio under ſail;
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ſhip, I am ſure, Lorenzo is not.
Salan. The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the duke;
Who went with him to ſearch Baſſanio's ſhip.
Salar. He came too late, the ſhip was under ſail:
But there the duke was given to underſtand,
That in a gondola were ſeen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jeſſica:
Beſides, Antonio certify'd the duke,
They were not with Baſſanio in his ſhip.
Salan. I never heard a paſſion ſo confus'd,
So ſtrange, outrageous, and ſo variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the ſtreets;

[5] Since there is an anſwer *inſcrol'd* or written in every caſket, I believe for *your* we ſhould read—*this*. When the words were written y[r] and y[s], the miſtake was eaſy. JOHNSON.

[6] The old quarto editions of 1600 have no diſtribution of acts, but proceed from the beginning to the end in an unbroken tenour. This play, therefore, having been probably divided without authority by the publiſhers of the firſt folio, lies open to a new regulation, if any more commodious diviſion can be propoſed. The ſtory is itſelf ſo wildly incredible, and the changes of the ſcene ſo frequent and capricious, that the probability of action does not deſerve much care: yet it may be proper to obſerve, that, by concluding the ſecond act here, time is given for Baſſanio's paſſage to Belmont. JOHNSON.

My daughter!—O my ducats!—O my daughter!
Fled with a Chriſtian?—O my chriſtian ducats!—
Juſtice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
A ſealed bag, two ſealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats ſtol'n from me by my daughter!
And jewels; two ſtones, two rich and precious ſtones,
Stol'n by my daughter!—Juſtice! find the girl!
She hath the ſtones upon her, and the ducats!

Salar. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying,—his ſtones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Salan. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he ſhall pay for this.

Salar. Marry, well remember'd;
I reaſon'd with a Frenchman yeſterday;[7]
Who told me,—in the narrow ſeas, that part
The French and Engliſh, there miſcarried
A veſſel of our country, richly fraught:
I thought upon Antonio, when he told me;
And wiſh'd in ſilence that it were not his.

Salan. You were beſt to tell Antonio what you hear;
Yet do not ſuddenly, for it may grieve him.

Salar. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I ſaw Baſſanio and Antonio part:
Baſſanio told him, he would make ſome ſpeed
Of his return; he anſwer'd—*Do not ſo,*
Slubber not[8] *buſineſs for my ſake, Baſſanio,*
But ſtay the very riping of the time;
And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love:[9]
Be merry; and employ your chiefeſt thoughts
To courtſhip, and ſuch fair oſtents of love
As ſhall conveniently become you there:
And even there, his eye being big with tears,

Turning

[7] i. e. I converſed. STEEVENS.
The Italian *ragionare* is uſed in the ſame ſenſe. M. MASON.

[8] To *ſlubber* is to do any thing careleſsly, imperfectly. STEEVENS.

[9] So all the copies, but I ſuſpect ſome corruption. JOHNSON.
This imaginary corruption is removed by only putting a comma after *mind*. LANGTON.
Of love, is an adjuration ſometimes uſed by Shakſpeare. STEEVENS.

Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,[2]
And with affection wondrous ſenſible
He wrung Baſſanio's hand, and ſo they parted.

Salan. I think, he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go, and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heavineſs[3]
With ſome delight or other.

Salar. Do we ſo. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Belmont. *A Room in* Portia's *Houſe.*

Enter NERISSA, *with a Servant.*

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain[4] ſtraight;
The prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election preſently.

Flouriſh of Cornets. Enter the Prince of Arragon, PORTIA, *and their trains.*

Por. Behold, there ſtand the caſkets, noble prince:
If you chooſe that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight ſhall our nuptial rites be ſolemniz'd;
But if you fail, without more ſpeech, my lord,
You muſt be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath to obſerve three things:
Firſt, never to unfold to any one

[2] So curious an obſerver of nature was our author, and ſo minutely had he traced the operation of the paſſions, that many paſſages of his works might furniſh hints to painters. It is indeed ſurpriſing that they do not ſtudy his plays with this view. In the paſſage before us, we have the outline of a beautiful picture. MALONE.

[3] The heavineſs which he indulges, and is fond of. EDWARDS.

When I thought the paſſage corrupted, it ſeemed to me not improbable that Shakſpeare had written—*entranced heavineſs*, muſing, abſtracted, moping melancholy. But I know not why any great efforts ſhould be made to change a word which has no incommodious or unuſual ſenſe. We ſay of a man now, *that he* hugs *his ſorrows*, and why might not Antonio *embrace heavineſs?* JOHNSON.

[4] i. e. draw it open. STEEVENS.

Which caſket 'twas I choſe; next, if I fail
Of the right caſket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage; laſtly
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

Por. To theſe injunctions every one doth ſwear,
That comes to hazard for my worthleſs ſelf.

Ar. And ſo have I addreſs'd me:[5] Fortune now
To my heart's hope!—Gold, ſilver, and baſe lead.
Who chooſeth me, muſt give and hazard all he hath:
You ſhall look fairer, ere I give, or hazard.
What ſays the golden cheſt? ha! let me ſee:—
Who chooſeth me, ſhall gain what many men deſire.
What many men deſire.—That many may be meant[6]
By the fool multitude, that chooſe by ſhow,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force[7] and road of caſualty.
I will not chooſe what many men deſire,
Becauſe I will not jump[8] with common ſpirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou ſilver treaſure-houſe;
Tell me once more what title thou doſt bear:
Who chooſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves;
And well ſaid too; For who ſhall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the ſtamp of merit! Let none preſume
To wear an undeſerved dignity.
O, that eſtates, degrees, and offices,

Were

[5] To *addreſs* is to *prepare*. The meaning is, I have prepared myſelf by the ſame ceremonies. STEEVENS.

I believe we ſhould read:

" And ſo have I. *Addreſs* me, Fortune, now,
" To my heart's hope!"

So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, Act III. ſcene the laſt, Falſtaff ſays, "——I will then *addreſs me to* my appointment." TYRWHITT.

[6] The repetition of *many* is a mere blunder. It is unneceſſary to the ſenſe, and deſtroys the meaſure. RITSON.

[7] ——*in the force*—] i. e. the power. STEEVENS.

[8] ——jump—] i. e. agree with. STEEVENS.

Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then ſhould cover, that ſtand bare?
How many be commanded, that command?
How much low peaſantry would then be glean'd
From the true ſeed of honour? [9] and how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varniſh'd? [2] Well, but to my choice:
Who chooſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves:
I will aſſume deſert;—Give me a key for this, [3]
And inſtantly unlock my fortunes here.

Por. Too long a pauſe for that which you find there.

Ar. What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Preſenting me a ſchedule? I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia?
How much unlike my hopes, and my deſervings?
Who chooſeth me, ſhall have as much as he deſerves.
Did I deſerve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deſerts no better?

9 The meaning is, *How much meanneſs would be found among the great, and how much greatneſs among the mean.* But ſince men are always ſaid to *glean* corn though they may *pick* chaff, the ſentence had been more agreeable to the common manner of ſpeech if it had been written thus:

How much low peaſantry would then be pick'd
From the true ſeed of honour? how much honour
Glean'd *from the chaff?* JOHNSON.

2 This confuſion and mixture of the *metaphors*, makes me think that Shakſpeare wrote,

To be new vanned.——

i. e. winnow'd, purged, from the French word, *vanner*; which is derived from the Latin *vannus*, *ventilabrum*, the *fan* uſed for winnowing the chaff from the corn. This alteration reſtores the metaphor to its integrity: and our poet frequently uſes the ſame thought. WARBURTON.

Shakſpeare is perpetually violating the integrity of his metaphors, and the emendation propoſed ſeems to me to be as faulty as unneceſſary; for what is already *ſelected from the chaff* needs not be new *vanned*. I wonder Dr. Warburton did not think of changing the word *ruin* into *rowing*, which in ſome counties of England, is uſed to ſignify the ſecond and inferior crop of graſs which is cut in autumn. STEEVENS.

Steevens juſtly obſerves, that honour when picked from the chaff, could not require to be *new vanned*; but honour, mixed with the chaff and ruin of the times, might require to be *new varniſhed*. M. MASON.

3 The words—*for this*, which (as Mr. Ritſon obſerves) deſtroy the meaſure, ſhould be omitted. STEEVENS.

Por. To offend, and judge, are diſtinct offices,
And of oppoſed natures.

Ar. What is here?

The fire ſeven times tried this;
Seven times tried that judgement is,
That did never chooſe amiſs:
Some there be, that ſhadows kiſs;
Such have but a ſhadow's bliſs:
There be fools alive, I wis,[3]
Silver'd o'er; and ſo was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,[4]
I will ever be your head:
So begone, ſir, you are ſped.

Still more fool I ſhall appear
By the time I linger here:
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.—
Sweet, adieu! I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth.

[*Exeunt* Arragon *and train.*

Por. Thus hath the candle ſing'd the moth.
O theſe deliberate fools! when they do chooſe,
They have the wiſdom by their wit to loſe.

Ner. The ancient ſaying is no hereſy;—
Hanging and wiving goes by deſtiny.

Por. Come, draw the curtain, Neriſſa.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my lady?

Por. Here; what would my lord?[5]

Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To ſignify the approaching of his lord:
From whom he bringeth ſenſible regreets;[6]

To

[3] I know. *Wiſſen*, German. STEEVENS.

[4] Perhaps the poet had forgotten that he who miſſed Portia was never to marry any woman. JOHNSON.

[5] Would not this ſpeech to the ſervant be more proper in the mouth of *Neriſſa?* TYRWHITT.

[6] ——regreets;] i. e. ſalutations. STEEVENS.

To wit, beſides commends, and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value; yet I have not ſeen
So likely an embaſſador of love:
A day in April never came ſo ſweet,
To ſhow how coſtly ſummer was at hand,
As this fore-ſpurrer comes before his lord.

Por. No more, I pray thee; I am half afeard,
Thou wilt ſay anon, he is ſome kin to thée,
Thou ſpend'ſt ſuch high-day wit in praiſing him.—
Come, come, Neriſſa; for I long to ſee
Quick Cupid's poſt, that comes ſo mannerly.

Ner. Baſſanio, lord love, if thy will it be! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Venice. *A Street.*

Enter SALANIO *and* SALARINO.

Salan. Now, what news on the Rialto?

Salar. Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd, that Antonio hath a ſhip of rich lading wreck'd on the narrow ſeas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcaſes of many a tall ſhip lie buried, as they ſay, if my goſſip report be an honeſt woman of her word.

Salan. I would ſhe were as lying a goſſip in that, as ever knapp'd ginger,[7] or made her neighbours believe ſhe wept for the death of a third huſband:—But it is true,—without any ſlips of prolixity, or croſſing the plain high-way of talk,—that the good Antonio, the honeſt Antonio——O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—

Salar. Come, the full ſtop.

Salan. Ha,—what ſay'ſt thou?—Why the end is, he hath loſt a ſhip.

Salar. I would it might prove the end of his loſſes!

[7] To knap is to break ſhort. STEEVENS.

Salan. Let me ſay amen betimes, leſt the devil croſs my prayer;[8] for here he comes in the likeneſs of a Jew.——

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?

Shy. You knew, none ſo well, none ſo well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Salan. That's certain; I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings ſhe flew withal.

Salan. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledg'd; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Salar. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own fleſh and blood to rebel!

Salan. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at theſe years?

Shy. I ſay, my daughter is my fleſh and blood.

Salar. There is more difference between thy fleſh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and rheniſh:—But tell us, do you hear, whether Antonio have had any loſs at ſea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal,[9] who dare ſcarce ſhow his head on the Rialto;—a beggar,

[8] i. e. the prayer or wiſh, which you have juſt now uttered, and which I devoutly join in by ſaying amen to it. Mr. Theobald and Dr. Warburton unneceſſarily, I think, read—*thy* prayer. MALONE.

The people pray as well as the prieſt, though the latter only pronounces the words, which the people make their own by ſaying *Amen* to them. It is, after this, needleſs to add, that the Devil (in the ſhape of a Jew) could not croſs *Salarino*'s prayer, which, as far as it was ſingly his, was already ended. HEATH.

[9] This is ſpoke of Antonio. But why a prodigal? his friend Baſſanio indeed had been too liberal; and with this name the Jew honours him when he is going to ſup with him:

——*I'll go in hate to feed upon*
The *prodigal* Chriſtian——

But Antonio was a plain, reſerved, parſimonious merchant; be aſſured herefore we ſhould read—*a bankrupt* FOR *a prodigal*, i. e. he is become bankrupt by ſupplying the extravagancies of his friend Baſſanio.

WARBURTON.

There is no need of alteration. There could be, in Shylock's opinion, no prodigality more culpable than ſuch liberality as that by which a man expoſes himſelf to ruin for his friend. JOHNSON.

beggar, that uſed to come ſo ſmug upon the mart;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me uſurer;—let him look to his bond:—he was wont to lend money for a Chriſtain courteſy;—let him look to his bond.

Salar. Why, I am ſure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his fleſh; What's that good for?

Shy. To bait fiſh withal: if it will feed nothing elſe, it will feed my revenge. He hath diſgraced me, and hindered me of half a million; laughed at my loſſes, mocked at my gains, ſcorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reaſon? I am a Jew: Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimenſions, ſenſes, affections, paſſions? fed with the ſame food, hurt with the ſame weapons, ſubject to the ſame diſeaſes, healed by the ſame means, warmed and cooled by the ſame winter and ſummer, as a Chriſtian is? if you prick us, do we not bleed? [2] if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poiſon us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, ſhall we not revenge? if we are like you in the reſt, we will reſemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Chriſtian, what is his humility? revenge: If a Chriſtian wrong a Jew, what ſhould his ſufferance be by Chriſtian example? why, revenge. The villainy, you teach me, I will execute; and it ſhall go hard, but I will better the inſtruction.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Gentlemen, my maſter Antonio is at his houſe, and deſires to ſpeak with you both.

Salar. We have been up and down to ſeek him.

Enter TUBAL.

Salan. Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be matched, unleſs the devil himſelf turn Jew.

[*Exeunt* SALAN. SALAR. *and* Servant.

Shy.

His lending money without intereſt, "*for a chriſtian courteſy*," was likewiſe a reaſon for the Jew to call Antonio prodigal. EDWARDS.

[2] Are not Jews made of the ſame materials as Chriſtians, ſays Shylock; thus in Plutarch's life of Cæſar, p. 140. 4to. v. iv: "Cæſar does not conſider his ſubjects are mortal, and bleed when they are pricked," "ὡδὲ ἀπὸ τῶν τραυμάτων λογίσεται Καῖσαρ ἔτι θνητῶν μὲν ἄρχει." S. W.

Shy. How now, Tubal, what news from Genoa? haſt thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, coſt me two thouſand ducats in Frankfort! The curſe never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now:—two thouſand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels.—I would, my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! 'would ſhe were hears'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why, ſo:—and I know not what's ſpent in the ſearch: Why, thou loſs upon loſs! the thief gone with ſo much, and ſo much to find the thief; and no ſatisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck ſtirring, but what lights o' my ſhoulders; no ſighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my ſhedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too; Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub.—hath an argoſy caſt away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God:—Is it true? is it true?

Tub. I ſpoke with ſome of the ſailors that eſcaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal;—Good news, good news: ha! ha!—Where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter ſpent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourſcore ducats.

Shy. Thou ſtick'ſt a dagger in me:——I ſhall never ſee my gold again: Fourſcore ducats at a ſitting! fourſcore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that ſwear he cannot chooſe but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it: I'll plague him; I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them ſhowed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou tortureſt me, Tubal: it was my turquoiſe; I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor:

lor:[3] I would not have given it for a wilderneſs of monkies.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true: Go, Tubal, ſee me an officer, beſpeak him a fortnight before: I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will: Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our ſynagogue; go, good Tubal; at our ſynagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Belmont. *A Room in* Portia's *Houſe.*

Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, *and Attendants. The Caſkets are ſet out.*

Por. I pray you, tarry; pauſe a day or two,
Before you hazard; for, in chooſing wrong,
I loſe your company; therefore, forbear a while:
There's ſomething tells me, (but it is not love,)
I would not loſe you; and you know yourſelf,
Hate counſels not in ſuch a quality:
But leſt you ſhould not underſtand me well,
(And

[3] A *turquoiſe* is a precious ſtone found in the veins of the mountains on the confines of Perſia to the eaſt, ſubject to the Tartars. As Shylock had been married long enough to have a daughter grown up, it is plain he did not value this turquoiſe on account of the money for which he might hope to ſell it, but merely in reſpect of the imaginary virtues formerly aſcribed to the ſtone. It was ſaid of the Turkey-ſtone, that it faded or brightened in its colour, as the health of the wearer increaſed or grew leſs.

But *Leab* (if we may believe Thomas Nicols, ſometimes of Jeſus College in Cambridge, in his *Lapidary*, &c.) might have preſented *Shylock* with his *Turquoiſe* for a better reaſon; as this ſtone "is likewiſe ſaid to take away all enmity, and to reconcile man and wife."

Other ſuperſtitious qualities are imputed to it, all of which were either monitory or preſervative to the wearer. The ſame quality was ſuppoſed to be reſident in coral.

Holinſhed, ſpeaking of the death of *King John*: "And when the king ſuſpected them (the pears) to be poiſoned indeed, by reaſon that ſuch *precious ſtones* as he had about him caſt forth a certain ſweat as it were bewraeing the poiſon," &c. STEEVENS.

(And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,)
I would detain you here ſome month or two,
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to chooſe right, but then I am forſworn;
So will I never be: ſo may you miſs me;
But if you do, you'll make me wiſh a ſin,
That I had been forſworn. Beſhrew your eyes,
They have o'er-look'd me, and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,——
Mine own, I would ſay; but if mine, then yours,
And ſo all yours: O! theſe naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights;
And ſo, though yours, not yours.—Prove it ſo,[4]
Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I.[5]
I ſpeak too long; but 'tis to peize the time;[6]
To eke it, and to draw it out in length,
To ſtay you from election.

Baſſ. Let me chooſe;
For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Baſſanio? then confeſs
What treaſon there is mingled with your love.

Baſſ. None, but that ugly treaſon of miſtruſt,
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love:
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween ſnow and fire, as treaſon and my love.

Por.

4 It may be more grammatically read:

And ſo though yours I'm *not yours.* JOHNSON.

5 The meaning is, "If the worſt I fear ſhould happen, and it ſhould prove in the event, that I, who am juſtly yours by the free donation I have made you of myſelf, ſhould yet not be yours in conſequence of an unlucky choice, let fortune go to hell for robbing you of your juſt due, not I for violating my oath." HEATH.

6 To *peize* is from *peſer*, Fr.

"Leſt leaden ſlumber *peize* me down to-morrow."

To *peize the time*, therefore, is *to retard it by hanging weights upon it.* STEEVENS.

To *peize*, is to *weigh*, or *balance*; and figuratively, *to keep in ſuſpence*, to *delay*.

So, in Sir P. Sydney's *Apology for Poetry*:—"not ſpeaking words as they changeably fall from the mouth, but *peyzing* each ſillable." HENLEY.

Por. Ay, but, I fear, you ſpeak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do ſpeak any thing.
Baſſ. Promiſe me life, and I'll confeſs the truth.
Por. Well then, confeſs, and live.
Baſſ. Confeſs, and love,
Had been the very ſum of my confeſſion:
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me anſwers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caſkets.
Por. Away then: I am lock'd in one of them;
If you do love me, you will find me out.—
Neriſſa, and the reſt, ſtand all aloof.—
Let muſick ſound, while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he loſe, he makes a ſwan-like end,
Fading in muſick: that the compariſon
May ſtand more proper, my eye ſhall be the ſtream,
And wat'ry death-bed for him: He may win;
And what is muſick then? then muſick is
Even as the flouriſh when true ſubjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch: ſuch it is,
As are thoſe dulcet ſounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And ſummon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no leſs preſence,[7] but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the ſea-monſter: I ſtand for ſacrifice,
The reſt aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared viſages, come forth to view
The iſſue of the exploit. Go, Hercules!
Live thou, I live:—With much much more diſmay
I view the fight, than thou that mak'ſt the fray.

Muſick, whilſt BASSANIO *comments on the caſket to himſelf.*

SONG.

1. *Tell me, where is fancy bred,*
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nouriſhed?

Reply,

[7] With the ſame *dignity of mien.* JOHNSON.

Reply.[8]

2. *It is engender'd in the eyes,*
With gazing fed; and fancy dies.
In the cradle where it lies:
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it,——Ding dong, bell.
All. *Ding, dong, bell.*

Baſſ.—So may the outward ſhows[9] be leaſt themſelves;
The world is ſtill deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea ſo tainted and corrupt,
But, being ſeaſon'd with a gracious voice,[2]
Obſcures the ſhow of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but ſome ſober brow
Will bleſs it, and approve it[3] with a text,
Hiding the groſſneſs with fair ornament?
There is no vice ſo ſimple, but aſſumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whoſe hearts are all as falſe
As ſtairs of ſand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars;
Who, inward ſearch'd, have livers white as milk?
And theſe aſſume but valour's excrement,[4]
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you ſhall ſee 'tis purchas'd by the weight;[5]
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lighteſt that wear moſt of it:[6]
So are thoſe criſped[7] ſnaky golden locks,

Which

[8] The words, *reply, reply*, were in all the late editions, except Sir T. Hanmer's, put as verſe in the ſong, but in all the old copies ſtand as a marginal direction. JOHNSON.

[9] He begins abruptly; the firſt part of the argument has paſſed in his mind. JOHNSON.

[2] Pleaſing; winning favour. JOHNSON.

[3] —approve *it*—] i. e. juſtify it. STEEVENS.

[4] i. e. what a little higher is called the *beard* of Hercules. So, "pedler's *excrement*," in *The Winter's Tale*. MALONE.

[5] That is, *artificial beauty* is purchaſed ſo; as, falſe hair, &c. STEEVENS.

[6] *Lighteſt* is here uſed in a wanton ſenſe. So afterwards:
"Let me be light, but let me not ſeem *light*." MALONE.

[7] ——*criſped*——] i. e. curled. STEEVENS.

Which make ſuch wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon ſuppoſed fairneſs, often known
To be the dowry of a ſecond head,
The ſcull that bred them, in the ſepulchre.[8]
Thus ornament is but the guiled ſhore[9]
To a moſt dangerous ſea; the beauteous ſcarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The ſeeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wiſeſt. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee:
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meager lead,
Which rather threat'neſt, than doſt promiſe aught,
Thy plainneſs moves me more than eloquence,[2]

And

[8] See a note on *Timon of Athens*, Act IV. ſc. iii. Shakſpeare has likewiſe ſatirized this yet prevailing faſhion in *Love's Labour's Loſt*.
STEEVENS.

The prevalence of this faſhion in Shakſpeare's time is evinced by the following paſſage in an old pamphlet entitled *The Honeſtie of this Age, proving by good circumſtance that the world was never honeſt till now*, by Barnabe Rich, quarto, 1615:—"My lady holdeth on her way, perhaps to the tire-maker's ſhop, where ſhe ſhaketh her crownes to beſtow upon ſome new faſhioned attire, upon ſuch artificial deformed *periwigs*, that they were fitter to furniſh a theatre, or for her that in a ſtage-play ſhould repreſent ſome hag of hell, than to be uſed by a chriſtian woman." Again, *ibid:* "Theſe attire-makers within theſe fortie yeares were not known by that name; and but now very lately they kept their lowzie commodity of *periwigs*, and their monſtrous attires cloſed in boxes;—and thoſe women that uſed to weare them would not buy them but in ſecret. But now they are not aſhamed to ſet them forth upon their ſtalls,—ſuch monſtrous mop-powles of haire, ſo proportioned and deformed, that but within theſe twenty or thirty yeares would have drawne the paſſers-by to ſtand and gaze, and to wonder at them." MALONE.

[9] i. e. the *treacherous* ſhore. I ſhould not have thought the word wanted explanation, but that ſome of our modern editors have rejected it, and read *gilded*. *Guiled* is the reading of all the ancient copies. Shakſpeare in this inſtance, as in many others, confounds the participles. *Guiled* ſtands for *guiling*. STEEVENS.

[2] The old copies read—*paleneſs*. STEEVENS.

Baſſanio is diſpleaſed at the golden *caſket* for its *gaudineſs*, and the ſilver one for its paleneſs; but what! is he charmed with the leaden one for having the very ſame quality that diſpleaſed him in the ſilver? The poet certainly wrote:

Thy plainneſs *moves me more than eloquence:*

And here chooſe I; Joy be the conſequence!

Por. How all the other paſſions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and raſh-embrac'd deſpair,
And ſhudd'ring fear and green-ey'd jealouſy.
O love, be moderate, allay thy ecſtaſy,
In meaſure rain thy joy,[3] ſcant this exceſs;
I feel too much thy bleſſing, make it leſs,
For fear I ſurfeit!

Baſſ. What find I here?

[*Opening the leaden caſket.*

Fair Portia's counterfeit? [4] What demi-god
Hath

This characterizes the lead from the ſilver, which *paleneſs* does not, they being both *pale*. Beſides, there is a beauty in the antitheſis between *plainneſs* and *eloquence*; between *paleneſs* and *eloquence* none. So it is ſaid before of the *leaden caſket*:

"*This third, dull lead,* with warning all as blunt."

WARBURTON.

It may be that Dr. Warburton has altered the wrong word, if any alteration be neceſſary. I would rather give the character of *ſilver*,

"——Thou *ſtale*, and common drudge
"'Tween man and man."——

The *paleneſs* of *lead* is for ever alluded to.

"Diane declining, *pale* as any *ledde*."

Says *Stephen Hawes*. In *Fairfax's Taſſo*, we have

"The lord Tancredie, *pale* with rage as *lead*,"

As to the antitheſis. Shakſpeare has already made it in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*:

"When (ſays Theſeus) I have ſeen great clerks look *pale*,
"I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
"Of ſaucy and audacious *eloquence*." FARMER.

[3] The firſt quarto edition reads:

In meaſure range *thy joy*.

The folio, and one of the quartos:

In meaſure raine *thy joy*.

I once believ'd Shakſpeare meant:

In meaſure rein *thy joy*.

The words *rain* and *rein* were not in theſe times diſtinguiſhed by regular orthography. There is no difficulty in the preſent reading, only where the copies vary, ſome ſuſpicion or error is always raiſed. JOHNSON.

I believe Shakſpeare alluded to the well-known proverb, *It cannot rain, but it pours*. STEEVENS.

[4] *Counterfeit*, which is at preſent uſed only in a bad ſenſe, anciently ſignified a *likeneſs*, a *reſemblance*, without comprehending any idea of fraud. So, in *The Wit of a Woman*, 1604: "I will ſee if I can agree with this ſtranger, for the drawing of my daughter's *counterfeit*."

Hath come ſo near creation? Move theſe eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are ſever'd lips,
Parted with ſugar breath; ſo ſweet a bar
Should ſunder ſuch ſweet friends: Here in her hairs
The painter plays the ſpider; and hath woven
A golden meſh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faſter than gnats in cobwebs: But her eyes,—
How could he ſee to do them? having made one,
Methinks, it ſhould have power to ſteal both his,
And leave itſelf unfurniſh'd:[5] Yet look, how far
The ſubſtance of my praiſe doth wrong this ſhadow
In underprizing it, ſo far this ſhadow
Doth limp behind the ſubſtance.—Here's the ſcroll,
The continent and ſummary of my fortune.

You that chooſe not by the view,
Chance as fair, and chooſe as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and ſeek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliſs,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiſs.

A gentle ſcroll;—Fair lady, by your leave; [*Kiſſing her.*
I come by note, to give, and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applauſe, and univerſal ſhout,
Giddy in ſpirit, ſtill gazing, in a doubt
Whether thoſe peals of praiſe be his or no;

So,

Again, (as Mr. M. Maſon obſerves) Hamlet calls the pictures he ſhows to his mother.

"The *counterfeit* preſentment of two brothers." STEEVENS.

[5] Perhaps it might be:

And leave himſelf *unfurniſh'd*. JOHNSON.

If this be the right reading, *unfurniſhed* muſt mean "unfurniſhed with a companion, or fellow." M. MASON.

Dr. Johnſon's emendation would altogether ſubvert the poet's meaning. If the artiſt, in painting *one* of Portia's eyes, ſhould loſe both his own, that eye which he had painted, muſt neceſſarily be *left unfurniſhed*, or deſtitute of its fellow. HENLEY.

So, thrice fair lady, ſtand I, even ſo;
As doubtful whether what I ſee be true,
Untill confirm'd, ſign'd, ratify'd by you.

Por. You ſee me, lord Baſſanio, where I ſtand,
Such as I am: though, for my ſelf alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wiſh,
To wiſh myſelf much better; yet, for you,
I would be trebled twenty times myſelf;
A thouſand times more fair, ten thouſand times
More rich;
That only to ſtand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full ſum of me
Is ſum of ſomething; [6] which, to term in groſs,
Is an unleſſon'd girl, unſchool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this, ſhe is not yet ſo old
But ſhe may learn; and happier than this,
She is not bred ſo dull but ſhe can learn;
Happieſt of all, is, that her gentle ſpirit
Commits itſelf to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myſelf, and what is mine, to you, and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair manſion, maſter of my ſervants,
Queen o'er myſelf; and even now, but now,
This houſe, theſe ſervants, and this ſame myſelf,
Are yours, my lord; I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, loſe, or give away,
Let it preſage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Baſſ. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood ſpeaks to you in my veins:
And there is ſuch confuſion in my powers,
As, after ſome oration fairly ſpoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleaſed multitude;
Where every ſomething, being blent together,[7]

Turns

[6] We ſhould read—*ſome* of ſomething, i. e. only a piece, or part only of an imperfect account; which ſhe explains in the following line.
WARBURTON.

[7] ——*being* blent *together*,] i. e. *blended*. STEEVENS.

Turns to a wild of nothing, ſave of joy,
Expreſs'd, and not expreſs'd: But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;
O, then be bold to ſay, Baſſanio's dead.

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have ſtood by, and ſeen our wiſhes proſper,
To cry, good joy; Good joy, my lord, and lady!

Gra. My lord Baſſanio, and my gentle lady,
I wiſh you all the joy that you can wiſh;
For, I am ſure, you can wiſh none from me: [8]
And, when your honours mean to ſolemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beſeech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.

Baſſ. With all my heart, ſo thou canſt get a wife.

Gra. I thank your lordſhip; you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as ſwift as yours:
You ſaw the miſtreſs, I beheld the maid;
You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermiſſion [9]
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune ſtood upon the caſkets there;
And ſo did mine too, as the matter falls:
For wooing here, until I ſweat again;
And ſwearing, till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love; at laſt,—if promiſe laſt,—
I got a promiſe of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achiev'd her miſtreſs.

Por. Is this true, Neriſſa?

Ner. Madam, it is, ſo you ſtand pleas'd withal.

Baſſ. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

Gra. Yes, 'faith, my lord.

Baſſ. Our feaſt ſhall be much honour'd in your marriage.

Gra. We'll play with them, the firſt boy, for a thouſand ducats.

Ner. What, and ſtake down?

Gra. No; we ſhall ne'er win at that ſport, and ſtake down.——

But

[8] That is, none *away from* me; none that I ſhall loſe, if you gain it. JOHNSON.

[9] *Intermiſſion* is *pauſe, intervening time, delay.* STEEVENS.

But who comes here? Lorenzo, and his infidel?
What, and my old Venetian friend, Salerio?

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* SALERIO.

Baſſ. Lorenzo, and Salerio, welcome hither;
If that the youth of my new intereſt here
Have power to bid you welcome:—By your leave,
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.
Por. So do I, my lord;
They are entirely welcome.
Lor. I thank your honour:—For my part, my lord,
My purpoſe was not to have ſeen you here;
But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did entreat me, paſt all ſaying nay,
To come with him along.
Sale. I did, my lord,
And I have reaſon for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you. [*Gives* BASSANIO *a letter.*
Baſſ. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.
Sale. Not ſick, my lord, unleſs it be in mind;
Nor well, unleſs in mind: his letter there
Will ſhow you his eſtate.
Gra. Neriſſa, cheer yon' ſtranger; bid her welcome.
Your hand, Salerio; What's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I know, he will be glad of our ſucceſs;
We are the Jaſons, we have won the fleece.
Sale. 'Would you had won the fleece that he hath loſt!
Por. There are ſome ſhrew'd contents in yon' ſame paper,
That ſteal the colour from Baſſanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead; elſe nothing in the world
Could turn ſo much the conſtitution
Of any conſtant man. What, worſe and worſe?—
With leave, Baſſanio; I am half yourſelf,
And I muſt freely have the half of any thing
That this ſame paper brings you.
Baſſ. O ſweet Portia,

Here

Here are a few of the unpleaſant'ſt words,
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did firſt impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,
Rating myſelf at nothing, you ſhall ſee
How much I was a braggart: When I told you
My ſtate was nothing, I ſhould then have told you
That I was worſe than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engag'd myſelf to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Iſſuing life-blood.—But is it true, Salerio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Liſbon, Barbary, and India?
And not one veſſel 'ſcape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

Sale. Not one, my lord.
Beſides, it ſhould appear, that if he had
The preſent money to diſcharge the Jew,
He would not take it: Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the ſhape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man:
He plies the duke at morning, and at night;
And doth impeach the freedom of the ſtate,
If they deny him juſtice: twenty merchants,
The duke himſelf, and the magnificoes
Of greateſt port, have all perſuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of juſtice, and his bond.

Jeſ. When I was with him, I have heard him ſwear,
To Tubal, and to Chus, his country men,
That he would rather have Antonio's fleſh,
Than twenty times the value of the ſum
That he did owe him: and I know, my lord,

If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.
Por. Is it your dear friend, that is thus in trouble?
Baſſ. The deareſt friend to me, the kindeſt man,
The beſt condition'd and unwearied ſpirit
In doing courteſies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.
Por. What ſum owes he the Jew?
Baſſ. For me, three thouſand ducats.
Por. What, no more?
Pay him ſix thouſand, and deface the bond;
Double ſix thouſand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this deſcription
Shall loſe a hair through Baſſanio's fault.
Firſt, go with me to church, and call me wife;
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never ſhall you lie by Portia's ſide
With an unquiet ſoul. You ſhall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over;
When it is paid, bring your true friend along:
My maid Neriſſa, and myſelf, mean time,
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away;
For you ſhall hence upon your wedding-day:
Bid your friends welcome, ſhow a merry cheer; [2]
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.—
But let me hear the letter of your friend.
Baſſ. [reads.] *Sweet Baſſanio, my ſhips have all miſcarried, my creditors grow cruel, my eſtate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and ſince, in paying it, it is impoſſible I ſhould live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but ſee you at my death: notwithſtanding, uſe your pleaſure: if your love do not perſuade you to come, let not my letter.*
Por. O love, deſpatch all buſineſs, and be gone.
Baſſ. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haſte: but, till I come again,
No bed ſhall e'er be guilty of my ſtay,
No reſt be interpoſer 'twixt us twain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

[2] ——cheer;] i. e. countenance. STEEVENS.

SCENE III.

Venice. *A Street.*

Enter SHYLOCK, SALANIO, ANTONIO, *and* Gaoler.

Shy. Gaoler, look to him;——Tell not me of mercy;——
This is the fool that lent out money gratis;—
Gaoler, look to him.
Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.
Shy. I'll have my bond; ſpeak not againſt my bond;
I have ſworn an oath, that I will have my bond:
Thou call'dſt me dog, before thou had'ſt a cauſe:
But, ſince I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The duke ſhall grant me juſtice.—I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art ſo fond
To come abroad with him at his requeſt.
Ant. I pray thee, hear me ſpeak.
Shy. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee ſpeak:
I'll have my bond; and therefore ſpeak no more.
I'll not be made a ſoft and dull-ey'd fool,[3]
To ſhake the head, relent, and ſigh, and yield
To chriſtian interceſſors. Follow not;
I'll have no ſpeaking; I will have my bond.

[*Exit* SHYLOCK.

Salan. It is the moſt impenetrable cur,
That ever kept with men.
Ant. Let him alone;
I'll follow him no more with bootleſs prayers.
He ſeeks my life; his reaſon well I know;
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.
Salan. I am ſure, the duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.
Ant. The duke cannot deny the courſe of law;[4]

[3] This epithet *dull-ey'd* is beſtowed on *melancholy* in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre.* STEEVENS.

[4] As the reaſon here given ſeems a little perplex'd, it may be proper to explain

For the commodity that ſtrangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,[5]
Will much impeach the juſtice of the ſtate;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Conſiſteth of all nations. Therefore, go:
Theſe griefs and loſſes have ſo 'bated me,
That I ſhall hardly ſpare a pound of fleſh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.——
Well, gaoler, on:—Pray God, Baſſanio come
To ſee me pay his debt, and then I care not! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Belmont. *A Room in* Portia's *Houſe.*

Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* BALTHAZAR.

Lor. Madam, although I ſpeak it in your preſence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity; which appears moſt ſtrongly
In bearing thus the abſence of your lord.
But, if you knew to whom you ſhow this honour,
How true a gentleman you ſend relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your huſband,
I know, you would be prouder of the work,
Than cuſtomary bounty can enforce you.
Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor ſhall not now: for in companions
That do converſe and waſte the time together,

Whoſe

explain it. If, ſays he, the duke ſtop the courſe of law, it will be attended with this inconvenience, that ſtranger merchants, by whom the wealth and power of this city is ſupported, will cry out of injuſtice. For the known ſtated law being their guide and ſecurity, they will never bear to have the current of it ſtopped on any pretence of equity whatſoever.

WARBURTON.

[5] i. e. for the denial of thoſe rights to ſtrangers, which render their abode at Venice ſo commodious and agreeable to them, would much impeach the juſtice of the ſtate. The conſequence would be, that ſtrangers would not reſide or carry on traffick here; and the wealth and ſtrength of the ſtate would be diminiſhed. MALONE.

Whoſe ſouls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There muſt be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners,[6] and of ſpirit;
Which makes me think, that this Antonio,
Being the boſom lover of my lord,[7]
Muſt needs be like my lord: If it be ſo,
How little is the coſt I have beſtow'd,
In purchaſing the ſemblance of my ſoul
From out the ſtate of helliſh cruelty?
This comes too near the praiſing of myſelf;
Therefore, no more of it: hear other things.—
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The huſbandry and manage of my houſe,
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breath'd a ſecret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Neriſſa here,
Until her huſband and my lord's return:
There is a monaſtery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do deſire you,
Not to deny this impoſition;
The which my love, and ſome neceſſity,
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart;
I ſhall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jeſſica
In place of lord Baſſanio and myſelf.
So fare you well, till we ſhall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts, and happy hours, attend on you!

Jeſ. I wiſh your ladyſhip all heart's content.

[6] The wrong pointing has made this fine ſentiment nonſenſe. As implying that friendſhip could not only make a ſimilitude of manners, but of *faces*. The true ſenſe is, *lineaments of manners*, i. e. form of the *manners*, which, ſays the ſpeaker, muſt needs be proportionate. WARBURTON.

The poet only means to ſay, *that correſponding proportions of body and mind are neceſſary for thoſe who ſpend their time together.* STEEVENS.

[7] In our author's time this term was applied to thoſe of the ſame ſex who had an eſteem for each other. Ben Jonſon concludes one of his letters to Dr. Donne, by telling him, "he is his true *lover*." So, in *Coriolanus*: "I tell thee, fellow, thy general is my *lover*." Many more inſtances might be added. See our author's Sonnets, paſſim. MALONE.

Por. I thank you for your wiſh, and am well pleas'd
To wiſh it back on you; fare you well, Jeſſica.—
[*Exeunt* JESSICA *and* LORENZO.
Now, Balthazar,
As I have ever found thee honeſt, true,
So let me find thee ſtill: Take this ſame letter,
And uſe thou all the endeavour of a man,
In ſpeed to Padua; ſee thou render this
Into my couſin's hand, doctor Bellario;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd ſpeed
Unto the tranect, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice:—waſte no time in words,
But get thee gone; I ſhall be there before thee.
Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient ſpeed. [*Exit.*
Por. Come on, Neriſſa; I have work in hand,
That you yet know not of: we'll ſee our huſbands
Before they think of us.
Ner. Shall they ſee us?
Por. They ſhall, Neriſſa; but in ſuch a habit,
That they ſhall think we are accompliſhed
With what we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accouter'd like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
And ſpeak, between the change of man and boy,
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing ſteps
Into a manly ſtride; and ſpeak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies ſought my love,
Which I denying, they fell ſick and died;
I could not do with all;—then I'll repent,
And wiſh, for all that, that I had not kill'd them:
And twenty of theſe puny lies I'll tell,
That men ſhall ſwear, I have diſcontinued ſchool
Above a twelvemonth:—I have within my mind
A thouſand raw tricks of theſe bragging Jacks,
Which I will practiſe.
Ner. Why, ſhall we turn to men?
Por. Fie! what a queſtion's that,

If

If thou wert near a lewd interpreter?
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which ſtays for us
At the park gate; and therefore haſte away,
For we muſt meaſure twenty miles to-day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The ſame. A Garden.

Enter LAUNCELOT *and* JESSICA.

Laun. Yes, truly:—for, look you, the ſins of the father are to be laid upon the children; therefore, I promiſe you, I fear you. I was always plain with you, and ſo now I ſpeak my agitation of the matter: Therefore be of good cheer; for, truly, I think, you are damn'd. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good; and that is but a kind of baſtard hope neither.

Jeſ. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jeſ. That were a kind of baſtard hope, indeed; ſo the ſins of my mother ſhould be viſited upon me.

Laun. Truly then I fear you are damn'd both by father and mother: thus when I ſhun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother:[8] well, you are gone both ways.

[8] Originally from the *Alexandreis* of Philippe Gualtier; but ſeveral tranſlations of this adage were obvious to Shakſpeare. Among other places, it is found in an ancient poem, entitled "*A Dialogue between Cuſtom and Veritie*, concerning the uſe and abuſe of Dauncing and Minſtrelſie." bl. l. no date:

"While *Silla* they do ſeem to ſhun,
"In *Charibd* they do fall." &c.

Philip Gualtier de Chatillon (afterwards Biſhop of Megala) was born towards the latter end of the 12th Century. In the fifth book of his heroic Poem, Darius (who eſcaping from Alexander, fell into the hands of Beſſus) is thus apoſtrophized:

Nactus equum Darius, rorantia cæde ſuorum
Retrogrado fugit arva gradu. Quo tendis inertem
Rex periture fugam? neſcis, heu! perdite, neſcis
Quem fugias, hoſtes incurris dum fugis hoſtem:
Incidis in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charibdim. STEEVENS.

Jeſ. I ſhall be ſaved by my huſband; [9] he hath made me a Chriſtian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Chriſtians enough before; e'en as many as could well live, one by another: This making of Chriſtians will raiſe the price of hogs; if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we ſhall not ſhortly have a raſher on the coals for money.

Enter LORENZO.

Jeſ. I'll tell my huſband, Launcelot, what you ſay; here he comes.

Lor. I ſhall grow jealous of you ſhortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jeſ. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo; Launcelot and I are out: he tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, becauſe I am a Jew's daughter: and he ſays, you are no good member of the commonwealth; for, in converting Jews to Chriſtians, you raiſe the price of pork.

Lor. I ſhall anſwer that better to the commonwealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

Laun. It is much, that the Moor ſhould be more than reaſon: but if ſhe be leſs than an honeſt woman, ſhe is, indeed, more than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word! I think, the beſt grace of wit will ſhortly turn into ſilence; and diſcourſe grow commendable in none only but parrots.—Go in, ſirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, ſir; they have all ſtomach.

Lor. Goodly lord, what a wit-ſnapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, ſir; only, cover is the word.

Lor. Will you cover then, ſir?

Laun. Not ſo, ſir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occaſion! Wilt thou ſhow the whole wealth of thy wit in an inſtant? I pray thee, underſtand

[9] *I ſhall be ſaved by my huſband,*] From St. Paul:

"The unbelieving wife is ſanctified by the huſband."

HENLEY.

ſtand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, ſerve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, ſir, it ſhall be ſerved in; for the meat, ſir, it ſhall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, ſir, why, let it be as humours and conceits ſhall govern.

[*Exit* LAUNCELOT.

Lor. O dear diſcretion, how his words are ſuited! [2]
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; And I do know
A many fools, that ſtand in better place,
Garniſh'd like him, that for a trickſy word
Defy the matter. How cheer'ſt thou, Jeſſica?
And now, good ſweet, ſay thy opinion,
How doſt thou like the lord Baſſanio's wife?

Jeſ. Paſt all expreſſing: It is very meet,
The lord Baſſanio live an upright life;
For, having ſuch a bleſſing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And, if on earth he do not mean it, it
Is reaſon he ſhould never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods ſhould play ſome heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there muſt be ſomething elſe
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even ſuch a huſband
Haſt thou of me, as ſhe is for a wife.

Jeſ. Nay, but aſk my opinion too of that.

Lor. I will anon; firſt, let us go to dinner.

Jeſ. Nay, let me praiſe you, while I have a ſtomach.

Lor. No, pray thee, let it ſerve for table-talk;

[2] I believe the meaning is—What a *ſeries* or *ſuite* of *words* he has independent of meaning; how one word draws on another without relation to the matter. JOHNSON.

I cannot think either that the word *ſuited* is derived from the word *ſuite*, as Johnſon ſuppoſes, as that, I believe, was introduced into our language long ſince the time of Shakſpeare; or that Launcelot's words were independent of meaning. Lorenzo expreſſes his ſurprize that a fool ſhould apply them ſo properly. M. MASON.

Then, howſoe'er thou ſpeak'ſt, 'mong other things
I ſhall digeſt it.
Jeſ. Well, I'll ſet you forth. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Venice. *A Court of Juſtice.*

Enter the Duke, *the Magnificoes*; ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALARINO, SALANIO, *and others.*

Duke. What, is Antonio here?
Ant. Ready, ſo pleaſe your grace.
Duke. I am ſorry for thee, thou art come to anſwer
A ſtony adverſary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.
Ant. I have heard,
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous courſe; but ſince he ſtands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach,[4] I do oppoſe
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd
To ſuffer, with a quietneſs of ſpirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.
Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.
Salan. He's ready at the door: he comes my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duke. Make room, and let him ſtand before our face.—
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think ſo too,
That thou but lead'ſt this faſhion of thy malice
To the laſt hour of act; and then, 'tis thought,
Thou'lt ſhow thy mercy, and remorſe, more ſtrange
Than is thy ſtrange apparent[5] cruelty:

[4] *Envy* in this place means *hatred* or *malice*. STEEVENS.
[5] That is, *ſeeming*; not real. JOHNSON.

And,

And, where[6] thou now exact'ſt the penalty,
(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's fleſh)
Thou wilt not only looſe the forfeiture,
But touch'd with human gentleneſs and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his loſſes,
That have of late ſo huddled on his back;
Enough to preſs a royal merchant down,[7]
And pluck commiſeration of his ſtate
From braſſy boſoms, and rough hearts of flint,
From ſtubborn Turks, and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courteſy.
We all expect a gentle anſwer, Jew.

Shy. I have poſſeſs'd your grace of what I purpoſe;
And by our holy Sabbath have I ſworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:

[6] For *whereas.* JOHNSON.

[7] We are not to imagine the word *royal* to be only a ranting ſounding epithet. It is uſed with great propriety, and ſhows the poet well acquainted with the hiſtory of the people whom he here brings upon the ſtage. For when the French and the Venetians, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, had won Conſtantinople, the French under the emperor Henry, endeavoured to extend their conqueſts into the provinces of the Grecian empire on the *Terra firma*; while the Venetians, who were maſters of the ſea, gave liberty to any ſubjects of the republick, who would fit out veſſels to make themſelves maſters of the iſles of the Archipelago, and other maritime places; and to enjoy their conqueſts in ſovereignty; only doing homage to the republick for their ſeveral principalities. By virtue of this licence, the Sanudo's, the Juſtiniani, the Grimaldi, the Summaripo's, and others, all Venetian *merchants*, erected principalities in ſeveral places of the Archipelago, (which their deſcendants enjoyed for many generations) and thereby became truly and properly *royal merchants.* Which indeed was the title generally given them all over Europe. Hence, the moſt eminent of our own merchants (while publick ſpirit reſided amongſt them, and before it was aped by faction) were called *royal merchants.* WARBURTON.

This epithet was in our poet's time more ſtriking and better underſtood, becauſe Greſham was then commonly dignified with the title of the *royal merchant.* JOHNSON.

Even the pulpit did not diſdain the uſe of this phraſe. I have now before me "The *Merchant Royal* a Sermon, preached at Whitehall, before the king's majeſtie, at the nuptialls of the right honourable the Lord Hay and his lady, upon the twelfe day laſt, being Jan. 6, 1607."

STEEVENS.

If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You'll aſk me, why I rather chooſe to have
A weight of carrion fleſh, than to receive
Three thouſand ducats: I'll not anſwer that:
But, ſay, it is my humour; [8] Is it anſwer'd?
What if my houſe be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thouſand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you anſwer'd yet?
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig; [9]
Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bag-pipe ſings i' the noſe,
Cannot contain their urine; For affection,
Miſtreſs of paſſion, ſways it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loaths: [2] Now for your anſwer:

As

[8] Suppoſe it is my particular fancy. HEATH.

The Jew being aſked a queſtion which the law does not require him to anſwer, ſtands upon his right, and refuſes; but afterwards gratifies his own malignity by ſuch anſwers as he knows will aggravate the pain of the enquirer. I will not anſwer, ſays he, as to a legal or ſerious queſtion, but ſince you want an anſwer, will this ſerve you? JOHNSON.

[9] Shakſpeare might have read of ſuch another antipathy [to a "*pigge ſtufte*"] in *Goulart's Hiſtories*, of which there was an earlier edition than that of 1607. RITSON.

By a *gaping* pig, Shakſpeare, I believe, meant a pig prepared for the table; for in that ſtate is the epithet, *gaping*, moſt applicable to this animal. MALONE.

[2] Mr. Rowe reads:

Cannot contain their urine for affection,
Maſterleſs paſſion *ſways it to the mood*
Of what it likes, or loaths.

Maſterleſs paſſion Mr. Pope has ſince copied. I don't know what word there is to which this relative *it* is to be referred. The ingenious Dr. Thirlby would thus adjuſt the paſſage:

Cannot contain their urine; for affection,
Maſter *of paſſion, ſways* it, *&c.*

And then *it* is govern'd of *paſſion*. The two old quartos and folios read—Maſters *of paſſion*, &c.

It may be objected, that *affection* and *paſſion* mean the ſame thing. But I obſerve, the writers of our author's age made a diſtinction; as Jonſon in Sejanus:

"———*He hath ſtudied*
"Affection's paſſions, *knows their ſprings and ends.*"

And then, in this place, *affection* will ſtand for that *ſympathy* or *antipathy* of

As there is no firm reaſon to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;

Why

of ſoul, by which we are provok'd to ſhow a *liking* or *diſguſt* in the working of our *paſſions*. THEOBALD.

Maſters of *paſſion*, is certainly right. He is ſpeaking of the power of ſound over the human affections, and concludes, very naturally, that the *maſters of paſſion* (for ſo he finely calls the muſicians) ſway the paſſions or affections as they pleaſe. Alluding to what the ancients tell us of the feats that Timotheus and other muſicians worked by the power of muſic. Can any thing be more natural? WARBURTON.

Does not the verb *ſway*, which governs the two nominative caſes *affection* and *maſters*, require that both ſhould be plural, and conſequently direct us to read thus?

For *affections*, *maſters* of paſſion ſway it, &c.

SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

That *affections* and *paſſions* anciently had different ſignifications, may be known from the following inſtance in Greene's *Never too Late*, 1616:

"His heart was fuller of *paſſions* than his eyes of *affections*."

Affections, as uſed by Shylock, ſeem to ſignify *imaginations*, or *prejudices*. In *Othello*, Act 1. is a paſſage ſomewhat ſimilar. "And though we have here a ſubſtitute of moſt allowed ſufficiency, yet *opinion*, a *ſovereign miſtreſs of effects*, throws a more ſafe voice on you." STEEVENS.

Of this much controverted paſſage, my opinion was formerly very different from what it is at preſent. *Sways*, the reading of the old copies, I conceived, could not agree with *maſters* as a ſubſtantive; but very ſoon after my former note on theſe words was printed, I found that this was not only our author's uſual phraſeology, but the common language of the time. Innumerable inſtances of the ſame kind occur in theſe plays; in all of which I have followed the practice of my predeceſſors, and ſilently reduced the ſubſtantive and the verb to concord. This is the only change that is now made in the preſent paſſage; for all the ancient copies read—*affection*, not *affections*, as the word has been printed in late editions, in order to connect it with the following line:

"Cannot contain their urine for *affection*," I believe, means only—Cannot, &c. on account of *their being affected* by the noiſe of the bagpipe; or, in other words, on account of an involuntary antipathy to ſuch a noiſe. In the next line, which is put in appoſition with that preceding, the word *it* may refer either to *paſſion*, or *affection*. To explain it, I ſhall borrow Dr. Johnſon's words, with a ſlight variation: "Thoſe who know how to operate on the paſſion of men, rule it, (or rule the ſympathetick feeling,) by making it operate in obedience to the notes which pleaſe or diſguſt it." *It*, ("ſway *it*") in my opinion, refers to *affection*, that is, to the ſympathetick feeling. MALONE.

The true meaning undoubtedly is,—The maſters of paſſion, that is, ſuch as are poſſeſſed of the art of engaging and managing the human paſſions, influence them by a ſkilful application to the particular likings or loathings of the perſon they are addreſſing; this is a proof that men

are

Why he, a harmleſs neceſſary cat;
Why he, a ſwollen bag-pipe: [3] but of force

Muſt

are generally governed by their likings and loathings, and therefore it is by no means ſtrange or unnatural that I ſhould be ſo too in the preſent inſtance. HEATH.

The reading of all the old editions is:

"And others, when the bag-pipe ſings i' th' noſe,
"Cannot contain their urine for *affection*.
"Maſters of paſſion *ſways* it to the mood
"Of what it likes or loaths."

i. e. "*ſome men when they hear the ſound of a bag-pipe, are* ſo affected therewith *that they cannot retain their urine. For thoſe things which are maſters over paſſion, make it like or loath whatever they will.* RITSON.

After all that has been ſaid about this conteſted paſſage, I am convinced we are indebted for the true reading of it to Mr. Waldron, the ingenious editor and continuator of Ben Jonſon's *Sad Shepherd*.

In his Appendix, p. 212, he obſerves that "*Miſtreſs* was formerly ſpelt *Maiſtreſſe* or *Maiſtres*. In Upton's and Church's Spenſer we have

"——young birds, which he had taught to ſing
"His *maiſtreſſe* praiſes." B. III. c. vii. ſt. 17.

In Bulleyn's Dialogue we have "my maiſter, and my *maiſtreſs*." See page 219 of this Appendix.

Perhaps *Maiſtres* (eaſily corrupted, by the tranſpoſition of the *r* and *e*, into *Maiſters*, which is the reading of the ſecond folio of Shakſpeare) might have been the poet's word.

Mr. Steevens, in his note on this difficult paſſage, gives a quotation from Othello, which countenances this ſuppoſed difference of gender in the noun:—"And though we have here a ſubſtitute of moſt allowed ſufficiency, yet *opinion*, a *ſovereign miſtreſs of effects*, throws a more ſafe voice on you;"

Admitting *maiſtres* to have been Shakſpeare's word, we may, according to modern orthography, read the paſſage thus:

"——for affection
"*Miſtreſs* or paſſion, ſways it to the mood
"Of what it likes, or loaths."

In the Latin, it is to be obſerved, *Affectio* and *Paſſio* are feminine."

To the foregoing amendment, ſo well ſupported, and ſo modeſtly offered, I cannot refuſe a place in the text of our author. STEEVENS.

[3] This incident Shakſpeare ſeems to have taken from J. C. Scaliger's *Exot. Exercit.* againſt Cardan. A book that our author was well read in, and much indebted to for a great deal of his phyſics: it being then much in vogue, and indeed is excellent, though now long ſince forgot. In his 344 *Exercit.* Sect. vi. he has theſe words: "*Narrabo nunc tibi jocoſam* Sympathiam *Reguli Vaſconis equitis. Is dum viveret, audito phormingis ſono, urinam illico facere cogebatur.*"—And to make this jocular ſtory ſtill more ridiculous, Shakſpeare, I ſuppoſe, tranſlated *phorminx* by *bag-pipes*. But

what

Muſt yield to ſuch inevitable ſhame,
As to offend, himſelf being offended;
So can I give no reaſon, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing,
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A loſing ſuit againſt him. Are you anſwer'd?
Baſſ. This is no anſwer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuſe the current of thy cruelty.
Shy. I am not bound to pleaſe thee with my anſwer.
Baſſ. Do all men kill the things they do not love?
Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Baſſ.

what I would chiefly obſerve from hence is this, that as Scaliger uſes the word *Sympathiam*, which ſignifies, and ſo he interprets it, *communem* affectionem *duabus rebus*, ſo Shakſpeare tranſlates it by affection:

Cannot contain their urine for affection.

Which ſhows the truth of the preceding emendation of the text according to the old copies; which have a full ſtop at *affection*, and read *Maſters of paſſion*. WARBURTON.

In an old tranſlation from the French of Peter de Loier, intitled *A Treatiſe of Spectres, or ſtrange Sights, Viſions*, &c. we have this identical ſtory from Scaliger; and what is ſtill more, a marginal note gives us in all probability the very fact alluded to, as well as the *word* of Shakſpeare. "Another gentleman of this quality lived of late in Devon, neere Exceſter, who could not endure the playing on a *bag-pipe*." We may juſtly add, as ſome obſervation has been made upon it, that *affection* in the ſenſe of *ſympathy*, was formerly *technical*; and ſo uſed by lord Bacon, ſir K. Digby, and many other writers. FARMER.

As all the editors agree with complete uniformity in reading *woollen* bag-pipe, I can hardly forbear to imagine that they underſtood it. But I never ſaw a *woollen bag-pipe*, nor can well conceive it. I ſuppoſe the authour wrote *wooden* bag-pipe, meaning that the bag was of leather, and the pipe of *wood*. JOHNSON.

This paſſage is clear from all difficulty, if we read *ſwelling* or *ſwollen bag-pipe*, which, that we ſhould, I have not the leaſt doubt.

SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

Perhaps Shakſpeare calls the bagpipe *woollen*, from the bag being generally covered with woollen cloth. I have ſeen one at Alnwick, belonging to one of the pipers in the Percy family, covered with black velvet, and guarded with ſilver fringe. R. G. ROBINSON.

An anonymous writer, in ſupport of the old reading, obſerves, that the ſkin or bladder of a bag-pipe is frequently covered with flannel. I am, however, of opinion that the old is the true reading. MALONE.

As the averſion was not cauſed by the outward appearance of the bagpipe, but merely by the ſound ariſing from its inflation, I have placed the conjectural reading—*ſwollen*, in the text. STEEVENS.

Baſſ. Every offence is not a hate at firſt.
Shy. What, would'ſt thou have a ſerpent ſting thee twice?
Ant. I pray you, think you queſtion[4] with the Jew:
You may as well go ſtand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his uſual height;
You may as well uſe queſtion with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noiſe,
When they are fretted with the guſts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing moſt hard,
As ſeek to ſoften that (than which what's harder?)
His Jewiſh heart:—Therefore, I do beſeech you,
Make no more offers, uſe no further means,
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgement, and the Jew his will.
Baſſ. For thy three thouſand ducats here is ſix.
Shy. If every ducat in ſix thouſand ducats
Were in ſix parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them, I would have my bond.
Duke. How ſhalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?
Shy. What judgement ſhall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd ſlave,[5]
Which, like your aſſes, and your dogs, and mules,
You uſe in abject and in ſlaviſh parts,
Becauſe you bought them:—Shall I ſay to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why ſweat they under burdens? let their beds
Be made as ſoft as yours, and let their palates
Be ſeaſon'd with ſuch viands? You will anſwer,
The ſlaves are ours:—So do I anſwer you:
The pound of fleſh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, is mine, and I will have it:
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice:
I ſtand for judgement: anſwer; ſhall I have it?

Duke.

[4] To queſtion is to converſe. STEEVENS.

[5] This argument, conſidered as uſed to the particular perſons, ſeems concluſive. I ſee not how Venetians or Engliſhmen, while they practiſe the purchaſe and ſale of ſlaves, can much enforce or demand the law of *doing to others as we would that they ſhall do to us.* JOHNSON.

Duke. Upon my power, I may diſmiſs this court,
Unleſs Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have ſent for[6] to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Salar. My lord, here ſtays without
A meſſenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters; Call the meſſenger.

Baſſ. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man? courage yet!
The Jew ſhall have my fleſh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou ſhalt loſe for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meeteſt for death; the weakeſt kind of fruit
Drops earlieſt to the ground, and ſo let me:
You cannot better be employ'd, Baſſanio,
Than to live ſtill, and write mine epitaph.

Enter NERISSA, *dreſſed like a lawyer's clerk.*

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

Ner. From both my lord: Bellario greets your grace.
[*Preſents a letter.*

Baſſ. Why doſt thou whet thy knife ſo earneſtly?

Shy. To cut the forfeiture[7] from that bankrupt there.

Gra. Not on thy ſole, but on thy ſoul, harſh Jew,[8]
Thou mak'ſt thy knife keen: but no metal can,

No,

[6] The doctor and the court are here ſomewhat unſkilfully brought together. That the duke would, on ſuch an occaſion, conſult a doctor of great reputation, is not unlikely; but how ſhould this be foreknown by Portia? JOHNSON.

I do not ſee any neceſſity for ſuppoſing that *this* was *foreknown by Portia*. She conſults Bellario as an eminent lawyer, and her relation. If the Duke had not conſulted him, the only difference would have been, that ſhe would have come into court, as an advocate perhaps, inſtead of a judge. TYRWHITT.

[7] Read—*forfeit*. It occurs repeatedly in the preſent ſcene for *forfeiture*. RITSON.

[8] This loſt jingle Mr. Theobald found again; but knew not what to make of it when he had it, appears by his paraphraſe. *Though thou thinkeſt that thou art whetting thy knife on the ſole of thy ſhoe, yet it is upon thy ſoul, thy immortal part.* Abſurd! the conceit is, that his ſoul was ſo hard that it had given an edge to his knife. WARBURTON.

No, not the hangman's ax, bear half the keenneſs
Of thy ſharp envy.[9] Can no prayers pierce thee?
Shy. No, none that thou haſt wit enough to make.
Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog!
And for thy life let juſtice be accus'd.
Thou almoſt mak'ſt me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That ſouls of animals infuſe themſelves
Into the trunks of men: thy curriſh ſpirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human ſlaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell ſoul fleet,
And, whilſt thou lay'ſt in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itſelf in thee; for thy deſires
Are wolfiſh, bloody, ſtarv'd and ravenous.
Shy. Till thou can'ſt rail the ſeal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'ſt thy lungs to ſpeak ſo loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureleſs ruin.—I ſtand hear for law.
Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned Doctor to our court:—
Where is he?
Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your anſwer, whether you'll admit him.
Duke. With all my heart:—ſome three or four of you,
Go give him courteous conduct to this place,—
Mean time, the court ſhall here Bellario's letter.

[Clerk *reads.*] *Your grace ſhall underſtand, that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very ſick: but in the inſtant that your meſſenger came, in loving viſitation was with me a young doctor of Rome, his name is Balthaſar: I acquainted him with the cauſe in controverſy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant: we turn'd o'er many books together: he is furniſh'd with my opinion; which, better'd with his own learning, (the greatneſs whereof I cannot enough commend,) comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's requeſt in my ſtead. I beſeech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend eſtimation; for I never knew ſo young a body with ſo old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whoſe trial ſhall better publiſh his commendation.*

Duke.

[9] *Envy* again, in this place, ſignifies *hatred* or *malice*. STEEVENS.

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes;
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

Enter PORTIA, *dreſſed like a doctor of laws.*

Give me your hand: Came you from old Bellario?
Por. I did, my lord.
Duke. You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this preſent queſtion in the court?
Por. I am informed throughly of the cauſe.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?
Duke. Antonio and old Shylook, both ſtand forth.
Por. Is your name Shylock?
Shy. Shylock is my name.
Por. Of a ſtrange nature is the ſuit you follow;
Yet in ſuch rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you,[2] as you do proceed.—
You ſtand within his danger,[3] do you not? [*To* ANTONIO.
Ant. Ay, ſo he ſays.
Por. Do you confeſs the bond?
Ant. I do.
Por. Then muſt the Jew be merciful.
Shy. On what compulſion muſt I? tell me that.
Por. The quality of mercy is not ſtrain'd;[4]
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bleſs'd;
It bleſſeth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightieſt in the mightieſt; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His ſcepter ſhows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majeſty,
Wherein doth ſit the dread and fear of kings;

But

[2] To *impugn* is to oppoſe, to controvert. STEEVENS.

[3] From frequent inſtances in *The Paſton Letters*, it is obvious, that *to be in* DEBT and *to be in* DANGER, in the common language of the times, were ſynonymous terms. HENLEY.

[4] In compoſing theſe beautiful lines, it is probable that Shakſpeare recollected the following verſe in *Eccleſiaſticus*, xxxv. 20: Mercy is ſeaſonable in the time of affliction, as clouds of rain in the time of drought." DOUCE.

But mercy is above this ſcepter'd ſway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himſelf;
And earthly power doth then ſhow likeſt God's,
When mercy ſeaſons juſtice. Therefore, Jew,
Though juſtice be thy plea, conſider this,—
That, in the courſe of juſtice, none of us
Should ſee ſalvation: [5] we do pray for mercy;
And that ſame prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have ſpoke thus much,
To mitigate the juſtice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this ſtrict court of Venice
Muſt needs give ſentence 'gainſt the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head! [6] I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to diſcharge the money?

Baſſ. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the ſum: if that will not ſuffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not ſuffice, it muſt appear
That malice bears down truth. [7] And I beſeech you,
Wreſt once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It muſt not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree eſtabliſhed:
'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the ſame example,
Will ruſh into the ſtate: it cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgement! yea, a Daniel!—
O wiſe young judge, how do I honour thee!

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, moſt reverend doctor, here it is.

Por.

5 Portia referring the *Jew* to the Chriſtian doctrine of ſalvation, and the Lord's Prayer, is a little out of character. BLACKSTONE.

6 An imprecation adopted from that of the Jews to Pilate: "His blood be on us, and our children!" HENLEY.

7 Malice oppreſſes honeſty; a *true man* in old language is an *honeſt man*. We now call the jury *good men and true*. JOHNSON.

Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.
Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my ſoul?
No, not for Venice.
Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of fleſh, to be by him cut off
Neareſt the merchant's heart:—Be merciful;
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.
Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour.—
It doth appear, you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your expoſition
Hath been moſt ſound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deſerving pillar,
Proceed to judgement: by my ſoul I ſwear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I ſtay here on my bond.
Ant. Moſt heartily I do beſeech the court
To give the judgement.
Por. Why then, thus it is.
You muſt prepare your boſom for his knife:
Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!
Por. For the intent and purpoſe of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
Shy. 'Tis very true: O wiſe and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
Por. Therefore, lay bare your boſom.
Shy. Ay, his breaſt:
So ſays the bond;—Doth it not, noble judge?—
Neareſt his heart, thoſe are the very words.
Por. It is ſo. Are there balance here, to weigh
The fleſh?
Shy. I have them ready.
Por. Have by ſome ſurgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To ſtop his wounds, leſt he do bleed to death.
Shy. Is it ſo nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not ſo expreſs'd; But what of that?
'Twere good, you do ſo much for charity.
Shy. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.

Por.

Por. Come, merchant, have you any thing to ſay?
Ant. But little; I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.—
Give me your hand, Baſſanio; fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein fortune ſhows herſelf more kind
Than is her cuſtom: it is ſtill her uſe,
To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of ſuch a miſery doth ſhe cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the proceſs of Antonio's end,
Say, how I lov'd you, ſpeak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Baſſanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you ſhall loſe your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it inſtantly with all my heart.
Baſſ. Antonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life itſelf;
But life itſelf, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me eſteem'd above thy life:
I would loſe all, ay, ſacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.
Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If ſhe were by, to hear you make the offer.
Gra. I have a wife, whom, I proteſt, I love;
I would ſhe were in heaven, ſo ſhe could
Entreat ſome power to change this curriſh Jew.
Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wiſh would make elſe an unquiet houſe.
Shy. Theſe be the chriſtian huſbands: I have a daughter;
'Would, any of the ſtock of Barrabas [8]
Had been her huſband, rather than a Chriſtian! [*Aſide.*

We

[8] The name of this robber is differently ſpelt as well as accented in the *New Teſtament*; [Μὴ τοῦτον, ἀλλὰ τὸν Βαραββᾶν. ἦν δὲ ὁ Βαραββᾶς λῃστής;] but Shakſpeare ſeems to have followed the pronunciation uſual to the theatre, *Barabbas* being ſounded Barabas throughout Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*. STEEVENS.

We trifle time; I pray thee, purſue ſentence.
Por. A pound of that ſame merchant's fleſh is thine;
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.
Shy. Moſt rightful judge!
Por. And you muſt cut this fleſh from off his breaſt;
The law allows it, and the court awards it.
Shy. Moſt learned judge!—A ſentence; come prepare.
Por. Tarry a little;—there is ſomething elſe.—
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expreſsly are, a pound of fleſh:
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of fleſh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou doſt ſhed
One drop of chriſtian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiſcate
Unto the ſtate of Venice.
Gra. O upright judge!—Mark, Jew;—O learned judge!
Shy. Is that the law?
Por. Thyſelf ſhalt ſee the act:
For, as thou urgeſt juſtice, be aſſur'd,
Thou ſhalt have juſtice, more than thou deſir'ſt.
Gra. O learned judge!—Mark, Jew;—a learned judge!
Shy. I take this offer then; [9]—pay the bond thrice,
And let the Chriſtian go.
Baſſ. Here is the money.
Por. Soft!
The Jew ſhall have all juſtice;—ſoft!—no haſte;—
He ſhall have nothing but the penalty.
Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!
Por. Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the fleſh.[2]

Shed

[9] Perhaps we ſhould read—*his*, i. e. Baſſanio's, who offers *twice* the ſum, &c. STEEVENS.

This offer is right. Shylock ſpecifies the offer he means, which is "to have the bond paid thrice." M. MASON.

He means, I think, to ſay, "I take *this* offer that has been made me." Baſſanio had offered at firſt but *twice* the ſum, but Portia had gone further —"Shylock there's *thrice* thy money," &c. The Jew naturally inſiſts on the larger ſum. MALONE.

[2] This judgement is related by *Gracian*, the celebrated Spaniſh jeſuit, in his *Hero*, with a reflexion at the concluſion of it, thus rendered by Sir John Sheffington, 1652. "The vivacity of that great Turke enters in competition with that of Solomon: a *Jew* pretended to cut an ounce of

the

Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou leſs, nor more,
But juſt a pound of fleſh: if thou tak'ſt more,
Or leſs, than a juſt pound,—be it but ſo much
As makes it light, or heavy, in the ſubſtance,
Or the diviſion of the twentieth part
Of one poor ſcruple; nay, if the ſcale do turn
But in the eſtimation of a hair,—
Thou dieſt, and all thy goods are confiſcate.

Gra. A ſecond Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pauſe? take thy forfeiture,

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Baſſ. I have it ready for thee; here it is.

Por. He hath refus'd it in the open court;
He ſhall have merely juſtice, and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel, ſtill ſay I; a ſecond Daniel!—
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?

Por. Thou ſhalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be ſo taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shy. Why then the devil give him good of it!
I'll ſtay no longer queſtion.

Por. Tarry, Jew;
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—
If it be prov'd againſt an alien,
That by direct, or indirect attempts,
He ſeek the life of any citizen,
The party, 'gainſt the which he doth contrive,
Shall ſeize one half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the ſtate;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy

Of

the fleſh of a Chriſtian upon a penalty of uſury; he urged it to the Prince, with as much obſtinacy, as perfidiouſneſs towards God. The great Judge commanded a pair of ſcales to be brought, threatening the *Jew* with death if he cut either more or leſs: And this was to give a ſharp deciſion to a malicious proceſs, and to the world a miracle of ſubtilty." *The Heroe*, p. 24, &c.

Gregorio Leti, in his *Life of Sixtus V.* has a ſimilar ſtory. The papacy of Sixtus began in 1583. He died Aug. 29, 1590. The reader will find an extract from *Farneworth's Tranſlation*, at the concluſion of the play. STEEVENS.

Of the duke only, 'gainſt all other voice.
In which predicament, I ſay, thou ſtand'ſt:
For it appears by manifeſt proceeding,
That, indirectly, and directly too,
Thou haſt contriv'd againſt the very life
Of the defendant; and thou haſt incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

Gra. Beg, that thou may'ſt have leave to hang thyſelf:
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the ſtate,
Thou haſt not left the value of a cord;
Therefore, thou muſt be hang'd at the ſtate's charge.

Duke. That thou ſhalt ſee the difference of our ſpirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou aſk it:
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general ſtate,
Which humbleneſs may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the ſtate [3] not for Antonio.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that:
You take my houſe, when you do take the prop
That doth ſuſtain my houſe; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

Gra. A halter gratis; nothing elſe, for God's ſake.

Ant. So pleaſe my lord the duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods;
I am content, [4] ſo he will let me have

[3] That is, the ſtate's moiety may be commuted for a fine, but not Antonio's. MALONE.

[4] The terms propoſed have been miſunderſtood. Antonio declares, that as the duke quits one half of the forfeiture, he is likewiſe content to abate his claim, and deſires not the property but the *uſe* or produce only of the half, and that only for the Jew's life, unleſs we read, as perhaps is right, *upon* my *death*. JOHNSON.

Antonio tells the duke, that if he will abate the fine for the ſtate's half, he (Antonio) will be contented to take the other, *in truſt*, after Shylock's death, to render it to his daughter's huſband. That is, it was, during Shylock's life, to remain *at intereſt* in Antonio's hands, and Shylock was to enjoy the produce of it. RITSON.

Antonio's offer is, "that he will quit the fine for one half of his fortune, provided that he will let him have it at intereſt during the Jew's life, to render it on his death to Lorenzo." That is the meaning of the words *to let me have in uſe*. M. MASON.

The other half in uſe,—to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately ſtole his daughter.
Two things provided more,—That, for this favour,
He preſently become a Chriſtian;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies poſſeſs'd,
Unto his ſon Lorenzo, and his daughter.

Duke. He ſhall do this; or elſe I do recant
The pardon, that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew? what doſt thou ſay?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well; ſend the deed after me,
And I will ſign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In chriſtening thou ſhalt have two godfathers;
Had I been judge, thou ſhould'ſt have had ten more,[5]
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font. [*Exit* SHYLOCK.

Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

Por. I humbly do deſire your grace of pardon;
I muſt away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet, I preſently ſet forth.

Duke. I am ſorry, that your leiſure ſerves you not.
Antonio, gratify this gentleman;
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt* Duke, *Magnificoes, and Train.*

Baſſ. Moſt worthy gentleman, I and my friend,
Have by your wiſdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thouſand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

Ant. And ſtand indebted, over and above,
In love and ſervice to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid, that is well ſatisfied;
And I, delivering you, am ſatisfied,
And therein do account myſelf well paid;
My mind was never yet more mercenary.

I pray

[5] i. e. a jury of *twelve* men, to condemn thee to be hanged.
THEOBALD.

I pray you, know me, when we meet again;
I wiſh you well, and ſo I take my leave.

Baſſ. Dear ſir, of force I muſt attempt you further;
Take ſome remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You preſs me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your ſake;
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you:—
Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;
And you in love ſhall not deny me this.

Baſſ. This ring, good ſir,—alas, it is a trifle;
I will not ſhame myſelf to give you this.

Por. I will have nothing elſe but only this;
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

Baſſ. There's more depends on this, than on the value.
The deareſt ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation;
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

Por. I ſee, ſir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me firſt to beg; and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar ſhould be anſwer'd.

Baſſ. Good ſir, this ring was given me by my wife;
And, when ſhe put it on, ſhe made me vow,
That I ſhould neither ſell, nor give, nor loſe it.

Por. That 'ſcuſe ſerves many men to ſave their gifts.
An if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deſerv'd this ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,[6]
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!

[*Exeunt* PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

Ant. My lord Baſſanio, let him have the ring;
Let his deſervings, and my love withal,
Be valued 'gainſt your wife's commandment.

Baſſ. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him,
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou can'ſt,

[6] An error of the preſs.—Read "hold out *enmity*." M. MASON.
I believe the reading in the text is the true one. So, in *Much a lo about nothing*, Act I. ſc. i. the *Meſſenger* ſays to Beatrice—"I will *be friends* with you, lady." STEEVENS.

Unto Antonio's houſe:—away, make haſte.

[*Exit* GRATIANO.

Come, you and I will thither preſently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont: Come, Antonio. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. A Street.

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

Por. Enquire the Jew's houſe out, give him this deed,
And let him ſign it; we'll away to-night,
And be a day before our huſbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Fair ſir, you are well overtaken:
My lord Baſſanio, upon more advice,[7]
Hath ſent you here this ring; and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be:
This ring I do accept moſt thankfully,
And ſo, I pray you, tell him: Furthermore,
I pray you, ſhow my youth old Shylock's houſe.

Gra. That will I do.

Ner. Sir, I would ſpeak with you:—
I'll ſee if I can get my huſband's ring, [*to* PORTIA.
Which I did make him ſwear to keep for ever.

Por. Thou may'ſt, I warrant: We ſhall have old ſwearing,[8]
That they did give the rings away to men;

But

[7] i. e. more *reflection*. So, in *All's well that ends well*: "You never did lack *advice* ſo much," &c. STEEVENS.

[8] ——old *ſwearing*,] Of this once common augmentative in colloquial language, there are various inſtances in our author. Thus in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*: "Here will be an *old* abuſing of God's patience and the King's Engliſh." STEEVENS.

But we'll outface them, and outſwear them too.
Away, make haſte; thou know'ſt where I will tarry.
Ner. Come, good ſir, will you ſhow me to this houſe?
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Belmont. *Avenue to* Portia's *Houſe.*

Enter LORENZO *and* JESSICA.

Lor. The moon ſhines bright:—In ſuch a night as this,
When the ſweet wind did gently kiſs the trees,
And they did make no noiſe; in ſuch a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And ſigh'd his ſoul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Creſſid lay that night.
Jeſ. In ſuch a night,
Did Thiſbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew;
And ſaw the lion's ſhadow ere himſelf,
And ran diſmay'd away.
Lor. In ſuch a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand [9]
Upon the wild ſea-banks, and wav'd her love
To come again to Carthage.
Jeſ. In ſuch a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æſon.
Lor. In ſuch a night,
Did Jeſſica ſteal from the wealthy Jew;
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.
Jeſ. And in ſuch a night,

[9] This paſſage contains a ſmall inſtance out of many that might be brought to prove that Shakſpeare was no reader of the claſſicks.
STEEVENS.

Mr. Warton ſuggeſts in his *Hiſt. of Eng. Poetry*, that Shakſpeare might have taken this image from ſome ballad on the ſubject. MALONE.

Did young Lorenzo ſwear he lov'd her well;
Stealing her ſoul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. And in ſuch a night,
Did pretty Jeſſica, like a little ſhrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jeſ. I would out-night you, did no body come;
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter a Servant.

Lor. Who comes ſo faſt in ſilence of the night?

Serv. A friend.

Lor. A friend? what friend? your name, I pray you, friend?

Serv. Stephano is my name; and I bring word,
My miſtreſs will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont: ſhe doth ſtray about
By holy croſſes,[2] where ſhe kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

Lor. Who comes with her?

Serv. None, but a holy hermit, and her maid.
I pray you, is my maſter yet return'd?

Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.—
But go we in, I pray thee, Jeſſica,
And ceremoniouſly let us prepare
Some welcome for the miſtreſs of the houſe.

Enter Launcelot.

Laun. Sola, ſola, wo ha, ho, ſola, ſola!

Lor. Who calls?

Laun. Sola! did you ſee maſter Lorenzo, and miſtreſs Lorenzo! ſola, ſola!

Lor. Leave hollaing, man; here.

Laun.

[2] So, in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton:*

"But there are *Croſſes*, wife; here's one in Waltham,
"Another at the Abbey, and the third
"At Ceſton; and 'tis ominous to paſs
"Any of theſe without a Pater-noſter."

and this is a reaſon aſſigned for the delay of a wedding. Steevens.

Laun. Sola! where? where?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him, there's a poſt come from my maſter, with his horn full of good news; my maſter will be here ere morning. [*Exit.*

Lor. Sweet ſoul,[3] let's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter;—Why ſhould we go in?
My friend Stephano, ſignify, I pray you,
Within the houſe, your miſtreſs is at hand;
And bring your muſick forth into the air.—

[*Exit* Servant.

How ſweet the moon-light ſleeps upon this bank!
Here will we ſit, and let the ſounds of muſick
Creep in our ears; ſoft ſtillneſs, and the night,
Become the touches of ſweet harmony.
Sit, Jeſſica: Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;[4]
There's not the ſmalleſt orb, which thou behold'ſt,

[3] Theſe words in the old copies are placed at the end of Launcelot's ſpeech. MALONE.

Theſe two words ſhould certainly be placed at the beginning of the following ſpeech of *Lorenzo*:

"*Sweet ſoul*, let's in," &c.

Mr. Pope, I ſee, has corrected this blunder of the old edition, but he has changed *ſoule* into *love*, without any neceſſity. TYRWHITT.

Mr. Rowe firſt made the preſent regulation, which appears to me to be right. Inſtead of *ſoul* he reads—*love*, the latter word having been capriciouſly ſubſtituted in the place of the former by the editor of the ſecond folio, who introduced a large portion of the corruptions which for a long time disfigured the modern editions. MALONE.

I rather ſuppoſe, that the printer of the ſecond folio, judiciouſly correcting ſome miſtakes, through inattention committed others. STEEVENS.

[4] Dr. Warburton ſays we ſhould read—*patens*; a round broad plate of gold borne in heraldry. STEEVENS.

Pattens is the reading of the firſt folio, and *pattents* of the quarto. *Patterns* is printed firſt in the folio 1632. JOHNSON.

One of the quartos, 1600, reads—*pattens*, the other *pattents*. STEEVENS.

A patine, from *patina*, Lat. A *patine* is the ſmall flat diſh or plate uſed with the chalice, in the adminiſtration of the euchariſt. In the time of popery, and probably in the following age, it was commonly made of gold. MALONE.

But in his motion like an angel ſings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubims:
Such harmony is in immortal ſouls;
But, whilſt this muddy veſture of decay
Doth groſsly cloſe it in, we cannot hear it.[5]—

Enter

[5] It is proper to exhibit the lines as they ſtand in the copies of the firſt, ſecond, third, and fourth editions, without any variation, for a change has been ſilently made by Rowe, and adopted by all the ſucceeding editors:

Such harmony is in immortal ſouls;
But while this muddy veſture of decay
Doth groſsly cloſe in it, *we cannot hear it.*

That the third line is corrupt muſt be allowed, but it gives reaſon to ſuſpect that the orginal was:

Doth groſsly cloſe it in.

Yet I know not whether from this any thing better can be produced than the received reading. Perhaps *harmony* is *the power of perceiving harmony*, as afterwards, *Muſick in the ſoul* is the quality of being *moved with concord of ſweet ſounds*. This will ſomewhat explain the old copies, but the ſentence is ſtill imperfect; which might be completed by reading:

Such harmony is in th' *immortal* ſoul,
But while this muddy veſture of decay
Doth groſsly cloſe it in, *we cannot hear it.* JOHNSON.

"*Such harmony*," &c. is not an explanation ariſing from the foregoing line—"So great is the harmony!" but an illuſtration:—"Of the *ſame kind* is the harmony."—The whole runs thus:

There is not one of the heavenly orbs but ſings as it moves, ſtill quiring to the cherubin. Similar to the harmony they make, is that of immortal ſouls; or, (in other words) *each of us have as perfect harmony in our ſouls as the harmony of the ſpheres, inaſmuch as we have the quality of being moved by ſweet ſounds* (as he expreſſes it afterwards); *but our groſs terreſtrial part, which environs us, deadens the ſound, and prevents our hearing.—It*, [Doth groſsly cloſe *it* in,] I apprehend, refers to *harmony*.

It may be objected that this *internal* harmony is not an object of ſenſe, cannot be heard;—but Shakſpeare is not always exact in his language: he confounds it with that external and artificial harmony which is capable of being heard.—Dr. Warburton (who appears to have entirely miſunderſtood this paſſage,) for *ſouls* reads *ſounds*. MALONE.

The old reading *in* immortal ſouls is certainly right, and the whole line may be well explained by Hooker, in his *Eccleſiaſtical Polity*, B. V. "Touching muſical harmony, whether by inſtrument or by voice, it being but of high and low ſounds in a due proportionable diſpoſition, ſuch notwithſtanding is the force thereof, and ſo pleaſing effects it hath in that very part of man which is moſt divine, that ſome have been thereby induced to think, that the ſoul itſelf by nature is or hath in it harmony." For this quotation I am indebted to Dr. Farmer. STEEVENS.

Enter Muſicians.

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn ;[6]
With ſweeteſt touches pierce your miſtreſs' ear.
And draw her home with muſick.[7]

Jeſ. I am never merry, when I hear ſweet muſick.

[*Muſick.*

Lor. The reaſon is, your ſpirits are attentive :
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood ;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet ſound,
Or any air of muſick touch their ears,
You ſhall perceive them make a mutual ſtand,
Their ſavage eyes turn'd to a modeſt gaze,
By the ſweet power of muſick : Therefore, the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, ſtones, and floods ;
Since naught ſo ſtockiſh, hard, and full of rage,
But muſick for the time doth change his nature :
The man that hath no muſick in himſelf,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of ſweet ſounds,[8]

[6] Diana is the moon, who is in the next ſcene repreſented as ſleeping. JOHNSON.

[7] Shakſpeare was, I believe, here thinking of the cuſtom of accompanying the laſt waggon-load, at the end of harveſt, with ruſtick muſick. He again alludes to this yet common practice, in *As you like it*. MALONE.

[8] The thought here is extremely fine ; as if the being affected with muſick was only the harmony between the *internal* [*muſick in himſelf*] and the *external muſick* [*concord of ſweet ſounds* ;] which were mutually affected like uniſon ſtrings. This whole ſpeech could not chooſe but pleaſe an Engliſh audience, whoſe great paſſion, as well then as now, was *love of muſick*. *Jam verò video naturam* (ſays Eraſmus in praiſe of Folly) *ut ſingulis nationibus, ac pene civitatibus, communem quandam inſeviſſe Philautiam : atque hinc fieri, ut* Britanni, *præter alia, Formam*, Muſicam, *& lautas Menſas propriè ſibi vindicent*. WARBURTON.

This paſſage, which is neither pregnant with phyſical or moral truth, nor poetically beautiful in an eminent degree, has conſtantly enjoyed the good fortune to be repeated by thoſe whoſe inhoſpitable memories would have refuſed to admit or retain any other ſentiment or deſcription of the ſame author, however exalted or juſt. The truth is, that it fur-

Is fit for treaſons, ſtratagems, and ſpoils;
The motions of his ſpirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no ſuch man be truſted. – Mark the muſick.

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA, *at a diſtance.*

Por. That light we ſee, is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So ſhines a good deed in a naughty world.
Ner. When the moon ſhone, we did not ſee the candle.
Por. So doth the greater glory dim the leſs:
A ſubſtitute ſhines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his ſtate
Empties itſelf, as doth an inland brook

Into

niſhes the vacant fiddler with ſomething to ſay in defence of his profeſſion, and ſupplies the coxcomb in muſick with an invective againſt ſuch as do not pretend to diſcover all the various powers of language in inarticulate ſounds.

Our ancient ſtatutes have often received their beſt comment by means of reference to the particular occaſion on which they were framed. Dr. Warburton has therefore properly accounted for Shakſpeare's ſeeming partiality to this amuſement. He might have added, that Peacham requires of his Gentleman ONLY to be able "to ſing his part ſure, and at firſt ſight, and withal to play the ſame on a viol or lute."

Let not, however, this capricious ſentiment of Shakſpeare deſcend to poſterity, unattended by the opinion of the late lord Cheſterfield on the ſame ſubject. In his 148th letter to his ſon, who was then at Venice, his lordſhip, after having enumerated muſick among the *illiberal* pleaſures, adds——"if you love muſick, hear it; go to operas, concerts, and pay fiddlers to play to you; but I muſt inſiſt upon your neither piping nor fiddling yourſelf. It puts a gentleman in a very frivolous contemptible light; brings him into a great deal of bad company, and takes up a great deal of time, which might be much better employed. Few things would mortify me more, than to ſee you bearing a part in a concert, with a fiddle under your chin, or a pipe in your mouth." Again, Letter 153, "A taſte of ſculpture and painting is, in my mind, as becoming as a taſte of fiddling and piping is unbecoming a man of faſhion. The former is connected with hiſtory and poetry, the latter with nothing that I know of, but *bad company*." Again,——"Painting and ſculpture are very juſtly called liberal arts; a lively and ſtrong imagination, together with a juſt obſervation, being abſolutely neceſſary to excel in either; which, in my opinion, is by no means the caſe of muſick, though called a liberal art, and now in Italy placed above the other two, a proof of the decline of that country." *Ibidem.* STEEVENS.

Into the main of waters. Muſick! hark!
Ner. It is your muſick, madam, of the houſe.
Por. Nothing is good, I ſee, without reſpect;[9]
Methinks, it ſounds much ſweeter than by day.
Ner. Silence beſtows that virtue on it, madam.
Por. The crow doth ſing as ſweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale, if ſhe ſhould ſing by day,
When every gooſe is cackling, would be thought
No better a muſician than the wren.
How many things by ſeaſon ſeaſon'd are
To their right praiſe, and true perfection!—
Peace, hoa! the moon ſleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd! [*Muſick ceaſes.*
Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.
Por. He knows me, as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.
Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.
Por. We have been praying for our huſbands' welfare,
Which ſpeed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?
Lor. Madam, they are not yet:
But there is come a meſſenger before,
To ſignify their coming.
Por. Go in, Neriſſa,
Give order to my ſervants, that they take
No note at all of our being abſent hence;—
Nor you, Lorenzo;—Jeſſica, nor you. [*A tucket*[2] *ſounds.*
Lor. Your huſband is at hand, I hear his trumpet:
We are no telltales, madam; fear you not.
Por. This night, methinks, is but the daylight ſick,
It looks a little paler; 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the ſun is hid.

[9] Not abſolutely good, but relatively good as it is modified by circumſtances. JOHNSON.

[2] *Toccata*, Ital. a flouriſh on a trumpet. STEEVENS.

Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, *and their followers.*

Baſſ. We ſhould hold day [3] with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in abſence of the ſun.
Por. Let me give light,[4] but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy huſband,
And never be Baſſanio ſo for me;
But God ſort all!—You are welcome home, my lord.
Baſſ. I thank you, madam: give welcome to my friend.—
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am ſo infinitely bound.
Por. You ſhould in all ſenſe be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.
Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.
Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our houſe:
It muſt appear in other ways than words.
Therefore, I ſcant this breathing courteſy.[5]

GRATIANO *and* NERISSA *ſeem to talk apart.*

Gra. By yonder moon, I ſwear, you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, ſo much at heart.
Por. A quarrel, ho, already? what's the matter?
Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That ſhe did give me; whoſe poſy was
For all the world, like cutler's poetry [6]

Upon

[3] If you would always walk in the night, it would be day with us, as it now is on the other ſide of the globe. MALONE.

[4] There is ſcarcely any word with which Shakſpeare ſo much delights to trifle as with *light*, in its various ſignifications. JOHNSON.

Moſt of the old dramatic writers are guilty of the ſame quibble. STEEVENS.

[5] This verbal complimentary form, made up only of *breath*, i. e. words. So, in *Timon of Athens*, a ſenator replies to Alcibiades, who had made a long ſpeech,—"You *breathe* in vain." MALONE.

[6] Knives, as Sir J. Hawkins obſerves, were formerly inſcribed, by means of *aqua fortis*, with ſhort ſentences in diſtich. In *Decker's Satiro-maſtix*, Sir Edward Vaughan, ſays, "You ſhall ſwear by Phœbus, who is your poet's good lord and maſter, that hereafter you will not hire Horace to give you poeſies for rings, or handkerchers, or *knives*, which you underſtand not." REED.

Upon a knife, *Love me, and leave me not.*

Ner. What talk you of the poſy, or the value?
You ſwore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death;
And that it ſhould lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You ſhould have been reſpective,[7] and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk!—but well I know,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on his face, that had it.

Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.

Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,—
A kind of boy; a little ſcrubbed boy,
No higher than thyſelf, the judge's clerk;
A prating boy,[8] that begg'd it as a fee;

I could

[7] *Reſpective* has the ſame meaning as *reſpectful*. Mr. M. Maſon thinks it rather means *regardful*. See *K. John*, Act I. STEEVENS.

Chapman, Marſton, and other poets of that time, uſe this word in the ſame ſenſe. [i. e. for *reſpectful*.] MALONE.

[8] It is certain from the words of the context and the tenor of the ſtory, that Gratiano does not here ſpeak contemptuouſly of the judge's clerk, who was no other than Neriſſa diſguiſed in man's clothes. He only means to deſcribe the perſon and appearance of this ſuppoſed youth, which he does by inſinuating what ſeemed to be the preciſe time of his age: he repreſents him as having the look of a young ſtripling, of a boy beginning to advance towards puberty. I am therefore of opinion, that the poet wrote:

——— a little *ſtubbed* boy.

In many counties it is a common provincialiſm, to call young birds not yet fledged *ſtubbed young ones*. But, what is more to our purpoſe, the author of *The Hiſtory and Antiquities of Glaſtonbury*, printed by Hearne, an antiquarian, and a plain unaffected writer, ſays, that "Saunders muſt be a *ſtubbed boy*, if not a man, at the diſſolution of abbeys," &c. edit. 1722, Pref. Signat. n. 2. It therefore ſeems to have been a common expreſſion for *ſtripling*, the very idea which the ſpeaker means to convey. If the emendation be juſt here, we ſhould alſo correct Neriſſa's ſpeech which follows:

For that ſame *ſtubbed* boy, the Doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this, did lie with me laſt night. T. WARTON.

I believe *ſcrubbed* and *ſtubbed* have a like meaning, and ſignify *ſtunted*, or *ſhrub-like*. So, in P. Holland's tranſlation of Pliny's *Nat. Hiſt.* "——but ſuch will never prove fair trees, but *ſkrubs* only."

STEEVENS.

I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame, I muſt be plain with you,
To part ſo ſlightly with your wife's firſt gift;
A thing ſtuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And riveted ſo with faith unto your fleſh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him ſwear
Never to part with it; and here he ſtands;
I dare be ſworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world maſters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cauſe of grief;
An 'twere to me, I ſhould be mad at it,

Baſſ. Why, I were beſt to cut my left hand off,
And ſwear, I loſt the ring defending it. [*Aſide.*

Gra. My lord Baſſanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,
Deſerv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took ſome pains in writing, he begg'd mine:
And neither man, nor maſter, would take aught
But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

Baſſ. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you ſee my finger
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.

Por. Even ſo void is your falſe heart of truth,
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I ſee the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours,
Till I again ſee mine.

Baſſ. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,

When

Stubbed in the ſenſe contended for by Mr. Warton was in uſe ſo late as the Reſtoration. In the *Parliamentary Regiſter*, July 30, 1660, is an advertiſement enquiring after a perſon deſcribed as "a thick ſhort *ſtubbed fellow*, round faced, ruddy complexion, dark brown hair and eyebrows, with a ſad gray ſuit." REED.

Scrubbed perhaps meant *dirty*, as well as *ſhort*. Cole, in his Dictionary, 1672, renders it by the Latin word *ſqualidus*. MALONE.

When naught would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the ſtrength of your diſpleaſure.
Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthineſs that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain the ring,[9]
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there ſo much unreaſonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modeſty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?[2]
Neriſſa teaches me what to believe;
I'll die for't, but ſome woman had the ring.
Baſſ. No, by mine honour, madam, by my ſoul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Which did refuſe three thouſand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And ſuffer'd him to go diſpleas'd away;
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my dear friend. What ſhould I ſay, ſweet lady?
I was enforc'd to ſend it after him;
I was beſet with ſhame and courteſy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much beſmear it: Pardon me, good lady;
For, by theſe bleſſed candles of the night,[3]
Had you been there, I think, you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.
Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my houſe:
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,

And

9 The old copies concur in this reading. JOHNSON.

Mr. Pope and the other modern editors read—to *retain*, but *contain* might in our author's time have had nearly the ſame meaning. The word has been already employed in this ſenſe:

"Cannot *contain* their urine for affection." MALONE.

2 This is a very licentious expreſſion. The ſenſe is, *What man could have ſo little modeſty*, or *wanted modeſty ſo much*, as to urge the demand of a thing kept on an account in ſome ſort religious. JOHNSON.

3 We have again the ſame expreſſion in one of our author's Sonnets, in *Macbeth*, and *Romeo and Juliet*. MALONE.

In ſome Saxon poetry preſerved in *Hickes's Theſaurus*, (Vol. I. p. 181,) the ſun is called *God's candle*. So that this periphraſis for the ſtars, ſuch a favourite with our poet, might have been an expreſſion not grown obſolete in his days. HOLT WHITE.

And that which you did ſwear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you;
I'll not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body, nor my huſband's bed:
Know him I ſhall, I am well ſure of it:
Lie not a night from home; watch me, like Argus:
If you do not, if I be left a lone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet my own,
I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well advis'd,
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Gra. Well, do you ſo: let not me take him then;
For, if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Ant. I am the unhappy ſubject of theſe quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you; You are welcome notwithſtanding.

Baſſ. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And, in the hearing of theſe many friends,
I ſwear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I ſee myſelf,——

Por. Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly ſees himſelf:
In each eye, one:—ſwear by your double ſelf,[4]
And there's an oath of credit.

Baſſ. Nay, but hear me:
Pardon this fault, and by my ſoul I ſwear,
I never more will break an oath with thee.

Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth;[5]
Which, but for him that had your huſband's ring,
[*To* PORTIA.
Had quite miſcarried: I dare be bound again,
My ſoul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith adviſedly.

Por. Then you ſhall be his ſurety: Give him this;
And bid him keep it better than the other.

Ant.

4 *Double* is here uſed in a bad ſenſe for—*full of duplicity.* MALONE.

5 For his advantage; to obtain his happineſs. *Wealth* was, at that time, the term oppoſite to *adverſity*, or *calamity*. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Litany*: "In all time of our tribulation; in all time of our *wealth*;—" STEEVENS.

Ant. Here, lord Baſſanio; ſwear to keep this ring.
Baſſ. By heaven, it is the ſame I gave the doctor!
Por. I had it of him: pardon me, Baſſanio;
For by this ring the doctor lay with me.
Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano,
For that ſame ſcrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this, laſt night did lie with me.
Gra. Why, this is like the mending of highways
In ſummer, where the ways are fair enough:
What! are we cuckolds, ere we have deſerv'd it?
Por. Speak not ſo groſsly.—You are all amaz'd:
Here is a letter, read it at your leiſure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you ſhall find, that Portia was the doctor;
Neriſſa there, her clerk: Lorenzo here
Shall witneſs, I ſet forth as ſoon as you,
And but even now return'd; I have not yet
Enter'd my houſe.—Antonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in ſtore for you,
Than you expect: unſeal this letter ſoon;
There you ſhall find, three of your argoſies
Are richly come to harbour ſuddenly:
You ſhall not know by what ſtrange accident
I chanced on this letter.
Ant. I am dumb.
Baſſ. Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?
Gra. Were you the clerk, that is to make me cuckold?
Ner. Ay; but the clerk, that never means to do it,
Unleſs he live until he be a man.
Baſſ. Sweet doctor, you ſhall be my bedfellow;
When I am abſent, then lie with my wife.
Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life, and living;
For here I read for certain, that my ſhips
Are ſafely come to road.
Por. How now, Lorenzo?
My clerk hath ſome good comforts too for you.
Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.—
There do I give to you, and Jeſſica,
From the rich Jew, a ſpecial deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies poſſeſs'd of.

Lor.

Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of ſtarved people.

Por. It is almoſt morning,
And yet, I am ſure, you are not ſatisfied
Of theſe events at full: Let us go in;
And charge us there upon intergatories,
And we will anſwer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be ſo: The firſt intergatory,
That my Neriſſa ſhall be ſworn on, is,
Whether till the next night ſhe had rather ſtay;
Or go to bed now, being two hours to-day:
But were the day come, I ſhould wiſh it dark,
That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So ſore, as keeping ſafe Neriſſa's ring. [*Exeunt.*[6]

[6] It has been lately diſcovered, that this fable is taken from a ſtory in the *Pecorone* of Ser Giovanni Fiorentino, a noveliſt, who wrote in 1378. [The firſt novel of the fourth day.] The ſtory has been publiſhed in Engliſh, and I have epitomized the tranſlation. The tranſlator is of opinion, that the choice of the caſkets is borrowed from a tale of *Bocace*, which I have likewiſe abridged, though I believe that Shakſpeare muſt have had ſome other novel in view.* JOHNSON.

**** There lived at Florence, a merchant whoſe name was Bindo. He was rich, and had three ſons. Being near his end, he called for the two eldeſt, and left them heirs: to the youngeſt he left nothing. This youngeſt, whoſe name was Giannetto, went to his father, and ſaid, What has my father done! The father replied, Dear Giannetto, there is none to whom I wiſh better than to you. Go to Venice to your godfather, whoſe name is Anſaldo; he has no child, and has wrote to me often to ſend you thither to him. He is the richeſt merchant amongſt the Chriſtians: if you behave well, you will be certainly a rich man. The ſon anſwered I am ready to do whatever my dear father ſhall command: upon which he gave him his benediction, and in a few days died.

Giannetto went to Anſaldo, and preſented the letter given by the father before his death. Anſaldo reading the letter, cried out, My deareſt godſon is welcome to my arms. He then aſked news of his father. Giannetto replied, He is dead. I am much grieved, replied Anſaldo, to hear of the death of Bindo; but the joy I feel, in ſeeing you, mitigates my ſorrow. He conducted him to his houſe, and gave orders to his ſervants, that

* See Dr. Farmer's note at the beginning of this play, from which it appears that Dr. Johnſon was right in his conjecture. MALONE.

that Giannetto ſhould be obeyed, and ſerved with more attention than had been paid to himſelf. He then delivered him the keys of his ready money: and told him, Son, ſpend this money, keep a table, and make yourſelf known: remember, that the more you gain the good will of every body, the more you will be dear to me.

Giannetto now began to give entertainments. He was more obedient and courteous to Anſaldo, than if he had been an hundred times his father. Every body in Venice was fond of him. Anſaldo could think of nothing but him; ſo much was he pleaſed with his good manners and behaviour.

It happened, that two of his moſt intimate acquaintance deſigned to go with two ſhips to Alexandria, and told Giannetto, he would do well to take a voyage and ſee the world. I would go willingly, ſaid he, if my father Anſaldo will give leave. His companions go to Anſaldo, and beg his permiſſion for Giannetto to go in the ſpring with them to Alexandria; and deſire him to provide him a ſhip. Anſaldo immediately procured a very fine ſhip, loaded it with merchandize, adorned it with ſtreamers, and furniſhed it with arms; and, as ſoon as it was ready, he gave orders to the captain and ſailors to do every thing that Giannetto commanded. It happened one morning early, that Giannetto ſaw a gulp, with a fine port, and aſked the captain how the port was called? He replied That place belongs to a widow lady, who has ruined many gentlemen. In what manner? ſays Giannetto. He anſwered, This lady is a fine and beautiful woman, and has made a law, that whoever arrives here is obliged to go to bed with her, and if he can have the enjoyment of her, he muſt take her for his wife, and be lord of all the country; but if he cannot enjoy her, he loſes every thing he has brought with him. Giannetto, after a little reflection, tells the captain to get into the port. He was obeyed; and in an inſtant they ſlide into the port ſo eaſily that the other ſhips perceived nothing.

The lady was ſoon informed of it, and ſent for Giannetto, who waited on her immediately. She, taking him by the hand, aſked him who he was? whence he came? and if he knew the cuſtom of the country? He anſwered, That the knowledge of that cuſtom was his only reaſon for coming. The lady paid him great honours, and ſent for barons, counts, and knights in great numbers, who were her ſubjects, to keep Giannetto company. Theſe nobles were highly delighted with the good breeding and manners of Giannetto; and all would have rejoiced to have him for their lord.

The night being come, the lady ſaid, it ſeems to be time to go to bed. Giannetto told the lady, he was entirely devoted to her ſervice: and immediately two damſels enter with wine and ſweatmeats. The lady entreats him to taſte the wine; he takes the ſweetmeats, and drinks ſome of the wine, which was prepared with ingredients to cauſe ſleep. He then goes into the bed, where he inſtantly fall aſleep, and never wakes till late in the morning, but the lady roſe with the ſun, and gave orders to unload the veſſel, which ſhe found full of rich merchandize. After nine o'clock the women ſervants go to the bed-ſide, order Giannetto to riſe and be gone, for he had loſt the ſhip. The lady gave him a horſe and money,

and

and he leaves the place very melancholy, and goes to Venice. When he arrives, he dares not return home for ſhame: but at night goes to the houſe of a friend, who is ſurpriſed to ſee him, and inquires of him the cauſe of his return: He anſwers, his ſhip had ſtruck on a rock in the night, and was broke in pieces.

This friend, going one day to make a viſit to Anſaldo, found him very diſconſolate. I fear, ſays Anſaldo, ſo much, that this ſon of mine is dead, that I have no reſt. His friend told him, that he had been ſhip-wreck'd, and had loſt his all, but that he himſelf was ſafe. Anſaldo inſtantly gets up and runs to find him. My dear ſon, ſaid he, you need not fear my diſpleaſure; it is a common accident; trouble yourſelf no further. He takes him home, all the way telling him to be chearful and eaſy.

The news was ſoon known all over Venice, and every one was concerned for Giannetto. Some time after, his companions arriving from Alexandria very rich, demanded what was become of their friend, and having heard the ſtory, ran to ſee him, and rejoiced with him for ſafety; telling him that next ſpring, he might gain as much as he had loſt the laſt. But Giannetto had no other thoughts than of his return to the lady; and was reſolved to marry her, or die. Anſaldo told him frequently, not to be caſt down. Giannetto ſaid, he ſhould never be happy, till he was at liberty to make another voyage. Anſaldo provided another ſhip of more value than the firſt. He again entered the port of Belmonte, and the lady looking on the port from her bed-chamber, and ſeeing the ſhip, aſked her maid, if ſhe knew the ſtreamers; the maid ſaid, it was the ſhip of the young man who arrived the laſt year. You are in the right, anſwered the lady; he muſt ſurely have a great regard for me, for never any one came a ſecond time: the maid ſaid, ſhe had never ſeen a more agreeable man. He went to the caſtle, and preſented himſelf to the lady; who, as ſoon as ſhe ſaw him embraced him, and the day was paſſed in joy and revels. Bed-time being come, the lady entreated him to go to reſt: when they were ſeated in the chamber, the two damſels enter with wine and ſweetmeats; and having eat and drank of them, they go to bed, and immediately Giannetto falls aſleep; the lady undreſſed, and lay down by his ſide; but he waked not the whole night. In the morning, the lady riſes, and gives orders to ſtrip the ſhip. He has a horſe and money given him, and away he goes, and never ſtops till he gets to Venice; and at night goes to the ſame friend, who with aſtoniſhment aſked him what was the matter? I am undone, ſays Giannetto. His friend anſwered, You are the cauſe of the ruin of Anſaldo, and your ſhame ought to be greater than the loſs you have ſuffered. Giannetto lived privately many days. At laſt he took the reſolution of ſeeing Anſaldo, who roſe from his chair, and running to embrace him, told him he was welcome: Giannetto with tears returned his embraces. Anſaldo heard his tale: Do not grieve, my dear ſon, ſays he, we have ſtill enough: the ſea enriches ſome men, others it ruins.

Poor Giannetto's head was day and night full of the thoughts of his bad ſucceſs. When Anſaldo enquired what was the matter, he confeſſed, he could never be contented till he ſhould be in a condition to regain all that he had loſt. When Anſaldo found him reſolved, he began to ſell every

thing

thing he had, to furniſh this other fine ſhip with merchandize: but, as he wanted ſtill ten thouſand ducats, he applied himſelf to a Jew at Meſtri, and borrowed them on condition, that if they were not paid on the feaſt of St. John in the next month of June, that the Jew might take a pound of fleſh from any part of his body he pleaſed. Anſaldo agreed, and the Jew had an obligation drawn, and witneſſed, with all the form and ceremony neceſſary; and then counted him the ten thouſand ducats of gold, with which Anſaldo bought what was ſtill wanting for the veſſel. This laſt ſhip was finer and better freighted than the other two; and his companions made ready for their voyage, with a deſign that whatever they gained ſhould be for their friend. When it was time to depart, Anſaldo told Giannetto, that ſince he well knew of the obligation to the Jew, he entreated, that if any misfortune happened, he would return to Venice, that he might ſee him before he died; and then he could leave the world with ſatisfaction: Giannetto promiſed to do every thing that he conceived might give him pleaſure. Anſaldo gave him his bleſſing, they took their leave, and the ſhips ſet out.

Giannetto had nothing in his head but to ſteal into Belmonte; and he prevailed with one of the ſailors in the night to ſail the veſſel into the port. It was told the lady that Giannetto was arrived in port. She ſaw from the window the veſſel, and immediately ſent for him.

Giannetto goes to the caſtle, the day is ſpent in joy and feaſting; and to honour him, a tournament is ordered, and many barons and knights tilted that day. Giannetto did wonders, ſo well did he underſtand the lance, and was ſo graceful a figure on horſeback: he pleaſed ſo much, that all were deſirous to have him for their lord.

The lady, when it was the uſual time, catching him by the hand, begged him to take his reſt. When he paſſed the door of the chamber, one of the damſels in a whiſper ſaid to him, Make a pretence to drink the liquor, but touch not one drop. The lady ſaid, I know you muſt be thirſty, I muſt have you drink before you go to bed: immediately two damſels entered the room, and preſented the wine. Who can refuſe wine from ſuch beautiful hands? cries Giannetto: at which the lady ſmiled. Giannetto takes the cup, and making as if he drank, pours the wine into his boſom. The lady thinking he had drank, ſays aſide to herſelf with great joy, You muſt go, young man, and bring another ſhip, for this is condemned. Giannetto went to bed, and began to ſnore as if he ſlept ſoundly. The lady perceiving this, laid herſelf down by his ſide. Giannetto loſes no time, but turning to the lady embraces her, ſaying, Now I am in poſſeſſion of my utmoſt wiſhes. When Giannetto came out of his chamber, he was knighted and placed in the chair of ſtate, had the ſceptre put into his hand, and was proclaimed ſovereign of the country, with great pomp and ſplendour; and when the lords and ladies were come to the caſtle, he married the lady in great ceremony.

Giannetto governed excellently, and cauſed juſtice to be adminiſtered impartially. He continued ſome time in his happy ſtate, and never entertained a thought of poor Anſaldo, who had given his bond to the Jew for ten thouſand ducats. But one day, as he ſtood at the window of his palace with his bride, he ſaw a number of people paſs along the piazza,

with

with lighted torches in their hands. What is the meaning of this? ſays he. The lady anſwered, they are artificers, going to make their offerings at the church of St. John, this day being his feſtival. Giannetto inſtantly recollected Anſaldo, gave a great ſigh, and turned pale. His lady enquired the cauſe of his ſudden change. He ſaid, he felt nothing. She continued to preſs with great earneſtneſs, till he was obliged to confeſs the cauſe of his uneaſineſs; that Anſaldo was engaged for the money; that the term was expired; and the grief he was in was leſt his father ſhould loſe his life for him: that if the ten thouſand ducats were not paid that day, he muſt loſe a pound of his fleſh. The lady told him to mount on horſeback, and go by land the neareſt way, to take ſome attendants, and an hundred thouſand ducats; and not to ſtop till he arrived at Venice; and if he was not dead, to endeavour to bring Anſaldo to her. Giannetto takes horſe with twenty attendants, and makes the beſt of his way to Venice.

The time being expired, the Jew had ſeized Anſaldo, and inſiſted on having a pound of his fleſh. He entreated him only to wait ſome days, that if his dear Giannetto arrived, he might have the pleaſure of embracing him: the Jew replied he was willing to wait; but, ſays he, I will cut off the pound of fleſh, according to the words of the obligation. Anſaldo anſwered, that he was content.

Several merchants would have jointly paid the money; the Jew would not hearken to the propoſal, but inſiſted that he might have the ſatisfaction of ſaying, that he had put to death the greateſt of the Chriſtian merchants. Giannetto making all poſſible haſte to Venice, his lady followed him in a lawyer's habit, with two ſervants attending her. Giannetto, when he came to Venice, goes to the Jew, and (after embracing Anſaldo) tells him, he is ready to pay the money, and as much more as he ſhould demand. The Jew ſaid, he would take no money, ſince it was not paid at the time due; but that he would have the pound of fleſh. Every one blamed the Jew; but as Venice was a place where juſtice was ſtrictly adminiſtered, and the Jew had his pretenſions grounded on publick and received forms, their only reſource was entreaty; and when the merchants of Venice applied to him, he was inflexible. Giannetto offered him twenty thouſand, then thirty thouſand, afterwards forty, fifty, and at laſt an hundred thouſand ducats. The Jew told him, if he would give as much gold as Venice was worth, he would not accept it; and, ſays he, you know little of me, if you think I will deſiſt from my demand.

The lady now arrives at Venice, in her lawyer's dreſs; and alighting at an inn, the landlord aſks of one of the ſervants who his maſter was: the ſervant anſwered, that he was a young lawyer who had finiſhed his ſtudies at Bologna. The landlord upon this ſhows his gueſt great civility: and when he attended at dinner, the lawyer enquiring how juſtice was adminiſtered in that city, he anſwered, juſtice in this place is too ſevere, and related the caſe of Anſaldo. Says the lawyer, this queſtion may be eaſily anſwered. If you can anſwer it, ſays the landlord, and ſave this worthy man from death, you will get the love and eſteem of all the beſt men of this city. The lawyer cauſed a proclamation to be made, that whoever had any law matters to determine, they ſhould have recourſe to him: ſo it was told to Giannetto, that a famous lawyer was come

from

from Bologna, who could decide all caſes in law. Giannetto propoſed to the Jew to apply to this lawyer. With all my heart, ſays the Jew; but let who will come, I will ſtick to my bond. They came to this judge, and ſaluted him. Giannetto did not remember him: for he had diſguiſed his face with the juice of certain herbs. Giannetto, and the Jew, each told the merits of the cauſe to the judge; who, when he had taken the bond and read it, ſaid to the Jew, I muſt have you take the hundred thouſand ducats, and releaſe this honeſt man, who will always have a grateful ſenſe of the favour done to him. The Jew replied, I will do no ſuch thing. The judge anſwered, it will be better for you. The Jew was poſitive to yield nothing. Upon this they go to the tribunal appointed for ſuch judgements: and our Judge ſays to the Jew, Do you cut a pound of this man's fleſh where you chooſe. The Jew ordered him to be ſtripped naked; and takes in his hand a razor, which had been made on purpoſe. Giannetto, ſeeing this, turning to the judge, this, ſays he, is not the favour I aſked of you. Be quiet, ſays he, the pound of fleſh is not yet cut off. As ſoon as the Jew was going to begin, Take care what you do, ſays the judge, if you take more or leſs than a pound, I will order your head to be ſtruck off: and beſide, if you ſhed one drop of blood, you ſhall be put to death. Your paper makes no mention of the ſhedding ef blood; but ſays expreſsly, that you may take a pound of fleſh, neither more or leſs. He immediately ſent for the executioner to bring the block and ax; and now, ſays he, if I ſee one drop of blood, off goes your head. At length the Jew, after much wrangling, told him, Give me the hundred thouſand ducats, and I am content. No, ſays the judge, cut off your pound of fleſh according to your bond: why did not you take the money when it was offered? The Jew came down to ninety, and then to eighty thouſand: but the judge was ſtill reſolute. Giannetto told the judge to give what he required, that Anſaldo might have his liberty: but he replied, let me manage him. Then the Jew would have taken fifty thouſand: he ſaid, I will not give you a penny. Give me at leaſt, ſays the Jew, my own ten thouſand ducats, and a curſe confound you all. The judge replies, I will give you nothing: if you will have the pound of fleſh, take it; if not, I will order your bond to be proteſted and annulled. The Jew ſeeing he could gain nothing, tore in pieces the bond in a great rage. Anſaldo was releaſed, and conducted home with great joy by Giannetto, who carried the hundred thouſand ducats to the inn to the lawyer. The lawyer ſaid, I do not want money; carry it back to your lady, that ſhe may not ſay, that you have ſquandered it away idly. Says Giannetto, my lady is ſo kind, that I might ſpend four times as much without in urring her diſpleaſure. How are you pleaſed with the lady? ſays the lawyer. I love her better than any earthly thing, anſwers Giannetto: nature ſeems to have done her utmoſt in forming her. If you will come and ſee her, you will be ſurpriſed at the honours ſhe will ſhow you. I cannot go with you, ſays the lawyer; but ſince you ſpeak ſo much good of her, I muſt deſire you to preſent my reſpects to her. I will not fail, Giannetto anſwered; and now, let me entreat you to accept of ſome of the money. While he was ſpeaking, the lawyer obſerved a

ring on his finger, and ſaid, if you give me this ring, I ſhall ſeek no other reward. Willingly, ſays Giannetto; but as it is a ring given me by my lady, to wear for her ſake, I have ſome reluctance to part with it, and ſhe, not ſeeing it on my finger, will believe that I have given it to a woman. Says the lawyer, ſhe eſteems you ſufficiently to credit what you tell her, and you may ſay you made a preſent of it to me; but I rather think you want to give it ſome former miſtreſs here in Venice. So great, ſays Giannetto, is the love and reverence I bear to her, that I would not change her for any woman in the world. After this he takes the ring from his finger, and preſents it to him. I have ſtill a favour to aſk ſays the lawyer. It ſhall be granted, ſays Giannetto. It is, replied he, that you do not ſtay any time here, but go as ſoon as poſſible to your lady. It appears to me a thouſand years till I ſee her, anſwered Giannetto: and immediately they take leave of each other. The lawyer embarked, and left Venice. Giannetto took leave of his Venetian friends, and carried Anſaldo with him, and ſome of his old acquaintance accompanied them. The lady arrived ſome days before, and having reſumed her female habit, pretended to have ſpent the time at the baths; and now gave order to have the ſtreets lined with tapeſtry: and when Giannetto and Anſaldo were landed, all the court went out to meet them. When they arrived at the palace, the lady ran to embrace Anſaldo, but feigned anger againſt Giannetto, though ſhe loved him exceſſively: yet the feaſtings, tilts, and diverſions went on as uſual, at which all the lords and ladies were preſent. Giannetto ſeeing that his wife did not receive him with her accuſtomed good countenance, called her, and would have ſaluted her. She told him, ſhe wanted none of his careſſes: I am ſure, ſays ſhe, you have been laviſh of them to ſome of your former miſtreſſes. Giannetto began to make excuſes. She aſked him where was the ring ſhe had given him: It is no more than what I expected, cries Giannetto, and was in the right to ſay you would be angry with me; but, I ſwear by all that is ſacred, and by your dear ſelf, that I gave the ring to the lawyer who gained our cauſe. And I can ſwear, ſays the lady, with as much ſolemnity, that you gave the ring to a woman: therefore ſwear no more. Giannetto proteſted that what he had told her was true, and that he ſaid all this to the lawyer, when he aſked for the ring. The lady replied, you would have done much better to ſtay at Venice with your miſtreſſes, for I fear they all wept when you came away. Giannetto's tears began to fall, and in great ſorrow he aſſured her, that what ſhe ſuppoſed could not be true. The lady ſeeing his tears, which were daggers in her boſom, ran to embrace him, and in a fit of laughter ſhowed the ring, and told him, that ſhe was herſelf the lawyer, and how ſhe obtained the ring. Giannetto was greatly aſtoniſhed, finding it all true, and told the ſtory to the nobles and to his companions; and this heightened greatly the love between him and his lady. He then called the damſel who had given him the good advice in the evening not to drink the liquor, and gave her to Anſaldo for a wife; and they ſpent the reſt of their lives in great felicity and content-ment.

RUGGIERI de Figiovanni took a reſolution of going, for ſome time, to the court of Alfonſo king of Spain. He was graciouſly received, and living there ſome time in great magnificence, and giving remarkable proofs of his courage, was greatly eſteemed. Having frequent opportunities of examining minutely the behaviour of the king, he obſerved, that he gave, as he thought, with little diſcernment, caſtles, and baronies, to ſuch who were unworthy of his favours; and to himſelf, who might pretend to be of ſome eſtimation, he gave nothing: he therefore thought the fitteſt thing to be done, was to demand leave of the king to return home.

His requeſt was granted, and the king preſented him with one of the moſt beautiful and excellent mules, that had ever been mounted. One of the king's truſty ſervants was commanded to accompany Ruggieri, and riding along with him, to pick up, and recollect every word he ſaid of the king, and then mention that it was the order of his ſovereign, that he ſhould go back to him. The man watching the opportunity, joined Ruggieri when he ſet out, ſaid he was going towards Italy, and would be glad to ride in company with him. Ruggieri jogging on with his mule, and talking of one thing or other, it being near nine o'clock, told his companion, that they would do well to put up their mules a little; and as ſoon as they entered the ſtable, every beaſt except his began to ſtale. Riding on further, they came to a river, and watering the beaſts, his mule ſtaled in the river: you untoward beaſt, ſays he, you are like your maſter, who gave you to me. The ſervant remembered this expreſſion, and many others as they rode on all day together; but he heard not a ſingle word drop from him, but what was in praiſe of the king. The next morning Ruggieri was told the order of the king, and inſtantly turned back. When the king had heard what he ſaid of the mule, he commanded him into his preſence, and with a ſmile, aſked him, for what reaſon he had compared the mule to him. Ruggieri anſwered, My reaſon is plain, you give where you ought not to give, and where you ought to give, you give nothing; in the ſame manner the mule would not ſtale where ſhe ought, and where ſhe ought not, there ſhe ſtaled. The king ſaid upon this, If I have not rewarded you as I have many, do not entertain a thought that I was inſenſible to your great merit; it is Fortune who hindered me; ſhe is to blame, and not I; and I will ſhow you manifeſtly that I ſpeak truth. My diſcontent, ſir, proceeds not, anſwered Ruggieri, from a deſire of being enriched, but from your not having given the ſmalleſt teſtimony to my deſerts in your ſervice: nevertheleſs your excuſe is valid, and I am ready to ſee the proof you mention, though I can eaſily believe you without it. The king conducted him to a hall, where he had already commanded two large caſkets, ſhut cloſe, to be placed: and before a large company told Ruggieri, that in one of them was contained his crown, ſceptre, and all his jewels, and that the other was full of earth: chooſe which of them you like beſt, and then you will ſee that it is not I, but your fortune that has been ungrateful. Ruggieri, choſe one. It was found to be the caſket full of earth. The king ſaid to him with a ſmile, Now you may ſee Ruggieri that what I told you of fortune was true; but for your ſake, I will

oppoſe her with all my ſtrength. You have no intention, I am certain, to live in Spain, therefore I will offer you no preferment here; but that caſket which fortune denied you, ſhall be yours in deſpite of her: carry it with you into your own country, ſhow it to your friends and neighbours, as my gift to you; and you have my permiſſion to boaſt, that it is a reward of your virtues.

Of The MERCHANT of VENICE the ſtyle is even and eaſy, with few peculiarities of diction, or anomalies of conſtruction. The comick part raiſes laughter, and the ſerious fixes expectation. The probability of either one or the other ſtory cannot be maintained. The union of two actions in one event is in this drama eminently happy. Dryden was much pleaſed with his own addreſs in connecting the two plots of his *Spaniſh Friar*, which yet, I believe, the critick will find excelled by this play. JOHNSON.

Of the incident of the *bond*, no Engliſh original has hitherto been pointed out, I find, however, the following in *The Orator: handling a hundred ſeverall Diſcourſes, in form of Declamations: ſome of the Arguments being drawne from Titus Livius and other ancient Writers, the reſt of the Author's own invention: Part of which are of Matters happened in our Age. ——Written in French by Alexander Silvayn, and Engliſhed* by *L. P.* [i. e. Lazarus Pilot*] *London, printed by Adam Iſlip*, 1596.—(This book is not mentioned by Ames.) See p. 401.

"DECLAMATION 95.

"*Of a Jew, who would for his debt have a pound of the fleſh of a Chriſtian.*

"A Jew, unto whom a Chriſtian merchant ought nine hundred crownes, would have ſummoned him for the ſame in Turkie: the merchant, becauſe he would not be diſcredited, promiſed to pay the ſaid ſumme within the tearme of three months, and if he paid it not, he was bound to give him a pound of the fleſh of his bodie. The tearme being paſt ſome fifteene daies, the Jew refuſed to take his money, and demaunded the pound of fleſh: the ordinairie judge of that place appointed him to cut a juſt pound of the Chriſtian's fleſh, and if he cut either more or leſſe, then his own head ſhould be ſmitten off: the Jew appealed from this ſentence, unto the chiefe judge, ſaying:

"Impoſſible is it to breake the credit of trafficke amongſt men without great detriment to the commonwealth: wherefore no man ought to bind himſelfe unto ſuch covenants which hee cannot or will not accompliſh, for by that means ſhould no man feare to be deceaved, and credit being maintained, every man might be aſſured of his owne; but ſince deceit hath taken place, never wonder if obligations are made more rigorous and ſtrict then they were wont, ſeeing that although the bonds are made never ſo ſtrong, yet can no man be very certaine that he ſhall not be a loſer. It ſeemeth at the firſt ſight that it is a thing no leſs ſtrange than cruel, to bind a man to pay a pound of the fleſh of his bodie, for want of money:

* Lazarus *Pyot*, (not Pilot) is Anthony Mundy. RITSON.

money: ſurely, in that it is a thing not uſuall, it appeareth to be ſomewhat the more admirable; but there are divers others that are more cruell, which becauſe they are in uſe ſeeme nothing terrible at all: as to binde all the bodie unto a moſt lothſome priſon, or unto an intolerable ſlaverie, where not only the whole bodie but alſo all the ſences and ſpirits are tormented; the which is commonly practiſed, not only betwixt thoſe which are either in ſect or nation contrary, but alſo even amongſt thoſe that are of one ſect and nation; yea amongſt Chriſtians it hath been ſeene that the ſon hath impriſoned the father for monie. Likewiſe in the Roman commonwealth, ſo famous for lawes and armes, it was lawful for debt to impriſon, beat, and afflict with torment the free citizens: how manie of them (do you thinke) would have thought themſelves happie, if for a ſmall debt they might have been excuſed with the paiment of a pounde of their fleſh? who ought then to marvile if a Jew requireth ſo ſmall a thing of a Chriſtian, to diſcharge him of a good round ſumme? A man may aſke why I would not rather take ſilver of this man, then his fleſh: I might alleage many reaſons; for I might ſay that none but my ſelfe can tell what the breach of his promiſe hath coſt me, and what I have thereby paied for want of money unto my creditors, of that which I have loſt in my credit: for the miſerie of thoſe men which eſteem their reputation, is ſo great, that oftentimes they had rather endure any thing ſecretlie, then to have their diſcredit blazed abroad, becauſe they would not be both ſhamed and harmed: nevertheleſſe, I doe freely confeſſe, that I had rather loſe a pound of my fleſh then my credit ſhould be in any ſort cracked: I might alſo ſay, that I have need of this fleſh to cure a friend of mine of a certaine maladie, which is otherwiſe incurable; or that I would have it to terrifie thereby the Chriſtians for ever abuſing the Jews once more hereafter: but I will onlie ſay, that by his obligation he oweth it me. It is lawfull to kill a ſouldier if he come unto the warres but an hour too late; and alſo to hang a theefe though he ſteal never ſo little: is it then ſuch a great matter to cauſe ſuch a one to pay a pound of his fleſh, that hath broken his promiſe manie times, or that putteth another in danger to loſe both credit and reputation, yea and it may be life, and al for griefe? were it not better for him to loſe that I demand, then his ſoule, alreadie bound by his faith? Neither am I to take that which he oweth me, but he is to deliver it to me: and eſpeciallie becauſe no man knoweth better than he where the ſame may be ſpared to the leaſt hurt of his perſon; for I might take it in ſuch place as he might thereby happen to loſe his life: Whatte matter were it then if I ſhould cut off his privie members, ſuppoſing that the ſame would altogether weigh a juſt pound? or els his head, ſhould I be ſuffered to cut it off, although it were with the danger of mine own life? I believe, I ſhould not; becauſe there were as little reaſon therein, as there could be in the amends whereunto I ſhould be bound; or els if I would cut off his noſe, his lips, his ears, and pull out his eies, to make them altogether a pound, ſhould I be ſuffered? ſurely I think not, becauſe the obligation dooth not ſpecifie that I ought either to chooſe, cut, or take the ſame, but that he ought to give me a pound of his fleſh. Of every thing that is ſold, he which delivereth the ſame is to make weight, and he which receiveth, taketh heed that it be

juſt; ſeeing then that neither the obligation, cuſtome, nor law doth bind me to cut, or weigh, much leſſe unto the above mentioned ſatisfaction, I refuſe it all, and require that the ſame which is due ſhould be delivered unto me."

"*The Chriſtian's Anſwere.*

"It is no ſtrange matter to here thoſe diſpute of equitie which are themſelves moſt unjuſt; and ſuch as have no faith at all, deſirous that others ſhould obſerve the ſame inviolable; the which were yet the more tolerable, if ſuch men would be contented with reaſonable things, or at leaſt not altogether unreaſonable: but what reaſon is there that one man ſhould unto his own prejudice deſire the hurt of another? as this Jew is content to loſe nine hundred crownes to have a pound of my fleſh; whereby is manifeſtely ſeene the ancient and cruel hate which he beareth not only unto Chriſtians, but unto all others which are not of his ſect; yea, even unto the Turkes, who overkindly doe ſuffer ſuch vermine to dwell amongſt them: ſeeing that this preſumptuous wretch dare not onely doubt, but appeale from the judgement of a good and juſt judge, and afterwards he would by ſophiſticall reaſons prove that his abomination is equitie. Trulie I confeſſe that I have ſuffered fifteen daies of the tearme to paſſe: yet who can tell whether he or I is the cauſe thereof? as for me, I think that by ſecret meanes he hath cauſed the monie to be delaied, which from ſundry places ought to have come unto me before the tearm which I promiſed unto him; otherwiſe, I would never have been ſo raſh as to bind myſelfe ſo ſtrictly: but although he were not the cauſe of the fault, is it therefore ſaid, that he ought to be ſo impudent as to go about to prove it no ſtrange matter that he ſhould be willing to be paied with man's fleſh, which is a thing more natural for tigres, than men, the which alſo was never heard of? but this divell in ſhape of man, ſeeing me oppreſſed with neceſſitie, propounded this curſed obligation unto me. Whereas he alleageth the Romaines for an example, why doth he not as well tell on how for that crueltie in afflicting debtors over grievouſly, the commonwealth was almoſt overthrowne, and that ſhortly after it was forbidden to impriſon men any more for debt? To breake promiſe is, when a man ſweareth or promiſeth a thing, the which he hath no deſire to performe, which yet upon an extreame neceſſity is ſomewhat excuſable: as for me I have promiſed, and accompliſhed my promiſe, yet not ſo ſoon as I would; and although I knew the danger wherein I was to ſatisfie the crueltie of this miſchievous man with the price of my fleſh and blood, yet did I not flie away, but ſubmitted my ſelfe unto the diſcretion of the judge who hath juſtly repreſſed his beaſtlineſs. Wherein then have I falſified my promiſe? is it in that I would not (like him) diſobey the judgement of the judge? Behold I will preſent a part of my bodie unto him, that he may paie himſelfe, according to the contents of the judgement: where is then my promiſe broken? But it is no marvaille if this race be ſo obſtinat and cruell againſt us; for they do it of ſet purpoſe to offend our God whom they have crucified: and wherefore? Becauſe he was holie, as he is yet ſo reputed of this worthy Turkiſh nation. But what ſhall I ſay? Their own Bible is full of their rebellion againſt

God,

God, againſt their prieſts, judges and leaders. What did not the very patriarchs themſelves, from whom they have their beginning? They ſold their brother, and had it not been for one amongſt them, they had ſlain him for verie envie. How many adulteries and abhominations were committed amongſt them? How many murthers? Abſalom did he not cauſe his brother to be murthered? Did he not perſecute his father? Is it not for their iniquitie that God hath diſperſed them, without leaving them one onlie foot of ground? If then, when they had newlie received their law from God, when they ſaw his wonderous works with their eies, and had yet their judges amongſt them, they were ſo wicked, what may one hope of them now, when they have neither faith nor law, but their rapines and uſuries? and that they believe they do a charitable work, when they do ſome great wrong unto one that is not a Jew? It may pleaſe you then, moſt righteous judge, to conſider all theſe circumſtances, having pittie of him who doth wholly ſubmit himſelfe upon your juſt clemencie: hoping thereby to be delivered from this monſter's crueltie."

FARMER.

Gregorio Leti, in his *Life of Sixtus V.* tranſlated by Ellis Farneworth, 1754, has likewiſe this kind of ſtory.

It was currently reported in Rome that Drake had taken and plundered S. Domingo in Hiſpaniola, and carried off an immenſe booty: this account came in a private letter to *Paul Secchi*, a very conſiderable merchant in the city, who had large concerns in thoſe parts which he had inſured. Upon the receiving this news he ſent for the inſurer Samſon Ceneda, a Jew, and acquainted him with it. The Jew, whoſe intereſt it was to have ſuch a report thought falſe, gave many reaſons why it could not poſſibly be true: and at laſt worked himſelf up into ſuch a paſſion, that he ſaid, "I'll lay you a pound of my fleſh that it is a lie."

Secchi, who was of a fiery hot temper, replied, "If you like it, I'll lay you a thouſand crowns againſt a pound of your fleſh that it is true." The Jew accepted the wager, and articles were immediately executed between them, the ſubſtance of which was, "That if Secchi won, he ſhould himſelf cut the fleſh with a ſharp knife from whatever part of the Jew's body he pleaſed." Unfortunately for the Jew, the truth of the account was ſoon after confirmed, by other advices from the Weſt-Indies, which threw him almoſt into diſtraction; eſpecially when he was informed that Secchi had ſolemnly ſworn he would compel him to the exact literal performance of his contract, and was determined to cut a pound of fleſh from that part of his body which it is not neceſſary to mention. Upon this he went to the governor of Rome, and begged he would interpoſe in the affair, and uſe his authority to prevail with Secchi to accept of a thouſand piſtoles as an equivalent for the pound of fleſh: but the governor not daring to take upon him to determine a caſe of ſo uncommon a nature, made a report of it to the Pope, who ſent for them both, and having heard the articles read, and informed himſelf perfectly of the whole affair from their own mouths, ſaid, "When contracts are made, it is juſt they ſhould be fulfilled, as we intend this ſhall. Take a knife, therefore, Secchi, and cut a pound of fleſh from any part you pleaſe of the Jew's body. We would adviſe you, however, to be very

careful; for if you cut but a ſcruple or grain more or leſs than your due, you ſhall certain'y be hanged. Go, and bring hither a knife, and a pair of ſcales, and let it be done in our preſence."

The merchant at theſe words, began to tremble like an aſpin-leaf, and throwing himſelf at his holineſs's feet, with tears in his eyes proteſted, "It was far from his thoughts to inſiſt upon the performance of the contract." And being aſked by the Pope what he demanded; anſwered, "Nothing, holy father, but your benediction, and that the articles may be torn in pieces." Then turning to the Jew, he aſked him, "What he had to ſay, and whether he was content." The Jew anſwered, "That he thought himſelf extremely happy to come off at ſo eaſy a rate, and that he was perfectly content." "But we are not content," replied Sixtus, "nor is there ſufficient ſatisfaction made to our laws. We deſire to know what authority you have to lay ſuch wagers? The ſubjects of princes are the property of the ſtate, and have no right to diſpoſe of their bodies, nor any part of them, without the expreſs conſent of their ſovereigns."

They were both immediately ſent to priſon, and the governor ordered to proceed againſt them with the utmoſt ſeverity of the law, that others might be deterred by their example from laying any more ſuch wagers.—[The governor interceding for them, and propoſing a fine of a thouſand crowns each, Sixtus ordered him to condemn them both to death, the Jew for ſelling his life, by conſenting to have a pound of fleſh cut from his body, which he ſaid was direct ſuicide, and the merchant for premeditated murder, in making a contract with the other that he knew muſt be the occaſion of his death.]

As Secchi was of a very good family, having many great friends and relations, and the Jew one of the moſt leading men in the ſynagogue, they both had recourſe to petitions. Strong application was made to cardinal Montalto, to intercede with his holineſs at leaſt to ſpare their lives. Sixtus, who did not really deſign to put them to death, but to deter others from ſuch practices, at laſt conſented to change the ſentence into that of the galleys, with liberty to buy off that too, by paying each of them two thouſand crowns, to be applied to the uſe of the hoſpital which he had lately founded, before they were releaſed.

Life of Sixtus V. Fol. B. VII. p. 293, &c.

STEEVENS.

In a Perſian Manuſcript in the poſſeſſion of Enſign Thomas Munro, of the firſt battalion of Sepoys, now at Tanjore, is found the following ſtory of a Jew and a Muſſulman. Several leaves being wanting both at the beginning and end of the Mſ. its age has not been aſcertained. The tranſlation, in which the idiom is Perſian, though the words are Engliſh, was made by Mr. Munro, and kindly communicated to me (together with a copy of the original) by Daniel Braithwaite, Eſq.

"It is related, that in a town of Syria a poor Muſſulman lived in the neighbourhood of a rich Jew. One day he went to the Jew, and ſaid, lend me 100 dinars, that I may trade with it, and I will give thee a ſhare of the gain—This Muſſulman had a beautiful wife, and the Jew had ſeen and fallen in love with her, and thinking this a lucky opportunity, he ſaid,

I will

I will not do thus, but I will give thee a hundred dinars, with this condition, that after ſix months thou ſhalt reſtore it to me. But give me a bond in this form, that if the term of the agreement ſhall be exceeded one day, I ſhall cut a pound of fleſh from thy body, from whatever part I chooſe. The Jew thought that by this means he might perhaps come to enjoy the Muſſulman's wife. The Muſſulman was dejected and ſaid, how can this be? But as his diſtreſs was extreme, he took the money on that condition, and gave the bond, and ſet out on a journey; and in that journey he acquired much gain, and he was every day ſaying to himſelf, God forbid that the term of the agreement ſhould paſs away, and the Jew bring vexation upon me. He therefore gave a hundred gold dinars into the hand of a truſty perſon, and ſent him home to give it to the Jew. But the people of his own houſe, being without money, ſpent it in maintaining themſelves. When he returned from his journey, the Jew required payment of the money, and the pound of fleſh. The Muſſulman ſaid, I ſent thy money a long time ago. The Jew ſaid, thy money came not to me. When this on examination appeared to be true, the Jew carried the Muſſulman before the Cazi, and repreſented the affair. The Cazi ſaid to the Muſſulman, either ſatisfy the Jew, or give the pound of fleſh. The Muſſulman not agreeing to this, ſaid, let us go to another Cazi. When they went, he alſo ſpoke in the ſame manner. The Muſſulman aſked the advice of an ingenious friend. He ſaid, "ſay to him, let us go to the Cazi of Hems.* Go there, for thy buſineſs will be well." Then the Muſſulman went to the Jew, and ſaid, I ſhall be ſatisfied with the decree of the Cazi of Hems; the Jew ſaid, I alſo ſhall be ſatisfied. Then both departed for the city of Hems.† When they preſented themſelves before the judgement-ſeat, the Jew ſaid, O my Lord Judge, this man borrowed an hundred dinars of me, and pledged a pound of fleſh from his own body. Command that he give the money and the fleſh. It happened, that the Cazi was the friend of the father of the Muſſulman, and for this reſpect, he ſaid to the Jew, "Thou ſayeſt true, it is the purport of the bond; and he deſired, that they ſhould bring a ſharp knife. The Muſſulman on hearing this, became ſpeechleſs. The knife being brought, the Cazi turned his face to the Jew, and ſaid, "Ariſe, and cut one pound of fleſh from the body of him, in ſuch a manner, that there may not be one grain more or leſs, and if more or leſs thou ſhalt cut, I ſhall order thee to be killed. The Jew ſaid, I cannot. I ſhall

* Hems-Emeſſa, a city of Syria, long. 70. lat. 34.
The Orientals ſay that Hippocrates made his ordinary reſidence there; and the Chriſtians of that country have a traditon, that the head of St. John the Baptiſt was found there, under the reign of Theodoſius the younger.
This city was famous in the times of paganiſm for the Temple of the Sun under the name of Heliogabalus, from which the Roman emperor took his name.
It was taken from the Muſſulmen by the Tartars, in the year of Chriſt 1078. Saladin retook it in 1187. The Tartars took it in the year 1258. Afterwards it paſſed into the hands of the Mamalukes, and from them to the Turks, who are now in poſſeſſion of it. This city ſuffered greatly by a moſt dreadful earthquake in 1157, when the Franks were in poſſeſſion of Syria. HERBELOT.

† Here follows the relation of a number of unlucky adventures, in which the Muſſulman is involved by the way; but as they only tend to ſhow the ſagacity of of the Cazi in extricating him from them, and have no connection with Shylock, I have omitted them. T. M.

leave this buſineſs and depart. The Cazi ſaid, thou mayeſt not leave it. He ſaid, O Judge, I have releaſed him. The Judge ſaid, it cannot be; either cut the fleſh, or pay the expence of his journey. It was ſettled at two hundred dinars: the Jew paid another hundred, and departed."

MALONE.

To the collection of novels, &c. wherein the plot of the foregoing play occurs, may be added another, viz. from "*Roger Bontemps en Belle Humeur.*" In the ſtory here related of the Jew and the Chriſtian, the Judge is made to be Solyman, Emperor of the Turks. See the edition of 1731, Tom. II. p. 105.

So far Mr. Douce:—Perhaps, this Tale (like that of Parnell's *Hermit*,) may have found its way into every language. STEEVENS.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

*** As YOU LIKE IT, was *certainly borrowed*, if we believe Dr. Grey and Mr. Upton, from the *Coke's Tale of Gamelyn*; which by the way was not *printed* till a century afterward: when in truth the old bard, who was no hunter of MS. contented himſelf ſolely with *Lodge's Roſalynd*, or *Euphues' Golden Legacye*, 4to. 1590. FARMER.

Shakſpeare has followed Lodge's novel more exactly than is his general cuſtom when he is indebted to ſuch worthleſs originals; and has ſketched ſome of his principal characters, and borrowed a few expreſſions from it. His imitations, &c. however, are in general too inſignificant to merit tranſcription.

It ſhould be obſerved that the characters of *Jaques*, the *Clown*, and *Audrey*, are entirely of the poet's own formation.

Although I have never met with any edition of this comedy before the year 1623, it is evident, that ſuch a publication was at leaſt deſigned. At the beginning of the ſecond volume of the entries at Stationers' Hall, are placed two leaves of irregular prohibitions, notes, &c. Among theſe are the following.

Aug. 4.

"*As you Like it*, a book. . . }
"*Henry the Fift*, a book. . . } to be ſtaid."
"Comedy of *Much Ado*, a book. }

The dates ſcattered over theſe pages are from 1596 to 1615.

STEEVENS.

This comedy, I believe, was written in 1600. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the Order of Shakſpeare's Plays*. MALONE.

Persons Represented.

Duke, *living in exile.*
Frederick, *brother to the* Duke, *and usurper of his dominions.*
Amiens, } *Lords attending upon the* Duke *in his banish-*
Jaques, } *ment.*
Le Beau, *a courtier attending upon* Frederick:
Charles, *his wreſtler.*
Oliver, }
Jaques, } *Sons of Sir* Rowland de Bois.
Orlando. }
Adam, } *Servants to* Oliver
Dennis, }
Touchſtone, *a clown.*
Sir Oliver Mar-text, *a vicar.*
Corin, } *Shepherds.*
Sylvius, }
William, *a country fellow, in love with* Audrey.
A perſon repreſenting Hymen.

Roſalind, *daughter to the baniſhed* Duke.
Celia, *daughter to* Frederick.
Phebe, *a ſhepherdeſs.*
Audrey, *a country wench.*

Lords belonging to the two Dukes; Pages, Foreſters, and other Attendants.

The SCENE lies, firſt, near Oliver's *houſe; afterwards, partly in the Uſurper's court, and partly in the foreſt of* Arden.

The liſt of the perſons being omitted in the old editions, was added by Mr. Rowe. JOHNSON.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Orchard, near Oliver's *Houſe.*

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this faſhion bequeathed me: By will, but a poor thouſand crowns: and, as thou ſay'ſt, charged my brother on his bleſſing, to breed me well:[2] and there begins my ſadneſs. My brother Jaques he

[2] The grammar, as well as ſenſe, ſuffers cruelly by this reading. There are two nominatives to the verb *bequeathed*, and not ſo much as one to the verb *charged*: and yet, to the nominative there wanted, [*his bleſſing*] refers. So that the whole ſentence is confuſed and obſcure. A very ſmall alteration in the reading and pointing ſets all right.—*As I remember, Adam, it was upon this* my father *bequeathed me*, &c. The grammar is now rectified, and the ſenſe alſo; which is this. Orlando and Adam were diſcourſing together on the cauſe why the younger brother had but a thouſand crowns left him. They agree upon it; and Orlando opens the ſcene in this manner, *As I remember, it was upon this*, i. e. for the reaſon we have been talking of, that my father left me but a thouſand crowns; however, to make amends for this ſcanty proviſion, he charged my brother on his bleſſing to breed me well. WARBURTON.

There is, in my opinion, nothing but a point miſplaced, and an omiſſion of a word which every hearer can ſupply, and which therefore an abrupt and eager dialogue naturally excludes.

I read thus: *As I remember, Adam, it was on this faſhion bequeathed me. By will, but a poor thouſand crowns; and, as thou ſayeſt, charged my brother, on his bleſſing, to breed me well.* What is there in this difficult or obſcure? The nominative *my father* is certainly left out, but ſo left out that the auditor inſerts it, in ſpite of himſelf. JOHNSON.

——— *it was on this faſhion bequeathed me*, as Dr. Johnſon reads, is but aukward Engliſh. I would read; *As I remember, Adam, it was on this faſhion.*—He *bequeathed me by will*, &c. Orlando and Adam enter abruptly in the midſt of a converſation on this topick; and Orlando is correcting ſome miſapprehenſion of the other. As *I* remember (ſays he) it was thus. He left me a thouſand crowns; and, *as thou ſayeſt*, charged my brother, &c. BLACKSTONE.

he keeps at ſchool, and report ſpeaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me ruſtically at home, or, to ſpeak more properly, ſtays me here at home unkept :[3] For call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the ſtalling of an ox? His horſes are bred better; for, beſides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Beſides this nothing that he ſo plentifully gives me, the ſomething that nature gave me, his countenance ſeems to take from me :[4] he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the ſpirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny againſt this ſervitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wiſe remedy how to avoid it.

Enter OLIVER.

Adam. Yonder comes my maſter, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou ſhalt hear how he will ſhake me up.

Oli. Now, ſir! what make you here?[5]

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then, ſir?

Orl. Marry, ſir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleneſs.

Oli.

Omiſſion being of all the errors of the preſs the moſt common, I have adopted the emendation propoſed by Sir W. Blackſtone. MALONE.

Being ſatisfied with Dr. Johnſon's explanation of the paſſage as it ſtands in the old copy, I have followed it. STEEVENS.

3 We ſhould read *ſtys*, i. e. keeps me like a brute. The following words—*for call you that keeping—that differs not from the ſtalling of an ox?* confirms this emendation. WARBURTON.

Sties is better than *ſtays*, and more likely to be Shakſpeare's. JOHNSON.

4 We ſhould certainly read—*his* diſcountenance. WARBURTON. There is no need of change; a countenance is either good or bad. JOHNSON.

5 i. e. what do you here? STEEVENS.

Oli. Marry, ſir, be better employ'd, and be naught awhile.[6]

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat huſks with them? What prodigal portion have I ſpent, that I ſhould come to ſuch penury.

Oli. Know you where you are, ſir?

Orl. O, ſir, very well: here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, ſir?

Orl. Ay, better than he I am before knows me. I know, you are my eldeſt brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you ſhould ſo know me: The courteſy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the firſt-born; but the ſame tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me, as you;

[6] ——*be better employ'd, and* be naught a while.] Mr. Theobald has here a very critical note; which, though his modeſty ſuffered him to withdraw it from his ſecond edition, deſerves to be perpetuated, i. e. (ſays he) *be better employed, in my opinion, in being and doing nothing. Your idleneſs, as you call it, may be an exerciſe by which you make a figure, and endear yourſelf to the world: and I had rather you were a contemptible cypher. The poet ſeems to me to have that trite proverbial ſentiment in his eye, quoted from Attilius, by the younger Pliny and others*; ſatius eſt otioſum eſſe quàm nihil agere. *But Oliver, in the perverſeneſs of his diſpoſition, would reverſe the doctrine of the proverb.* Does the reader know what all this means? But 'tis no matter. I will aſſure him—*be nought awhile* is only a north-country proverbial curſe equivalent to, *a miſchief on you.*

WARBURTON.

If *be nought awhile* has the ſignification here given it, the reading may certainly ſtand; but till I learned its meaning from this note, I read:

Be better employed, and be naught *awhile.*

In the ſame ſenſe as we ſay,—*It is better to do miſchief, than to do nothing.*

JOHNSON.

Notwithſtanding Dr. Warburton's far-fetched explanation, I believe that the words *be naught awhile,* mean no more than this: "Be content to be a *cypher,* till I ſhall think fit to elevate you into conſequence." This was certainly a proverbial ſaying. STEEVENS.

Naught and *nought* are frequently confounded in old Engliſh books.

MALONE.

Malone ſays that *nought* (meaning *nothing*) was formerly ſpelled with an *a, naught*; which is clearly the manner in which it ought ſtill to be ſpelled, as the word *aught* (any thing) from whence it is derived, is ſpelled ſo. M. MASON.

you; albeit, I confeſs, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence?[7]

Oli. What, boy?

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain:[8] I am the youngeſt ſon of Sir Rowland de Bois; he was my father; and he is thrice a villain, that ſays, ſuch a father begot villains: Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pulled out thy tongue for ſaying ſo; thou haſt railed on thyſelf.

Adam. Sweet maſters, be patient; for your father's remembrance be at accord,

Oli. Let me go, I ſay.

Orl. I will not, till I pleaſe: you ſhall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peaſant, obſcuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the ſpirit of my father grows ſtrong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me ſuch exerciſes as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by teſtament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is ſpent? Well, ſir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you: you ſhall have ſome part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

Orl.

[7] This is ſenſe indeed, and may be thus underſtood.—The reverence due to my father is, in ſome degree, derived to you, as the firſt born. But I am perſuaded that Orlando did not here mean to compliment his brother, or condemn himſelf; ſomething of both which there is in that ſenſe. I rather think he intended a ſatirical reflection on his brother, who by *letting him feed with his hinds*, treated him as one not ſo nearly related to old Sir Rowland as himſelf was. I imagine therefore Shakſpeare might write,—*Albeit your coming before me is nearer his* revenue, i. e. though you are no nearer in blood, yet it muſt be owned, indeed, you are nearer in eſtate. WARBURTON.

This, I apprehend, refers to the courteſy of diſtinguiſhing the *eldeſt ſon* of a knight, by the title of eſquire. HENLEY.

[8] The word *villain* is uſed by the elder brother, in its preſent meaning for a *worthleſs*, *wicked*, or *bloody man*; by Orlando in its original ſignification for a *fellow of baſe extraction*. JOHNSON.

Orl. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog my reward? Moſt true, I have loſt my teeth in your ſervice. God be with my old maſter! he would not have ſpoke ſuch a word.

[*Exeunt* ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

Oli. Is it even ſo? begin you to grow upon me? I will phyſick your rankneſs, and yet give no thouſand crowns neither. Hola, Dennis!

Enter DENNIS.

Den. Calls your worſhip?

Oli. Was not Charles, the duke's wreſtler, here to ſpeak with me?

Den. So pleaſe you, he is here at the door, and importunes acceſs to you.

Oli. Call him in. [*Exit* DENNIS.]—'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wreſtling is.

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Good morrow to your worſhip.

Oli. Good monſieur Charles!—what's the new news at the new court?

Cha. There's no news at the court, ſir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is baniſhed by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themſelves into voluntary exile with him, whoſe lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave [9] to wander.

Oli. Can you tell, if Roſalind, the duke's daughter,[2] be baniſhed with her father.

Cha.

[9] As often as this phraſe occurs, it means a *ready aſſent*. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*the duke's daughter,*] i. e. the *baniſhed* duke's daughter. MALONE.

The author of *The Reviſal* is of opinion, that the ſubſequent words,—*her couſin*, ſufficiently diſtinguiſh the perſon intended. STEEVENS.

Cha. O, no; for the duke's daughter,[3] her couſin, ſo loves her,—being ever from their cradles bred together,—that ſhe would have followed her exile, or have died to ſtay behind her. She is at the court, and no leſs beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old duke live?

Cha. They ſay, he is already in the foreſt of Arden,[4] and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they ſay, many young gentlemen flock to him every day; and fleet the time careleſsly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wreſtle to-morrow before the new duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, ſir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, ſir, ſecretly to underſtand, that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a diſpoſition to come in diſguis'd againſt me to try a fall: To-morrow, ſir, I wreſtle for my credit; and he that eſcapes me without ſome broken limb, ſhall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender: and, for your love, I would be loth to foil him, as I muſt, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might ſtay him from his intendment, or brook ſuch diſgrace well as he ſhall run into; in that it is a thing of his own ſearch, and altogether againſt my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou ſhalt find I will moſt kindly requite. I had myſelf notice of my brother's purpoſe herein, and have by underhand means laboured to diſſuade him from it; but he is reſolute. I'll tell thee, Charles,—it is the ſtubborneſt young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a ſecret and villainous contriver againſt me his natural

[3] ——*for the duke's daughter,*] i. e. the *uſurping* duke's daughter. Sir T. Hanmer reads here—the *new* duke's; and in the preceding ſpeech—the *old* duke's daughter; but in my opinion unneceſſarily. The ambiguous uſe of the word *duke* in theſe paſſages is much in our author's manner. MALONE.

The words *old* and *new* [inſerted by Sir T. Hanmer] ſeem neceſſary to the perſpicuity of the dialogue. JOHNSON.

[4] *Ardenne* is a foreſt of conſiderable extent in French Flanders, lying near the Meuſe, and between Charlemont and Rocroy. MALONE.

Arden is a general name for a woody country. Thus we have in England *Henley in Arden*, *St. Mary in Arden*, &c. NICHOLS.

tural brother; therefore uſe thy diſcretion; I had as lief thou didſt break his neck as his finger: And thou were beſt look to't; for if thou doſt him any ſlight diſgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himſelf on thee, he will practiſe againſt thee by poiſon, entrap thee by ſome treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by ſome indirect means or other: for, I aſſure thee, and almoſt with tears I ſpeak it, there is not one ſo young and ſo villainous this day living. I ſpeak but brotherly of him; but ſhould I anatomize him to thee as he is, I muſt bluſh and weep, and thou muſt look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you: If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: If ever he go alone again, I'll never wreſtle for prize more: And ſo, God keep your worſhip! [*Exit.*

Oli. Farewell good Charles.—Now will I ſtir this gameſter:[5] I hope, I ſhall ſee an end of him; for my ſoul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never ſchool'd, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all ſorts[6] enchantingly beloved; and, indeed, ſo much in the heart of the world, and eſpecially of my own people, who beſt know him, that I am altogether miſpriſed: but it ſhall not be ſo long; this wreſtler ſhall clear all: nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Lawn before the Duke's *Palace.*

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

Cel. I pray thee, Roſalind, ſweet my coz, be merry.

Roſ. Dear Celia, I ſhow more mirth than I am miſtreſs of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unleſs you could teach me

[5] *Gameſter*, in the preſent inſtance, and ſome others, does not ſignify a man viciouſly addicted to games of chance, but a frolickſome perſon. Thus, in *King Henry VIII:*

"You are a merry *gameſter*, my lord Sands." STEEVENS.

[6] *Sorts* in this place means ranks and degrees of men. RITSON.

me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein, I see, thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee: if my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; so would'st thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know, my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports: let me see; What think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I pry'thee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou may'st in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife, Fortune, from her wheel,[7] that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would, we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced: and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true: for those, that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those, that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favour'dly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from fortune's office to nature's: fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

Enter

[7] The wheel of Fortune is not the *wheel* of a *housewife*. Shakspeare has confounded Fortune, whose wheel only figures uncertainty and vicissitude, with the destiny that spins the thread of life, though not indeed with a wheel. JOHNSON.

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

Cel. No? When nature hath made a fair creature, may ſhe not by fortune fall into the fire?—Though nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune ſent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Roſ. Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature: when fortune makes nature's natural the cutter off of nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure, this is not fortune's work neither, but nature's; who perceiving our natural wits too dull to reaſon of ſuch goddeſſes, hath ſent this natural for our whetſtone: for always the dullneſs of the fool is the whetſtone of the wits.—How now, wit? whither wander you?

Touch. Miſtreſs, you muſt come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the meſſenger?

Touch. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Roſ. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight, that ſwore by his honour they were good pancakes, and ſwore by his honour the muſtard was naught: now, I'll ſtand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the muſtard was good; and yet was not the knight forſworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Roſ. Ay, marry; now unmuzzle your wiſdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now: ſtroke your chins, and ſwear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were: but if you ſwear by that that is not, you are not forſworn: no more was this knight, ſwearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had ſworn it away, before ever he ſaw thoſe pancakes or that muſtard.

Cel. Pr'ythee, who is't that thou meaneſt?

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honour him.[8] Enough! ſpeak

[8] This reply to the Clown is in all the books placed to Roſalind; but Frederick was not her father, but Celia's: I have therefore ventured to prefix the name of Celia. There is no countenance from any paſſage in the

ſpeak no more of him; you'll be whip'd for taxation,[9] one of theſe days.

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not ſpeak wiſely, what wiſe men do fooliſhly.

Cel. By my troth, thou ſay'ſt true: for ſince the little wit, that fools have, was ſilenced,[2] the little foolery, that wiſe men have, makes a great ſhow. Here comes Monſieur Le Beau.

Enter LE BEAU.

Roſ. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Roſ.

the play, or from the *Dramatis Perſonæ*, to imagine, that both the Brother-Dukes were nameſakes; and one called the Old, and the other the Younger-Frederick; and without ſome ſuch authority, it would make confuſion to ſuppoſe it. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald ſeems not to know that the *Dramatis Perſonæ* were firſt enumerated by Rowe. JOHNSON.

Frederick is here clearly a miſtake, as appears by the anſwer of Roſalind, to whom Touchſtone addreſſes himſelf, though the queſtion was put to him by Celia. I ſuppoſe ſome abbreviation was uſed in the MS. for the name of the rightful, or *old* duke, as he is called, [perhaps *Fer.* for *Ferdinand*,] which the tranſcriber or printer converted into Frederick. *Fernardyne* is one of the perſons introduced in the novel on which this comedy is founded. Mr. Theobald ſolves the difficulty by giving the next ſpeech to Celia, inſtead of Roſalind; but there is too much of filial warmth in it for Celia:—beſides, why ſhould her father be called *old* Frederick? It appears from the laſt ſcene of this play that this was the name of the *younger* brother. MALONE.

Mr. Malone's remark may be juſt, and yet I think the ſpeech which is ſtill left in the mouth of Celia, exhibits as much tenderneſs for the fool, as reſpect for her own father. She ſtops Touchſtone, who might otherwiſe have proceeded to ſay what ſhe could not hear without inflicting puniſhment on the ſpeaker.—*Old* is an unmeaning term of familiarity. It is ſtill in uſe, and has no reference to age. STEEVENS.

9 This was the diſcipline uſually inflicted upon fools. Brantome informs us that Legat, fool to Elizabeth of France, having offended her with ſome indelicate ſpeech, "*fut bien fouetté à la cuiſine pour ces paroles.*" A repreſentation of this ceremony may be ſeen in a cut prefixed to B. II. ch. c. of the German Petrarch already mentioned in Vol. V. p. 44. DOUCE.

Taxation is cenſure, or ſatire. MALONE.

2 Shakſpeare probably alludes to the uſe of *fools* or *jeſters*, who for ſome ages had been allowed in all courts an unbridled liberty of cenſure and mockery, and about this time began to be leſs tolerated. JOHNSON.

Roſ. Then ſhall we be news-cramm'd.

Cel. All the better; we ſhall be the more marketable. *Bon jour*, Monſieur le Beau: What's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princeſs, you have loſt much good ſport.

Cel. Sport? Of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, madam? How ſhall I anſwer you?

Roſ. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the deſtinies decree.

Cel. Well ſaid; that was laid on with a trowel.[3]

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank,——

Roſ. Thou loſeſt thy old ſmell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies: [4] I would have told you of good wreſtling, which you have loſt the ſight of.

Roſ. Yet tell us the manner of the wreſtling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning, and, if it pleaſe your ladyſhips, you may ſee the end; for the beſt is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man, and his three ſons,—

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and preſence;—

Roſ. With bills on their necks,—*Be it known unto all men by theſe preſents*,[5]—

Le Beau.

[3] I ſuppoſe the meaning is, that there is too heavy a maſs of big words laid upon a ſlight ſubject. JOHNSON.

This is a proverbial expreſſion, which is generally uſed to ſignify a *glaring falſehood*. See Ray's *Proverbs*. STEEVENS.

It means a good round hit, thrown in without judgement or deſign. RITSON.

To lay on with a trowel is, to do any thing ſtrongly and without delicacy. If a man flatters groſsly, it is a common expreſſion to ſay, that he *lays it on with a trowel*. M. MASON.

[4] To *amaze*, here, is not to aſtoniſh or ſtrike with wonder, but to perplex; to confuſe, ſo as to put out of the intended narrative. JOHNSON.

[5] The *ladies* and the *fool*, according to the mode of wit at that time, are at a kind of *croſs purpoſes*. Where the words of one ſpeaker are wreſtled by another, in a repartee, to a different meaning. As where the Clown juſt ſays before—*Nay, if I keep not my rank*. Roſalind replies—*Thou loſeſt thy old ſmell*. So here when Roſalind had ſaid—*With bills on their necks*, the Clown, to be quits with her, puts in—*Know all men by theſe preſents*.

Le Beau. The eldeſt of the three wreſtled with Charles, the duke's wreſtler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: ſo he ſerved the ſecond, and ſo the third: Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making ſuch pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Roſ. Alas!

Touch. But what is the ſport, monſieur, that the ladies have loſt?

Le Beau. Why, this that I ſpeak of?

Touch. Thus men may grow wiſer every day! it is the firſt time that ever I heard, breaking of ribs was ſport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promiſe thee.

Roſ. But is there any elſe longs to ſee this broken muſick in his ſides? [6] is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? —Shall we ſee this wreſtling, couſin?

Le Beau.

preſents. She ſpoke of an inſtument of war, and he turns it to an inſtrument of law of the ſame name, beginning with theſe words: So that they muſt be given to him. WARBURTON.

This conjecture is ingenious. Where meaning is ſo very thin, as in this vein of jocularity, it is hard to catch, and therefore I know not well what to determine; but I cannot ſee why Roſalind ſhould ſuppoſe, that the competitors in a wreſtling match carried *bills* on their ſhoulders, and I believe the whole conceit is in the poor reſemblance of *preſence* and *preſents.* JOHNSON.

With bills *on their necks*, ſhould be the concluſion of Le Beau's ſpeech. Mr. Edwards ridicules Dr. Warburton, "As if people carried ſuch inſtruments of war, as *bills* and *guns* on *their necks*, not *on their ſhoulders!*" But unluckily the ridicule falls upon himſelf. Laſſels, in his *Voyage of Italy*, ſays of tutors, "Some perſuade their pupils, that it is fine carrying a *gun upon their necks.*" But what is ſtill more, the expreſſion is taken immediately from Lodge, who furniſhed our author with his plot. "Ganimede on a day ſitting with Aliena, (the aſſumed names, as in the play,) caſt up her eye, and ſaw where Roſader came pacing towards them with his *foreſt-bill on his necke.*" FARMER.

I don't think that by *bill* is meant either an inſtrument of war, or one of law, but merely a label or advertiſement—as we ſay a *play-bill*, a *hand-bill*; unleſs Farmer's ingenious amendment be admitted, and theſe words become part of Le Beau's ſpeech; in which caſe the word *bill* would be uſed by him to denote a weapon, and by Roſalind perverted to mean a *label.* M. MASON.

[6] A ſtupid error in the copies. They are talking here of ſome who had their ribs broke in wreſtling: and the pleaſantry of Roſalind's repar-

Le Beau. You muſt, if you ſtay here; for here is the place appointed for the wreſtling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, ſure, they are coming: Let us now ſtay and ſee it.

Flouriſh. Enter Duke FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, *and Attendants.*

Duke F. Come on; ſince the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardneſs.

Roſ. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young: yet he looks ſucceſsfully.

Duke F. How now, daughter, and couſin? are you crept hither to ſee the wreſtling?

Roſ. Ay, my liege; ſo pleaſe you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is ſuch odds in the men: In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain diſſuade him, but he will not be entreated: Speak to him, ladies; ſee if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monſieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do ſo; I'll not be by. [DUKE *goes apart.*

tee muſt conſiſt in the alluſion ſhe makes to *compoſing* in *muſick*. It neceſſarily follows therefore, that the poet wrote—SET *this* broken muſick *in his ſides.* WARBURTON.

If any change were neceſſary, I ſhould write, *feel this broken muſick*, for *ſee*. But *ſee* is the colloquial term for perception or experiment. So we ſay every day, *ſee* if the water be hot; I will *ſee* which is the beſt time; ſhe has tried, and *ſees* that ſhe cannot lift it. In this ſenſe *ſee* may be here uſed. The ſufferer can, with no propriety, be ſaid to *ſet* the muſick; neither is the alluſion to the act of tuning an inſtrument, or pricking a tune, one of which muſt be meant by *ſetting* muſick. Roſalind hints at a whimſical ſimilitude between the ſeries of ribs gradually ſhortening, and ſome muſical inſtruments, and therefore calls *broken ribs*, *broken muſick*. JOHNSON.

This probably alludes to the pipe of Pan, which conſiſting of reeds of unequal length, and gradually leſſening, bore ſome reſemblance to the ribs of a man. M. MASON.

Broken muſick either means the noiſe which the breaking of ribs would occaſion, or the hollow ſound which proceeds from a perſon's receiving a violent fall. DOUCE.

Le Beau. Monſieur the challenger, the princeſſes call for you.

Orl. I attend them, with all reſpect and duty.

Roſ. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wreſtler?

Orl. No, fair princeſs; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the ſtrength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your ſpirits are too bold for your years: You have ſeen cruel proof of this man's ſtrength: if you ſaw yourſelf with your eyes, or knew yourſelf with your judgement,[7] the fear of your adventure would counſel you to a more equal enterpriſe. We pray you, for your own ſake, to embrace your own ſafety, and give over this attempt.

Roſ. Do, young ſir; your reputation ſhall not therefore be miſpriſed: we will make it our ſuit to the duke, that the wreſtling might not go forward.

Orl. I beſeech you, puniſh me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confeſs me much guilty, to deny ſo fair and excellent ladies any thing.[8] But let your fair eyes, and gentle

[7] Abſurd! The ſenſe requires that we ſhould read,—our *eyes*, and—our *judgement*. The argument is, *Your ſpirits are too bold, and therefore your judgement deceives you; but did you ſee and know yourſelf with our more impartial judgement, you would forbear.* WARBURTON.

I cannot find the abſurdity of the preſent reading. *If you were not blinded and intoxicated*, ſays the princeſs, *with the ſpirit of enterpriſe, if you could uſe* your own eyes to *ſee*, or your own judgment to know *yourſelf*, *the fear of your adventure would counſel you.* JOHNSON.

[8] I ſhould wiſh to read, *I beſeech you, puniſh me not with your hard thoughts.* Therein *I confeſs myſelf much guilty to deny ſo fair and excellent ladies any thing.* JOHNSON.

As the word *wherein* muſt always refer to ſomething preceding, I have no doubt but there is an error in this paſſage, and that we ought to read *herein*, inſtead of *wherein*. The hard thoughts that he complains of are the apprehenſions expreſſed by the ladies of his not being able to contend with the wreſtler. He beſeeches that they will not puniſh him with them; and then adds, "Herein I confeſs me much guilty to deny ſo fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wiſhes go with me to my trial." M. MASON.

The meaning I think is, "puniſh me not with your unfavourable opinion (of my abilities); *which, however, I confeſs, I deſerve to incur*, for denying ſuch fair ladies any requeſt." The expreſſion is licentious, but our author's plays furniſh many ſuch. MALONE.

gentle wiſhes, go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one ſhamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be ſo: I ſhall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better ſupplied when I have made it empty.

Roſ. The little ſtrength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Roſ. Fare you well. Pray heaven, I be deceived in you!

Cel. Your heart's deſires be with you!

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant, that is ſo deſirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Ready, ſir; but his will hath in it a more modeſt working.

Duke F. You ſhall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your grace; you ſhall not entreat him to a ſecond, that have ſo mightily perſuaded him from a firſt.

Orl. You mean to mock me after; you ſhould not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

Roſ. Now, Hercules be thy ſpeed, young man!

Cel. I would I were inviſible, to catch the ſtrong fellow by the leg. [CHARLES *and* ORLANDO *wreſtle.*

Roſ. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who ſhould down. [CHARLES *is thrown. Shout.*

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beſeech your grace; I am not yet well breathed.

Duke F. How doſt thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot ſpeak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away. [CHARLES *is borne out.*
What is thy name, young man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege; the youngeſt ſon of ſir Rowland de Bois.

Duke F. I would, thou hadſt been ſon to ſome man elſe.
The world eſteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him ſtill mine enemy:

Thou ſhould'ſt have better pleas'd me with this deed,
Hadſt thou deſcended from another houſe.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth;
I would, thou hadſt told me of another father.

[*Exeunt Duke* FRED. *Train, and* LE BEAU.

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be ſir Rowland's ſon,
His youngeſt ſon;—and would not change that calling,[9]
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Roſ. My father lov'd ſir Rowland as his ſoul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his ſon,
I ſhould have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he ſhould thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle couſin,
Let us go thank him, and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious diſpoſition
Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deſerv'd:
If you do keep your promiſes in love,
But juſtly, as you have exceeded promiſe,
Your miſtreſs ſhall be happy.

Roſ. Gentleman,

[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*

Wear this for me; one out of ſuits with fortune;[2]
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.—
Shall we go, coz?

Cel. Ay:—Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orl. Can I not ſay, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down; and that which here ſtands up,
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeleſs block.[3]

Roſ.

9 i. e. appellation; a very unuſual, if not unprecedented ſenſe of the word. STEEVENS.

2 This ſeems an alluſion to cards, where he that has no more cards to play of any particular ſort, is *out of ſuit*. JOHNSON.

Out of ſuits with fortune, I believe means, turned out of her ſervice, and ſtripped of her livery. STEEVENS.

3 A *quintain* was a *poſt* or *butt* ſet up for ſeveral kinds of martial exerciſes, againſt which they threw their darts and exerciſed their arms. The alluſion is beautiful. *I am*, ſays Orlando, *only a* quintain, *a lifeleſs block on which love only exerciſes his arms in jeſt; the great diſparity of condition between*

Ros. He calls us back: My pride fell with my fortunes:
I'll aſk him what he would:—Did you call, ſir?—
Sir, you have wreſtled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you:—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

Orl. What paſſion hangs theſe weights upon my tongue?
I cannot ſpeak to her, yet ſhe urg'd conference.

Re-enter LE BEAU.

O poor Orlando! thou art overthrown;
Or Charles, or ſomething weaker, maſters thee.

Le Beau. Good ſir, I do in friendſhip counſel you
To leave this place: Albeit you have deſerv'd
High commendation, true applauſe, and love;
Yet ſuch is now the duke's condition,†

between Roſalind and me, not ſuffering me to hope that love will ever make a ſerious matter of it. WARBURTON.

This is but an imperfect (to call it no worſe) explanation of a beautiful paſſage. The *quintain* was not the object of the darts and arms: it was a ſtake driven into a field, upon which were hung a ſhield and other trophies of war, at which they ſhot, darted, or rode, with a lance. When the ſhield and the trophies were all thrown down, the quintain remained. Without this information how could the reader underſtand the alluſion of

———*My better parts*
Are all thrown down? GUTHRIE.

Mr. Malone has diſputed the propriety of Mr. Guthrie's animadverſions; and Mr. Douce is equally diſſatisfied with thoſe of Mr. Malone.

The phalanx of our auxiliaries, as well as their circumſtantiality, is ſo much increaſed, that we are often led (as Hamlet obſerves) to

" ——— fight for a ſpot
" Whereon the numbers cannot try the cauſe."

The preſent ſtrictures therefore of Mr. Malone and Mr. Douce, (which are too valuable to be omitted, and too ample to find their place under the text of our author,) muſt appear at the concluſion of the play. STEEVENS.

For a more particular deſcription of a *quintain*, ſee a note on a paſſage in Johnſon's *Underwoods*, Whalley's edit. Vol. VII. p. 55. M. MASON.

A humourous deſcription of this amuſement may alſo be read in Laneham's Letter from " Killingwoorth Caſtle." HENLEY.

† The word *condition* means character, temper, diſpoſition. So Antonic, the Merchant of Venice, is called by his friend the *beſt condition'd man*. JOHNSON.

That he miſconſtrues all that you have done.
The duke is humorous; what he is, indeed,
More ſuits you to conceive, than me to ſpeak of.

Orl. I thank you, ſir: and, pray you, tell me this;
Which of the two was daughter of the duke
That here was at the wreſtling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet, indeed, the ſhorter [5] is his daughter:
The other is daughter to the baniſh'd duke,
And here detain'd by her uſurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whoſe loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of ſiſters.
But I can tell you, that of late this duke
Hath ta'en diſpleaſure 'gainſt his gentle niece;
Grounded upon no other argument,
But that the people praiſe her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's ſake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainſt the lady
Will ſuddenly break forth.—Sir, fare you well;
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I ſhall deſire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I reſt much bounden to you: fare you well!

[*Exit* LE BEAU.

Thus muſt I from the ſmoke into the ſmother;
From tyrant duke, unto a tyrant brother:
But heavenly Roſalind!

[*Exit.*

SCENE

[5] Thus Mr. Pope. The old copy reads—the *taller*. Mr. Malone—the *ſmaller*. STEEVENS.

Some change is abſolutely neceſſary, for Roſalind, in a ſubſequent ſcene, expreſsly ſays that *ſhe* is "more than common *tall*," and aſſigns that as a reaſon for her aſſuming the dreſs of a man, while her couſin Celia retained her female apparel. Again, in Act IV. ſc. iii. Celia is deſcribed by theſe words—"the woman *low*, and browner than her brother;" i. e. Roſalind. Mr. Pope reads—"the *ſhorter* is his daughter;" which has been admitted in all the ſubſequent editions: but ſurely *ſhorter* and *taller* could never have been confounded by either the eye or the ear. The preſent emendation, it is hoped, has a preferable claim to a place in the text, as being much nearer to the corrupted reading.

MALONE.

Shakſpeare ſometimes ſpeaks of *little* women, but I do not recollect that he, or any other writer, has mentioned *ſmall* ones. Otherwiſe, Mr. Malone's conjecture ſhould have found a place in our text. STEEVENS.

SCENE III.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter CELIA *and* ROSALIND.

Cel. Why, couſin; why, Roſalind;—Cupid have mercy! —Not a word?

Roſ. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be caſt away upon curs, throw ſome of them at me; come, lame me with reaſons.

Roſ. Then there were two couſins laid up; when the one ſhould be lamed with reaſons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Roſ. No, ſome of it is for my child's father:[6] O, how full of briars is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burs, couſin, thrown upon thee in holy-day foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Roſ. I could ſhake them off my coat; theſe burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Roſ. I would try? if I could cry hem, and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wreſtle with thy affections.

Roſ. O, they take the part of a better wreſtler than myſelf.

Cel. O, a good wiſh upon you! you will try in time, in deſpite of a fall.—But, turning theſe jeſts out of ſervice, let us talk in good earneſt: Is it poſſible, on ſuch a ſudden, you ſhould fall into ſo ſtrong a liking with old ſir Rowland's youngeſt ſon?

Roſ. The duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore enſue, that you ſhould love his ſon dearly? By this kind of chaſe,[7] I ſhould hate him, for my

[6] i. e. for him whom I hope to marry, and have children by. THEOBALD.

[7] That is, by this way of *following* the argument. *Dear* is uſed by Shakſpeare in a double ſenſe for *beloved*, and for *hurtful*, *hated*, *baleful*. Both ſenſes are authoriſed, and doth drawn from etymology; but properly, *beloved* is *dear*, and *hateful* is *dere*. Roſalind uſes *dearly* in the good, and Celia in the bad ſenſe, JOHNSON.

father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No 'faith, hate him not, for my ſake.

Cel. Why ſhould I not? doth he not deſerve well? [8]

Ros. Let me love him for that; and do you love him, becauſe I do:—Look, here comes the duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter Duke FREDERICK, *with* Lords.

Duke F. Miſtreſs, deſpatch you with your ſafeſt haſte,
And get you from our court.

Ros. Me uncle?

Duke F. You, couſin:
Within theſe ten days if that thou be'ſt found
So near our publick court as twenty miles,
Thou dieſt for it.

Ros. I do beſeech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with myſelf I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own deſires;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantick,
(As I do truſt I am not,) then, dear uncle,
Never, ſo much as in a thought unborn,
Did I offend your highneſs.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors;
If their purgation did conſiſt in words,
They are as innocent as grace itſelf:—
Let it ſuffice thee, that I truſt thee not.

Ros. Yet your miſtruſt cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me, whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough.

Ros. So was I, when your highneſs took his dukedom;
So was I, when your highneſs baniſh'd him:
Treaſon is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then,

[8] Celia anſwers Roſalind, (who had deſired her "*not to hate* Orlando, for her ſake,") as if ſhe had ſaid—"*love* him, for my ſake:" to which the former replies. "Why ſhould I *not* [i. e. love him.] MALONE.

Then, good my liege, miſtake me not ſo much,
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear ſovereign, hear me ſpeak.

Duke F. Ay, Celia; we ſtay'd her for your ſake,
Elſe had ſhe with her father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her ſtay,
It was your pleaſure, and your own remorſe;
I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her: if ſhe be a traitor,
Why ſo am I; we ſtill have ſlept together,
Roſe at an inſtant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;[9]
And whereſoe'er we went, like Juno's ſwans,
Still we went coupled, and inſeparable.

Duke F. She is too ſubtle for thee; and her ſmoothneſs,
Her very ſilence, and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: ſhe robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt ſhow more bright, and ſeem more virtuous,[2]
When ſhe is gone: then open not thy lips;
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have paſs'd upon her; ſhe is baniſh'd.

Cel. Pronounce that ſentence then on me, my liege;
I cannot live out of her company.

Duke F. You are a fool:—You, niece, provide yourſelf;
If you out-ſtay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatneſs of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt Duke* FREDERICK *and* Lords.

Cel. O my poor Roſalind! whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Roſ. I have more cauſe.

Cel. Thou haſt not, couſin;
Pr'ythee, be cheerful: know'ſt thou not, the duke
Hath baniſh'd me his daughter?

[9] Youthful friendſhip is deſcribed in nearly the ſame terms in a book publiſhed the year in which this play firſt appeared in print. "They ever went together, *plaid* together, *eate* together, and uſually *ſlept* together, out of the great love that was between them." *Life of Guzman de Alfarache*, folio, 1623. REED.

[2] When ſhe was ſeen alone, ſhe would be more noted. JOHNSON.

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No? hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one: [3]
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?
No; let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me, how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us:
And do not seek to take your change upon you, [4]
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

Cel. To seek my uncle.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far?
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber smirch my face; [5]
The like do you; so shall we pass along,
And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-ax [6] upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and (in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will,)
We'll have a swashing [7] and a martial outside;

As

3 The poet certainly wrote—*which teacheth* me. For if Rosalind had learnt to think Celia one part of herself, she could not *lack* that love which Celia complains she does. WARBURTON.

Either reading may stand. The sense of the established text is not remote or obscure. Where would be the absurdity of saying, *You know not the law which teaches you to do right?* JOHNSON.

4 i. e. to take your *change* or *reverse of fortune* upon yourself, without any aid or participation. MALONE.

I have inserted this note, but without implicit confidence in the reading it explains. The second folio has—*charge*. STEEVENS.

5 *Umber* is a dusky yellow-coloured earth, brought from Umbria in Italy. MALONE.

6 Or *cutlace*, a broad sword. JOHNSON.

7 A *swashing* outside is an appearance of noisy, bullying valour. *Swash-*

ing

As many other mannish cowards have,
That do outface it with their semblances.
Cel. What shall I call thee, when thou art a man?
Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page,
And therefore look you call me, Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd?
Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state;
No longer Celia, but Aliena.
Ros. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?
Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him: Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together;
Devise the fittest time, and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight: Now go we in content,
To liberty, and not to banishment. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Forest of Arden.

Enter Duke *senior*, AMIENS, *and other Lords, in the dress of Foresters.*

Duke S. Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,[8]

ing blow is mentioned in *Romeo and Juliet*; and, in *King Henry V*, the Boy says:—"As young as I am, I have observed these three *swashers*;" meaning Nym, Pistol, and Bardolph. STEEVENS.

[8] The old copy reads—"not *the penalty*"—. STEEVENS.

What was the penalty of Adam, hinted at by our poet? The being sensible of the difference of the seasons. The Duke says, the cold and

effects

The ſeaſons' difference; as, the icy fang,
And churliſh chiding of the winter's wind;
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I ſhrink with cold, I ſmile, and ſay,—
This is no flattery: theſe are counſellors
That feelingly perſuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uſes of adverſity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head: [9]
And this our life, exempt from publick haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in ſtones, and good in every thing.

Ami. I would not change it: [2] Happy is your grace, That

effects of the winter feelingly perſuade him what he is. How does he *not* then feel the penalty? Doubtleſs, the text muſt be reſtored as I have corrected it: and it is obvious in the courſe of theſe notes, how often *not* and *but* by miſtake have changed place in our author's former editions.

9 It was the current opinion in Shakſpeare's time, that in the head of an old toad was to be found a ſtone, or pearl, to which great virtues were aſcribed. This ſtone has been often ſought, but nothing has been found more than accidental or perhaps morbid indurations of the ſkull.

JOHNSON.

In a book called *A Green Foreſt, or a Natural Hiſtory*, &c. by John Maplet, 1567, is the following account of this imaginary gem: "In this ſtone is apparently ſeene verie often the verie forme of a tode, with deſpotted and coloured feete, but thoſe uglye and deſuſedly. It is available againſt envenoming."

Pliny, in the 32d book of his *Natural Hiſtory*, aſcribes many wonderful qualities to a *bone* found in the right ſide of a *toad*, but makes no mention of any gem in its head. This deficiency however is abundantly ſupplied by Edward Fenton, in his *Secrete Wonders of Nature*, 4to. bl. l. 1569, who ſays, "That there is founde in the *heades* of old and great *toades*, a *ſtone* which they call Borax or Stelon: it is moſt commonly founde in the *head* of a hee *toad*, of power to repulſe poyſons, and that it is a moſt ſoveraigne medicine for the ſtone."

Thomas Lupton, in his *Firſt Booke of Notable Things*, 4to. bl l. bears repeated teſtimony to the virtues of the "*Tode-ſtone*, called *Crapaudinæ*." In his *Seventh Booke* he inſtructs us how to procure it; and afterwards tells us—"You ſhall knowe whether the *Tode-ſtone* be the ryght and perfect ſtone or not. Holde the ſtone before a Tode, ſo that he may ſee it; and if it be a ryght and true ſtone the Tode will leape towarde it, and make as though he would ſnatch it: He envieth ſo much that man ſhould have that ſtone." STEEVENS.

[2] Mr. Upton, not without probability, gives theſe words to the Duke, and makes Amiens begin—*Happy is your grace.* JOHNSON.

That can tranſlate the ſtubbornneſs of fortune
Into ſo quiet and ſo ſweet a ſtyle.

Duke S. Come, ſhall we go and kill us veniſon?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,—
Being native burghers of this deſert city,[3]—
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads[4]
Have their round haunches gor'd.

1 *Lord.* Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, ſwears you do more uſurp
Than doth your brother that hath baniſh'd you.
To-day, my lord of Amiens, and myſelf,
Did ſteal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whoſe antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor ſequeſter'd ſtag,
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languiſh; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth ſuch groans,
That their diſcharge did ſtretch his leathern coat
Almoſt to burſting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent noſe
In piteous chaſe: and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremeſt verge of the ſwift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S. But what ſaid Jaques?
Did he not moralize this ſpectacle?

1 *Lord.* O, yes, into a thouſand ſimiles.
Firſt, for his weeping in the needleſs ſtream;[5]
Poor deer, quoth he, *thou mak'ſt a teſtament*
As worldlings do, giving thy ſum of more
To that which had too much: Then, being alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
'Tis right, quoth he; *thus miſery doth part*
The flux of company: Anon, a careleſs herd,

Full

3 In Sidney's *Arcadia*, the deer are called "the wild *burgeſſes* of the foreſt." STEEVENS.

4 i. e. with *arrows*, the points of which were *barbed*. STEEVENS.

5 The ſtream that wanted not a ſupply of moiſture. MALONE.

Full of the paſture, jumps along by him,
And never ſtays to greet him; *Ay*, quoth Jaques,
Sweep on, you fat and greaſy citizens;
'Tis juſt the faſhion: Wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?
Thus moſt invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life: ſwearing, that we
Are mere uſurpers, tyrants, and what's worſe,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,
In their aſſign'd and native dwelling place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

2 *Lord.* We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the ſobbing deer.

Duke S. Show me the place;
I love to cope him [7] in theſe ſullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

2 *Lord.* I'll bring you to him ſtraight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter Duke FREDERICK, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Duke F. Can it be poſſible, that no man ſaw them?
It cannot be: ſome villains of my court
Are of conſent and ſufferance in this.

1 *Lord.* I cannot hear of any that did ſee her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed; and, in the morning early,
They found the bed untreaſur'd of their miſtreſs.

2 *Lord.* My lord, the royniſh clown,[8] at whom ſo oft
Your grace was wont to laugh, is alſo miſſing.
Heſperia, the princeſs' gentlewoman,
Confeſſes, that ſhe ſecretly o'er-heard

Your

7 To encounter him; to engage with him. JOHNSON.

8 *Royniſh* from *rogneux*, Fr. mangy, ſcurvy.

We are not to ſuppoſe the word is literally employed by Shakſpeare, but in the ſame ſenſe that the French ſtill uſe *carogne*, a term of which Moliere is not very ſparing in ſome of his pieces. STEEVENS.

Your daughter and her couſin much commend
The parts and graces of the wreſtler
That did but lately foil the ſinewy Charles;
And ſhe believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is ſurely in their company.

Duke F. Send to his brother; [9] fetch that gallant hither;
If he be abſent, bring his brother to me,
I'll make him find him: do this ſuddenly;
And let not ſearch and inquiſition quail [2]
To bring again theſe fooliſh runaways. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Before Oliver's *Houſe.*

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM, *meeting.*

Orl. Who's there?

Adam. What! my young maſter?—O, my gentle maſter,
O, my ſweet maſter, O you memory [3]
Of old ſir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, ſtrong, and valiant?
Why would you be ſo fond [4] to overcome
The bony priſer [5] of the humourous duke?
Your praiſe is come too ſwiftly home before you.
Know you not, maſter, to ſome kind of men

Their

[9] I believe we ſhould read—*brother's*. For when the Duke ſays in the following words: "Fetch that gallant hither;" he certainly means Orlando. M. MASON.

[2] To *quail* is to *faint*, to ſink into dejection. STEEVENS.

[3] Shakſpeare often uſes *memory* for *memorial*: and Beaumont and Fletcher ſometimes. STEEVENS.

[4] i. e. ſo indiſcreet, ſo inconſiderate. STEEVENS.

[5] In the former editions—*The* bonny *priſer*. We ſhould read—bony *priſer*. For this wreſtler is characteriſed for his ſtrength and bulk, not for his gaiety or good humour. WARBURTON.

So, Milton: "Giants of mighty *bone*." JOHNSON.

The word *bonny* occurs more than once in the novel from which this play of *As you Like it* is taken. It is likewiſe much uſed by the common people in the northern counties. I believe, however, *bony* to be the true reading. MALONE.

Their graces ſerve them but as enemies?
No more do yours; your virtues, gentle maſter,
Are ſanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

Orl. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth,
Come not within theſe doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother—(no, no brother; yet the ſon—
Yet not the ſon;—I will not call him ſon—
Of him I was about to call his father,)—
Hath heard your praiſes; and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you uſe to lie,
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off:
I overheard him, and his practices.
This is no place,[6] this houſe is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldſt thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, ſo you come not here.

Orl. What, wouldſt thou have me go and beg my food?
Or, with a baſe and boiſterous ſword, enforce
A thieviſh living on the common road?
This I muſt do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will ſubject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood,[7] and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not ſo: I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I ſav'd under your father,

Which

[6] *Place* here ſignifies a *ſeat*, a *manſion*, a *reſidence*. So, in the firſt Book of *Samuel*: "Saul ſet him up a *place*, and is gone down to Gilgal." We ſtill uſe the word in compound with another, as—St. James's *place*, Rathbone *place*; and Croſby *place* in *K. Richard III.* &c. STEEVENS.

Plas, in the Welſh language, ſignifies a manſion-houſe. MALONE.

Steevens's explanation of this paſſage is too refined. Adam means merely to ſay—"This is no *place* for you." M. MASON.

[7] Blood turned out of the courſe of nature. JOHNSON.

To *divert* a water courſe, that is, to *change its courſe*, was a common legal phraſe, and an object of litigation in Weſtminſter Hall in our author's time, as it is at preſent. REED.

Which I did ſtore, to be my foſter-nurſe,
When ſervice ſhould in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown ;
Take that : and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the ſparrow,[8]
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold ;
All this I give you : Let me be your ſervant ;
Though I look old, yet I am ſtrong and luſty :
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood ;[9]
Nor did not with unbaſhful forehead woo
The means of weakneſs and debility ;
Therefore my age is as a luſty winter,
Froſty, but kindly : let me go with you ;
I'll do the ſervice of a younger man
In all your buſineſs and neceſſities.

Orl. O good old man ; how well in thee appears
The conſtant ſervice of the antique world,
When ſervice ſweat for duty, not for meed !
Thou art not for the faſhion of theſe times,
Where none will ſweat, but for promotion ;
And having that, do choke their ſervice up
Even with the having : [2] it is not ſo with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prun'ſt a rotten tree,
That cannot ſo much as a bloſſom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and huſbandry :
But come thy ways, we'll go along together ;
And ere we have thy youthful wages ſpent,
We'll light upon ſome ſettled low content.

Adam. Maſter, go on ; and I will follow thee,
To the laſt gaſp, with truth and loyalty.—
From ſeventeen years [3] till now almoſt fourſcore

Here

[8] See Saint *Luke*, xii. 6. and 24. DOUCE.

[9] That is, liquors which inflame the blood or ſenſual paſſions, and incite them to rebel againſt Reaſon. MALONE.

Perhaps he only means liquors that *rebel* againſt the conſtitution. STEEVENS.

[2] Even with the *promotion* gained by ſervice is ſervice extinguiſhed. JOHNSON.

[3] The old copy reads—*ſeventy*. The correction which is fully ſupported by the context, was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At ſeventeen years many their fortunes ſeek;
But at fourſcore, it is too late a week:
Yet fortune cannot recompence me better,
Than to die well, and not my maſter's debtor. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Foreſt of Arden.

Enter ROSALIND *in boy's clothes*, CELIA *dreſt like a Shepherdeſs, and* TOUCHSTONE.

Roſ. O Jupiter! how weary are my ſpirits![4]

Touch. I care not for my ſpirits, if my legs were not weary.

Roſ. I could find in my heart to diſgrace my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman: but I muſt comfort the weaker veſſel, as doublet and hoſe ought to ſhow itſelf courageous to petticoat: therefore, courage, good Aliena.

Cel. I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go no further.

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you, than bear you: yet I ſhould bear no croſs,[5] If I did bear you; for, I think, you have no money in your purſe.

Roſ. Well, this is the foreſt of Arden.

Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden: the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers muſt be content.

Roſ.

[4] The old copy reads—*how* merry, &c. STEEVENS.

And yet, within the ſpace of one intervening line, ſhe ſays, ſhe could find in her heart to diſgrace her man's apparel, and *cry* like a woman. Sure, this is but a very bad ſympton of the *briſkneſs of ſpirits*: rather a direct proof of the contrary diſpoſition. Mr. Warburton and I, concurred in conjecturing it ſhould be, as I have reformed in the text:—*how* weary *are my ſpirits!* And the Clown's reply makes this reading certain. THEOBALD.

She invokes Jupiter, becauſe he was ſuppoſed to be always in good ſpirits. A *Jovial* man was a common phraſe in our author's time. MALONE.

[5] A *croſs* was a piece of money ſtamped with a *croſs*. On this our author is perpetually quibbling. STEEVENS.

Roſ. Ay, be ſo, good Touchſtone:—Look you, who comes here; a young man, and an old, in ſolemn talk.

Enter CORIN *and* SILVIUS.

Cor. That is the way to make her ſcorn you ſtill.
Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'ſt how I do love her!
Cor. I partly gueſs; for I have lov'd ere now.
Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canſt not gueſs;
Though in thy youth thou waſt as true a lover
As ever ſigh'd upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy love were ever like to mine,
(As ſure I think did never man love ſo,)
How many actions moſt ridiculous
Haſt thou been drawn to by thy fantaſy?
Cor. Into a thouſand that I have forgotten.
Sil. O, thou didſt then ne'er love ſo heartily:
If thou remember'ſt not the ſlighteſt folly [6]
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou haſt not lov'd:
Or if thou haſt not ſat as I do now,
Wearying thy hearer in thy miſtreſs' praiſe,
Thou haſt not lov'd;
Or if thou haſt not broke from company,
Abruptly, as my paſſion now makes me,
Thou haſt not lov'd:—O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!

[*Exit* SILVIUS.

Roſ. Alas, poor ſhepherd! ſearching of thy wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine own.
Touch. And I mine: I remember, when I was in love, I broke my ſword upon a ſtone, and bid him take that for coming anight to Jane Smile: and I remember the kiſſing of her batlet,[7] and the cow's dugs that her pretty chop'd hands

[6] I am inclined to believe that from this paſſage *Suckling* took the hint of his ſong:

"Honeſt lover, whoſoever,
"If in all thy love there ever
"Was one wav'ring thought, &c. JOHNSON.

[7] The inſtrument with which waſhers beat their coarſe cloaths. JOHNSON.

hands had milk'd: and I remember the wooing of a peaſcod inſtead of her; from whom I took two cods,[8] and, giving her them again, ſaid with weeping tears,[9] *Wear theſe for my ſake.* We, that are true lovers, run into ſtrange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, ſo is all nature in love mortal in folly.[2]

Roſ. Thou ſpeak'ſt wiſer, than thou art 'ware of.

Touch. Nay, I ſhall ne'er be 'ware of mine own wit, till I break my ſhins againſt it.

Roſ. Jove! Jove? this ſhepherd's paſſion
Is much upon my faſhion.

Touch. And mine; but it grows ſomething ſtale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you queſtion yond man,
If he for gold will give us any food;
I faint almoſt to death.

Touch. Holla; you, clown!

Roſ. Peace, fool; he's not thy kinſman.

Cor.

[8] For *cods* it would be more like ſenſe to read—*peas*, which having the ſhape of pearls, reſembled the common preſents of lovers. JOHNSON.

In a ſchedule of jewels in the 15th Vol. of *Rymer's Fœdera*, we find, "Item, two *peaſcoddes* of gold with 17 pearles." FARMER.

Peaſcods was the ancient term for *peas* as they are brought to market. STEEVENS.

In the following paſſage, however, Touchſtone's preſent certainly ſignifies not the *pea* but the *pod*, and ſo, I believe, the word is uſed here. "He [Richard II.] alſo uſed a *peaſcod* branch with the *cods* open, but the *peas* out, as it is upon his robe in his monument at Weſtminſter." Camden's Remains 1614. Here we ſee the *cods* and not the *peas* were worn. Why Shakſpeare uſed the former word rather than *pods*, which appears to have had the ſame meaning, is obvious. MALONE.

The *peaſcod* certainly means the whole of the pea as it hangs upon the ſtalk. It was formerly uſed as an ornament in dreſs, and was repreſented with the ſhell open exhibiting the peas. The paſſage cited from Rymer by Dr. Farmer, ſhows that the peas were ſometimes made of pearls, and rather overturns Dr. Johnſon's conjecture, who probably imagined that Touchſtone took the *cods* from the *peaſcods*, and not from his miſtreſs. DOUCE.

[9] A ridiculous expreſſion from a ſonnet in Lodge's *Roſalynd*, the novel on which this comedy is founded. STEEVENS.

[2] This expreſſion I do not well underſtand. In the middle counties, *mortal*, from *mort*, a great quantity, is uſed as a particle of amplification; as *mortal tall*, *mortal little*. Of this ſenſe I believe Shakſpeare takes advantage to produce one of his darling equivocations. Thus the meaning will be, *ſo is all nature in love* abounding *in folly*. JOHNSON.

Cor. Who calls?
Touch. Your betters, ſir.
Cor. Elſe are they very wretched.
Roſ. Peace, I ſay:—
Good even to you, friend.
Cor. And to you, gentle ſir, and to you all.
Roſ. I pr'ythee, ſhepherd, if that love, or gold,
Can in this deſert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may reſt ourſelves, and feed:
Here's a young maid with travel much oppreſs'd,
And faints for ſuccour.
Cor. Fair ſir, I pity her,
And wiſh for her ſake, more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her:
But I am ſhepherd to another man,
And do not ſheer the fleeces that I graze;
My maſter is of churliſh diſpoſition,
And little recks[3] to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hoſpitality:
Beſides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed,
Are now on ſale, and at our ſheepcote now,
By reaſon of his abſence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come ſee,
And in my voice moſt welcome ſhall you be.[4]
Roſ. What is he that ſhall buy his flock and paſture?
Cor. That young ſwain that you ſaw here but erewhile,
That little cares for buying any thing.
Roſ. I pray thee, if it ſtand with honeſty,
Buy thou the cottage, paſture and the flock,
And thou ſhalt have to pay for it of us.
Cel. And we will mend thy wages: I like this place,
And willingly could waſte my time in it.
Cor. Aſſuredly, the thing is to be ſold:
Go with me; if you like, upon report,
The ſoil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right ſuddenly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

3 *And little* recks—] i. e. heeds, cares for. STEEVENS.

4 *In my voice*, as far as I have a voice or vote, as far as I have power to bid you welcome. JOHNSON.

SCENE V.

The ſame.

Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, *and Others.*

SONG.

Ami. *Under the greenwood tree,*
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune[5] *his merry note*
Unto the ſweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here ſhall he ſee
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, monſieur Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it. More, I pr'ythee, more. I can ſuck melancholy out of a ſong, as a weazel ſucks eggs: More, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. My voice is ragged; I know, I cannot pleaſe you.

Jaq. I do not deſire you to pleaſe me, I do deſire you to ſing: Come, more; another ſtanza; Call you them ſtanzas?

Ami. What you will, monſieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing: Will you ſing?

Ami. More at your requeſt, than to pleaſe myſelf.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you: but that they call compliment, is like the encounter of two dog-apes; and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks, I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, ſing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the ſong.—Sirs, cover the while; the duke

[5] The old copy has *turne*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.
The old copy may be right, though Mr. Pope, &c. read *tune*. To *turn a tune* or a *note*, is ſtill a current phraſe among vulgar muſicians.
STEEVENS.

duke will drink under this tree:—he hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable[6] for my company: I think of as many matters as he; but I give heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG.

Who doth ambition shun, [All together here]
And loves to live i' the sun,[7]
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes:

If it do come to pass,
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame.[8]
Here shall he see,
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to Ami.

Ami.

6 ——*disputable*—] for *disputatious.* MALONE.

7 Modern editions, *to lie.* JOHNSON.

To live i' the sun, is to labour and "sweat in the eye of Phœbus," or, *vitam agere sub dio*; for by *lying* in the sun, how could they get the food they eat? TOLLET.

8 For *ducdame*, Sir Thomas Hanmer, very acutely and judiciously, reads *duc ad me*, that is, *bring him to me.* JOHNSON.

If *duc ad me* were right, Amiens would not have asked its meaning, and been put off with "a *Greek invocation.*" It is evidently a word coined *for the nonce.* We have here, as Butler says, "One for *sense*, and one for *rhyme.*"—Indeed we must have a *double rhyme*; or this stanza cannot well be sung to the same tune with the former. I read thus:

Ami. What's that *ducdàme?*

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go ſleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail againſt all the firſt-born of Egypt.[9]

Ami. And I'll go ſeek the duke; his banquet is prepar'd.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE VI.

The ſame.

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

Adam. Dear maſter, I can go no further: O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and meaſure out my grave. Farewell, kind maſter.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyſelf a little: If this uncouth

" *Ducdàme, Ducdàme, Ducdàme,*
" Here ſhall he ſee
" Groſs fools as he,
" An' if he will come to *Ami.*"

That is to Amiens. Jaques did not mean to ridicule himſelf. FARMER.

Duc ad me has hitherto been received as an alluſion to the burthen of Amiens's ſong,

Come hither, come hither, come hither.

That Amiens, who is a courtier, ſhould not underſtand Latin, or be perſuaded it was Greek, is no great matter for wonder. An anonymous correſpondent propoſes to read—*Huc ad me.*

In confirmation of the old reading, however, Dr. Farmer obſerves to me, that, being at a houſe not far from Cambridge, when news was brought that the hen-rooſt was robbed, a facetious old ſquire who was preſent, immediately ſung the following ſtanza, which has an odd coincidence with the ditty of Jaques:

" *Damè,* what makes your ducks to die?
" *duck, duck, duck.*——
" *Damè,* what makes your chicks to cry?
" chuck, chuck, chuck.——"

I have placed Dr. Farmer's emendation in the text. *Ducdàme* is a triſſyllable. STEEVENS.

See Hor. Serm. L. II. ſat. iii: MALONE.

[9] A proverbial expreſſion for high-born perſons. JOHNSON.

The phraſe is ſcriptural, as well as proverbial. So, in *Exodus*, xii. 29: " And the Lord ſmote *all the firſt-born in Egypt.*" STEEVENS.

uncouth foreſt yield any thing ſavage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my ſake, be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end: I will here be with thee preſently; and if I bring thee not ſomething to eat, I'll give thee leave to die: but if thou dieſt before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well ſaid! thou look'ſt cheerly: and I'll be with thee quickly.—Yet thou lieſt in the bleak air: Come, I will bear thee to ſome ſhelter; and thou ſhalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this deſert. Cheerly, good Adam! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The ſam.

A table ſet out. Enter Duke *Senior*, AMIENS, *Lords, and Others.*

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beaſt;
For I can no where find him like a man.

1 *Lord.* My lord, he is but even now gone hence;
Here was he merry, hearing of a ſong.

Duke S. If he, compact of jars,[2] grow muſical,
We ſhall have ſhortly diſcord in the ſpheres:—
Go, ſeek him; tell him, I would ſpeak with him.

Enter JAQUES.

1 *Lord.* He ſaves my labour by his own approach.

Duke S. Why, how now, monſieur! what a life is this,
That your poor friends muſt woo your company?
What! you look merrily.

Jaq. A fool, a fool!——I met a fool i' the foreſt,
A motley fool;—a miſerable world![3]—

As

[2] i. e. made up of diſcords. STEEVENS.

[3] What! becauſe he met a *motley fool*, was it therefore *a miſerable world?* This is ſadly blundered; we ſhould read:

——*a miſerable* varlet.

His

As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.
Good-morrow, fool, quoth I: *No, sir,* quoth he,
Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune: [4]
And then he drew a dial from his poke;
And looking on it with a lack-lustre eye,
Says, very wisely, *It is ten o'clock:*
Thus may we see, quoth he, *how the world wags:*
'Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine;
And after one hour more, 'twill be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot, and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative;
And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his dial.—O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.[5]

Duke S. What fool is this?

Jaq.

His head is altogether running on this fool, both before and after these words, and here he calls him *a miserable varlet*, notwithstanding he *railed on lady Fortune in good terms*, &c. Nor is the change we may make, so great as appears at first sight. WARBURTON.

I see no need of changing *world* to *varlet*, nor, if a change were necessary, can I guess how it should certainly be known that *varlet* is the true word. *A miserable world* is a parenthetical exclamation, frequent among melancholy men, and natural to Jaques at the sight of a fool, or at the hearing of reflections on the fragility of life. JOHNSON.

[4] *Fortuna favet fatuis*, is, as Mr. Upton observes, the saying here alluded to; or, as in Publius Syrus:

"*Fortuna, nimium quem fovet, stultum facit.*" REED.

[5] It would have been unnecessary to repeat that a *motley*, or *party coloured coat* was anciently the dress of a fool, had not the editor of Ben Jonson's works been mistaken in his comment on the 53d *Epigram*:

"————where, out of *motley*,'s he
"Could save that line to dedicate to thee?"

Motley, says Mr. Whalley, is the man who *out of any* odd mixture, or old scraps, could save, &c. whereas it means only, *Who but a fool*, i. e. *one in a suit of motley*, &c. STEEVENS.

Jaq. O worthy fool!—One that hath been a courtier;
d ſays, if ladies be but young, and fair,
ey have the gift to know it: and in his brain,—
nich is as dry as the remainder biſket
ter a voyage,—he hath ſtrange places cramm'd
ith obſervation, the which he vents
mangled forms:—O, that I were a fool!
am ambitious for a motley coat.
Duke S. Thou ſhalt have one.
Jaq. It is my only ſuit;[6]
rovided, that you weed your better judgments
)f all opinion that grows rank in them,
That I am wiſe. I muſt have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I pleaſe; for ſo fools have:
And they that are moſt galled with my folly,
They moſt muſt laugh: And why, ſir, muſt they ſo?
The *why* is plain as way to pariſh church:
He, that a fool doth very wiſely hit,
Doth very fooliſhly, although he ſmart,
Not to ſeem ſenſeleſs of the bob:[7] if not,
The wiſe man's folly is anatomiz'd
Even by the ſquandring glances of the fool.[8]
Inveſt me in my motley; give me leave
To ſpeak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanſe the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

[6] *Suit* means *petition*, I believe, not *dreſs*. JOHNSON.
The poet meant a quibble. So, Act V: "Not out of your *apparel*, but out of your *ſuit*." STEEVENS.

[7] The old copies read only—*Seem ſenſeleſs*, &c. *Not to* were ſupplied by Mr. Theobald. See the following note. STEEVENS.
Beſides that the third verſe is defective one whole *foot* in meaſure, the tenour of what Jaques continues to ſay, and the reaſoning of the paſſage, ſhow it no leſs defective in the ſenſe. There is no doubt, but the two little monoſyllables, which I have ſupplied, were either by accident wanting in the manuſcript, or by inadvertence were left out.
THEOBALD.

[8] Unleſs men have the prudence not to appear touched with the ſarcaſms of a jeſter, they ſubject themſelves to his power; and the wiſe man will have his folly *anatomiſed*, that is, *diſſected* and *laid open*, by the *ſquandring glances* or *random ſhots* of a fool. JOHNSON.

Duke S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldſt do.
Jaq. What, for a counter,[9] would I do, but good?
Duke S. Moſt miſchievous foul ſin, in chiding ſin:
For thou thyſelf haſt been a libertine,
As ſenſual as the brutiſh ſting[2] itſelf;
And all the embоſſed ſores, and headed evils,
That thou with licence of free foot haſt caught,
Wouldſt thou diſgorge into the general world.
Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the ſea,
Till that the very very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I ſay, The city-woman bears
The coſt of princes on unworthy ſhoulders?
Who can come in, and ſay, that I mean her,
When ſuch a one as ſhe, ſuch is her neighbour?
Or what is he of baſeſt function,
That ſays, his bravery[3] is not on my coſt,
(Thinking that I mean him,) but therein ſuits
His folly to the mettle of my ſpeech?
There then; How, what then? Let me ſee wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himſelf; if he be free,
Why then, my taxing like a wild gooſe flies,
Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here?

Enter ORLANDO, *with his ſword drawn.*

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.
Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.
Orl.

[9] Dr. Farmer obſerves to me, that about the time when this play was written, the French *counters* (i. e. pieces of falſe money uſed as a means of reckoning) were brought into uſe in England. STEEVENS.

[2] Though the *brutiſh ſting* is capable of a ſenſe not inconvenient in this paſſage, yet as it is a harſh and unuſual mode of ſpeech, I ſhould read the *brutiſh fly*. JOHNSON.

I believe the old reading is the true one. So in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. I. c. viii:

"A heard of bulls whom kindly rage doth *ſting*."

STEEVENS.

[3] ——*his* bravery—] i. e. his fine clothes. STEEVENS.

Orl. Nor ſhalt not, till neceſſity be ſerv'd.
Jaq. Of what kind ſhould this cock come of?
Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy diſtreſs;
Or elſe a rude deſpiſer of good manners,
That in civility thou ſeem'ſt ſo empty?
Orl. You touch'd my vein at firſt; the thorny point
Of bare diſtreſs hath ta'en [4] from me the ſhow
Of ſmooth civility: yet am I inland bred,[5]
And know ſome nurture: [6] But forbear, I ſay;
He dies, that touches any of this fruit,
Till I and my affairs are anſwered.
Jaq. An you will not be anſwered with reaſon,
I muſt die.
Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleneſs ſhall force,
More than your force move us to gentleneſs.
Orl. I almoſt die for food, and let me have it.
Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.
Orl. Speak you ſo gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought, that all things had been ſavage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of ſtern commandment: But whate'er you are,
That in this deſert inacceſſible,
Under the ſhade of melancholy boughs,
Loſe and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever ſat at any good man's feaſt;
If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied;
Let gentleneſs my ſtrong enforcement be:
In the which hope, I bluſh, and hide my ſword.
Duke S. True is it that we have ſeen better days;
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church;

4 We might read *torn* with more elegance, but elegance alone will not juſtify alteration. JOHNSON.

5 *Inland* here, and elſewhere in this play, is the oppoſite to *outland*, or *upland*. Orlando means to ſay, that he had not been *bred among clowns*. HOLT WHITE.

6 *Nurture* is *education*, breeding, manners. STEEVENS.

And ſat at good men's feaſts; and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that ſacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore ſit you down in gentleneſs,
And take upon command what help we have,[7]
That to your wanting may be miniſtred.

Orl. Then, but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary ſtep
Limp'd in pure love; till he be firſt ſuffic'd,—
Oppreſs'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,—
I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waſte till you return.

Orl. I thank ye; and be bleſs'd for your good comfort! [*Exit.*

Duke S. Thou ſeeſt, we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and univerſal theatre
Preſents more woeful pageants than the ſcene
Wherein we play in.

Jaq. All the world's a ſtage,[8]
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits, and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being ſeven ages.[9] At firſt, the infant,
Mewling

[7] *Upon command*, is at your own command. STEEVENS.

[8] This obſervation occurs in one of the fragments of Petronius: "Non duco contentionis funem, dum conſtet inter nos, quod fere, *totus mundus exerceat hiſtrioniam.*" STEEVENS.

This obſervation had been made in an Engliſh drama before the time of Shakſpeare. See *Damon and Pythias*, 1582:

"Pythagoras ſaid, that *this world was like a ſtage*,
"*Whereon many play their parts.*" MALONE.

[9] Dr. Warburton obſerves, that this was "*no unuſual* diviſion of a play before our author's time;" but forbears to offer any one example in ſupport of his aſſertion. I have carefully peruſed almoſt every dramatick piece antecedent to Shakſpeare, or contemporary with him; but ſo far from being divided into acts, they are almoſt all printed in an unbroken continuity of ſcenes. I ſhould add, that there is one play of ſix acts to be met with, and another of twenty-one; but the ſecond of theſe is a tranſlation from the Spaniſh, and never could have been deſigned for the ſtage.

Mewling and puking in the nurſe's arms;
And then, the whining ſchool-boy, with his ſatchel,
And ſhining morning face, creeping like ſnail

ſtage. In *God's Promiſes*, 1577, "A Tragedie or Enterlude," (or rather a *Myſtery*) by John Bale, ſeven acts may indeed be found.

STEEVENS.

Dr. Warburton boldly aſſerts that this was "*no unuſual* diviſion of a play before our author's time." One of Chapman's plays (*Two Wiſe Men and all the reſt Fools*) is indeed in ſeven acts. This, however, is the only dramatick piece that I have found ſo divided. But ſurely it is not neceſſary to ſuppoſe that our author alluded here to any ſuch preciſe diviſion of the drama. His compariſons ſeldom run on four feet. It was ſufficient for him that a play was diſtributed into *ſeveral* acts, and that human life, long before his time, had been divided into *ſeven* periods. In *the Treaſury of Ancient and Modern Times*, 1613, Proclus, a Greek author, is ſaid to have divided the life-time of man into SEVEN AGES; over each of which one of the ſeven planets was ſuppoſed to rule." "The FIRST AGE is called *Infancy*, containing the ſpace of foure yeares.—The SECOND AGE continueth ten years, untill he attaine to the yeares of fourteene: this age is called *Childhood*.—The THIRD AGE conſiſteth of eight yeares, being named by our auncients *Adoleſcencie* or *Youthhood*; and it laſteth from fourteene, till two and twenty yeares be fully compleate.—The FOURTH AGE paceth on, till a man have accompliſhed two and fortie yeares, and is tearmed *Young Manhood*.—The FIFTH AGE, named *Mature Manhood*, hath (according to the ſaid authour) fifteene yeares of continuance, and therefore makes his progreſs ſo far as ſix and fifty yeares—Afterwards in adding twelve to fifty-ſixe, you ſhall make up ſixty-eight yeares, which reach to the end of the SIXT AGE, and is called *Old Age*.—The SEAVENTH and laſt of theſe ſeven ages is limited from ſixty-eight yeares, ſo far as four-ſcore and eight, being called weak, declining, and *Decrepite Age*.—If any man chance to goe beyond this age, (which is more admired than noted in many,) you ſhall evidently perceive that he will returne to his firſt condition of Infancy againe."

Hippocrates likewiſe divided the life of man into ſeven ages, but differs from Proclus in the number of years, allotted to each period. See Browne's *Vulgar Errors*, folio, 1686, p. 173. MALONE.

I have ſeen, more than once, an old print entitled, *The ſtage of Man's Life*. divided into ſeven ages. As emblematical repreſentations of this ſort were formerly ſtuck up, both for ornament and inſtruction, in the generality of houſes, it is more probable that Shakſpeare took his hint from thence, than from Hippocrates or Proclus. HENLEY.

One of the repreſentations to which Mr. Henley alludes, was formerly in my poſſeſſion; and conſidering the uſe it is of in explaining the paſſage before us, "I could have better ſpared a better *print*." I well remember that it exhibited the ſchool-boy *with his ſatchel* hanging over his ſhoulders.

STEEVENS.

Unwillingly to ſchool: And then, the lover;
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his miſtreſs' eye-brow: Then, a ſoldier;
Full of ſtrange oaths, and bearded like the pard,[2]
Jealous in honour, ſudden and quick[3] in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth: And then, the juſtice:
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes ſevere, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wiſe ſaws and modern inſtances,[4]
And ſo he plays his part: The ſixth age ſhifts
Into the lean and ſlipper'd pantaloon; [5]
With ſpectacles on noſe, and pouch on ſide;
His youthful hoſe well ſav'd, a world too wide
For his ſhrunk ſhank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childiſh treble, pipes
And whiſtles in his ſound: Laſt ſcene of all,
That ends this ſtrange eventful hiſtory,
Is ſecond childiſhneſs, and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, ſans eyes, ſans taſte, ſans every thing.

Re-enter

[2] *Beards* of different *cut* were appropriated in our author's time to different characters and profeſſions. The ſoldier had one faſhion, the judge another, the biſhop different from both, &c. MALONE.

[3] Leſt it ſhould be ſuppoſed that theſe epithets are ſynonymous, it is neceſſary to be obſerved that one of the ancient ſenſes of *ſudden*, is *violent*. STEEVENS.

[4] It is remarkable that Shakſpeare uſes *modern* in the double ſenſe that the Greeks uſed καινὸς, both for *recens* and *abſurdus*. WARBURTON.

I am in doubt whether *modern* is in this place uſed for *abſurd*: the meaning ſeems to be, that the juſtice is full of *old* ſayings and *late* examples. JOHNSON.

Modern means *trite, common*. So, in *K. John*:

"And ſcorns a *modern* invocation." STEEVENS.

[5] There is a greater beauty than appears at firſt ſight in this image. He is here comparing human life to a *ſtage play* of ſeven acts, (which is no unuſual diviſion before our author's time.) The ſixth he calls the *lean and ſlipper'd pantaloon*, alluding to that general character in the Italian comedy, called *Il Pantalóne*; who is a thin emaciated old man in *ſlippers*; and well deſigned, in that epithet, becauſe *Pantalóne* is the only character that acts in ſlippers. WARBURTON.

Re-enter ORLANDO, *with* ADAM.

Duke S. Welcome: Set down your venerable burden,[6]
And let him feed.

Orl. I thank you moſt for him.

Adam. So had you need;
I ſcarce can ſpeak to thank you for myſelf.

Duke S. Welcome, fall to: I will not trouble you
As yet, to queſtion you about your fortunes:—
Give us ſome muſick; and, good couſin, ing.

AMIENS *ſings.*

SONG.

I.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not ſo unkind
As man's ingratitude;[7]
Thy tooth is not ſo keen,
Becauſe thou art not ſeen,[8]
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh, ho! ſing, heigh, ho! unto the green holly:
Moſt friendſhip is feigning, moſt loving mere folly:
Then, heigh, ho, the holly!
This life is moſt jolly.

[6] Is it not likely that Shakſpeare had in his mind this line of the *Metamorphoſes?* XIII. 125:

"———*Patremque*
"*Fert humeris*, venerabile onus, *Æythereius heros.*" JOHNSON.

[7] That is, thy action is not ſo contrary to thy *kind*, or to human nature, as the ingratitude of man. MALONE.

[8] This ſong is deſigned to ſuit the Duke's exiled condition, who had been ruined by *ungrateful flatterers*. Now the *winter wind*, the ſong ſays, is to be preferred to *man's ingratitude*. But why? *Becauſe it is not* ſeen. But this was not only an aggravation of the injury, as it was done in ſecret, *not ſeen*, but was the very circumſtance that made the keenneſs of the ingratitude of his faithleſs courtiers. Without doubt, Shakſpeare wrote the line thus:

Becauſe thou art not ſheen,

i. e. ſmiling, ſhining, like an ungrateful court-ſervant, who flatters while he wounds, which was a very good reaſon for giving the *winter wind* the preference.

The

II.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,[9]
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.[2]
Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! &c.

Duke S.

The Oxford editor, who had this emendation communicated to him, takes occasion from hence to alter the whole line thus:

Thou causest not that teen.

But, in his rage of correction, he forgot to leave the reason, which is now wanting, Why the *winter wind* was to be preferred to *man's ingratitude.*

WARBURTON.

I am afraid that no reader is satisfied with Dr. Warburton's emendation, however vigorously eforced; and it is indeed enforced with more art than truth. *Sheen*, i. e *smiling, shining*. That *sheen* signifies *shining*, is easily proved, but when or where did it signify *smiling?* yet *smiling* gives the sense necessary in this place. Sir T. Hanmer's change is less uncouth, but too remote from the present text. For my part, I question whether the original line is not lost, and this substituted merely to fill up the measure and the rhyme. Yet even out of this line, by strong agitation may sense be elicited, and sense not unsuitable to the occasion. *Thou winter wind*, says Amiens, *thy rudeness gives the less pain*, as thou art not seen, *as thou art an enemy that dost not brave us with thy presence, and whose unkindness is therefore not aggravated by insult.* JOHNSON.

Though the old text may be tortured into a meaning, perhaps it would be as well to read:

Because the heart's not seen.

eye harts, according to the ancient mode of writing, was easily corrupted.

FARMER.

9 The surface of *waters*, so long as they remain unfrozen, is apparently a perfect plane; whereas, when they are, this surface deviates from its exact flatness, or *warps*. This is remarkable in small ponds, the surface of which when frozen, forms a regular concave; the ice on the sides rising higher than that in the middle. KENRICK.

To *warp* was probably in Shakspeare's time, a colloquial word, which conveyed no distant allusion to any thing else, physical or mechanical. To *warp* is to *turn*, and to *turn* is to *change*: when milk is *changed* by curdling, we now say it is *turned*: when water is *changed* or *turned* by frost, Shakspeare says, it is *curdled*. To be *warp'd* is only to be changed from its natural state. JOHNSON.

Dr.

Duke S. If that you were the good ſir Rowland's ſon,—
As you have whiſper'd faithfully, you were;
And as mine eye doth his effigies witneſs
Moſt truly limn'd, and living in your face,—
Be truly welcome hither: I am the duke,
That lov'd your father: The reſidue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy maſter is:—
Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes underſtand. [*Exeunt.*

Dr. Johnſon is certainly right. So, in *Cynthia's Revels*, of Ben Jonſon. "I know not, he's grown out of his garb a late, he's *warp'd*.—And ſo, methinks too, he *is* much *converted*." Thus the *mole* is called the mould-*warp*, becauſe it changes the appearance of the ſurface of the earth.

Dr. Farmer ſuppoſes *warp'd* to mean the ſame as *curdled*, and adds that a ſimilar idea occurs in *Timon*:

"——the icicle
"That *curdled* by the froſt," &c. STEEVENS.

Among a collection of Saxon adages in *Hickes's Theſaurus*, Vol. I. p. 221, the ſucceeding appears: pinzen rceal zeþeonpan peden, *winter ſhall warp water*. So that Shakſpeare's expreſſion was anciently proverbial. It ſhould be remarked, that among the numerous examples in *Manning's* excellent edition of *Lye's Dictionary*, there is no inſtance of peonpan or zepeonpan, implying to *freeze*, *bend*, *turn*, or *curdle*, though it is a verb of very extenſive ſignification.

Probably this word ſtill retains a ſimilar ſenſe in the Northern part of the Iſland, for in a Scottiſh parody on Dr. Percy's elegant ballad, beginning, "O Nancy, wilt thou go with me," I find the verſe "Nor ſhrink before the *wintry wind*," is altered to "Nor ſhrink before the *warping wind*." HOLT WHITE.

The meaning is this: Though the very waters, by thy agency, are forced, againſt the law of their nature, to *bend* from their ſtated level, yet thy ſting occaſions leſs anguiſh to man, than the ingratitude of thoſe he befriended. HENLEY.

Wood is ſaid to *warp* when its ſurface, from being level, becomes bent and uneven; from *warpan*, Sax. to caſt. So, in this play, Act III. ſc. iii: "——then one of you will prove a ſhrunk pannel, and, like green timber, *warp*, *warp*." I doubt whether the poet here alludes to any operation of froſt. The meaning may be only, Thou bitter wintry ſky, though thou *curleſt* the waters, thy ſting, &c. *Thou* in the line before us refers only to—*bitter ſky*. The influence of the winter's ſky or ſeaſon may, with ſufficient propriety, be ſaid to *warp* the ſurface of the ocean, by agitation of its waves alone. MALONE.

[2] *Remember'd* for *remembering*. MALONE.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter Duke FREDERICK, OLIVER, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Duke F. Not ſee him ſince? Sir, ſir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I ſhould not ſeek an abſent argument [3]
Of my revenge, thou preſent: But look to it;
Find out thy brother, whereſoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle; [4] bring him dead or living,
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To ſeek a living in our territory.
Thy lands, and all things that thou doſt call thine,
Worth ſeizure, do we ſeize into our hands;
Till thou canſt quit thee by thy brother's mouth,
Of what we think againſt thee.

Oli. O, that your highneſs knew my heart in this!
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke F. More villain thou.—Well, puſh him out of doors:
And let my officers of ſuch a nature
Make an extent upon his houſe and lands: [5]
Do this expediently,[6] and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

[3] An *argument* is uſed for the *contents* of a book, thence Shakſpeare conſidered it as meaning the *ſubject*, and then uſed it for *ſubject*, in yet another ſenſe. JOHNSON.

[4] Alluding, probably, to *St. Luke's* Goſpel, ch. xv. v. 8: "If ſhe loſe one piece, doth ſhe not light a *candle*,—and *ſeek* diligently till ſhe find it?" STEEVENS.

[5] "To make an *extent* of lands," is a legal phraſe, from the words of a writ, (*extendi facias*) whereby the ſheriff is directed to cauſe certain lands to be appraiſed to their full extended value, before he delivers them to the perſon entitled under a recognizance, &c. in order that it may be certainly known how ſoon the debt will be paid. MALONE.

[6] ——*expediently.*] That is, *expeditiouſly.* JOHNSON.

Expedient, throughout our author's plays, ſignifies—*expeditious.* So, in *King John*:

"His marches are *expedient* to this town." STEEVENS.

SCENE II.

The Foreſt.

Enter ORLANDO, *with a Paper.*

Orl. Hang there, my verſe, in witneſs of my love:
And, thou, thrice-crowned queen of night,[7] ſurvey
With thy chaſte eye, from thy pale ſphere above,
Thy huntreſs' name, that my full life doth ſway.
O Roſalind! theſe trees ſhall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;
That every eye, which in this foreſt looks,
Shall ſee thy virtue witneſs'd every where.
Run, run, Orlando; carve, on every tree,
The fair, the chaſte, and unexpreſſive[8] ſhe. [*Exit.*

Enter CORIN *and* TOUCHSTONE.

Cor. And how like you this ſhepherd's life, maſter Touchſtone?

Touch. Truly, ſhepherd, in reſpect of itſelf, it is a good life; but in reſpect that it is a ſhepherd's life, it is naught. In reſpect that it is ſolitary, I like it very well; but in reſpect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now in reſpect it is in the fields, it pleaſeth me well; but in reſpect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a ſpare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much againſt my ſtomach. Haſt any philoſophy in thee, ſhepherd?

Cor. No more, but that I know, the more one ſickens, the worſe at eaſe he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends:—That the

7 Alluding to the triple character of Proſerpine, Cynthia, and Diana, given by ſome mythologiſts to the ſame goddeſs, and compriſed in theſe memorial lines:

Terret, luſtrat, agit, Proſerpina, Luna, Diana,
Ima, ſuperna, feras, ſceptro, fulgore, ſagittis. JOHNSON.

8 ——*unexpreſſive*—] For *inexpreſſible.* JOHNSON.

the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn: That good paſture makes fat ſheep; and that a great cauſe of the night, is lack of the ſun: That he, that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.[9]

Touch. Such a one is a natural philoſopher.[2] Waſt ever in court, ſhepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope,——

Touch. Truly, thou art damn'd; like an ill-roaſted egg,[3] all on one ſide.

Cor.

[9] I am in doubt whether the cuſtom of the language in Shakſpeare's time did not authoriſe this mode of ſpeech, and make *complain of good breeding* the ſame with *complain* of the want of *good breeding*. In the laſt line of *The Merchant of Venice* we find that to *fear the keeping* is to *fear the not keeping*. JOHNSON.

I think, he means rather—*may complain of a good education*, for being ſo inefficient, of ſo little uſe to him. MALONE.

[2] The ſhepherd had ſaid all the philoſophy he knew was the property of things, that *rain wetted*, *fire burnt*, &c. And the Clown's reply, in a ſatire on phyſicks or natural philoſophy, though introduced with a quibble, is extremely juſt. For the natural philoſopher is indeed as ignorant (notwithſtanding all his parade of knowledge) of the *efficient* cauſe of things, as the ruſtic. It appears, from a thouſand inſtances, that our poet was well acquainted with the phyſicks of his time; and his great penetration enabled him to ſee this remedileſs defect of it. WARBURTON.

Shakſpeare is reſponſible for the *quibble* only, let the commentator anſwer for the *refinement*. STEEVENS.

The Clown calls Corin a *natural philoſopher*, becauſe he reaſons from his *obſervations on nature*. M. MASON.

A *natural* being a common term for a fool, Touchſtone, perhaps, means to quibble on the word. He may however only mean, that Corin is a ſelf-taught philoſopher; the diſciple of nature. MALONE.

[3] Of this jeſt I do not fully comprehend the meaning. JOHNSON.

There is a proverb, that *a fool is the beſt roaſter of an egg, becauſe he is always turning it*. This will explain how an egg may be *damn'd all on one ſide*; but will not ſufficiently ſhow how Touchſtone applies his ſimile with propriety; unleſs he means that he who has not been at court is but *half* educated. STEEVENS.

I believe there was nothing intended in the correſponding part of the ſimile, to anſwer to the words, "all on one ſide." Shakſpeare's ſimiles (as has been already obſerved) hardly ever run on four feet. Touchſtone, I apprehend, only means to ſay, that Corin is completely damned; as irretrievably

Cor. For not being at court? Your reaſon.

Touch. Why, if thou never waſt at court, thou never ſaw'ſt good manners; if thou never ſaw'ſt good manners, then thy manners muſt be wicked; and wickedneſs is ſin, and ſin is damnation: Thou art in a parlous ſtate, ſhepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchſtone: thoſe, that are good manners at the court, are as ridiculous in the country, as the behaviour of the country is moſt mockable at the court. You told me, you ſalute not at the court, but you kiſs your hands; that courteſy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were ſhepherds.

Touch. Inſtance, briefly; come, inſtance.

Cor. Why, we are ſtill handling our ewes; and their fells, you know, are greaſy.

Touch. Why, do not your courtier's hands ſweat? and is not the greaſe of a mutton as wholeſome as the ſweat of a man? Shallow, ſhallow: A better inſtance, I ſay; come.

Cor. Beſides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the ſooner. Shallow, again: A more ſounder inſtance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over with the ſurgery of our ſheep: And would you have us kiſs tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Touch. Moſt ſhallow man! Thou worms-meat, in reſpect of a good piece of fleſh: Indeed!—Learn of the wife, and perpend: Civet is of a baſer birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the inſtance, ſhepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me; I'll reſt.

Touch. Wilt thou reſt damn'd? God help thee, ſhallow man! God make inciſion in thee! [4] thou art raw.[5]

Cor.

retrievably deſtroyed as an egg that is utterly ſpoiled in the roaſting, by being done all on one ſide only. So, in a ſubſequent ſcene, "and both in a tune, like two gypſies on a horſe." Here the poet certainly meant that the ſpeaker and his companion ſhould ſing in uniſon, and thus *reſemble each other* as perfectly as two gypſies on a horſe;—not that two gypſies on a horſe ſing *both in a tune*. MALONE.

4 *To make inciſion* was a proverbial expreſſion then in vogue for, to make to underſtand. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Humorous Lieutenant*:

"——O excellent king,
"Thus he begins, thou life and light of creatures,
"Angel-ey'd king, vouchſafe at length thy favour;
"And ſo proceeds to *inciſion*."——

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer; I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happineſs; glad of other men's good, content with my harm: and the greateſt of my pride is, to ſee my ewes graze, and my lambs ſuck.

Touch. That is another ſimple ſin in you; to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle: to be bawd to a bell-wether;[6] and to betray a ſhe-lamb of a twelvemonth, to a crooked pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reaſonable match. If thou be'ſt not damn'd for this, the devil himſelf will have no ſhepherds; I cannot ſee elſe how thou ſhould'ſt 'ſcape.

Cor. Here comes young maſter Ganymede, my new miſtreſs's brother.

Enter ROSALIND, *reading a paper.*

Roſ. *From the eaſt to weſtern Ind,*
No jewel is like Roſalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Roſalind.
All the pictures, faireſt lin'd,[7]
Are but black to Roſalind.
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the fair of Roſalind.

Touch.

i. e. to make him underſtand what he would be at. WARBURTON.

Till I read Dr. Warburton's note, I thought the alluſion had been to that common expreſſion, of *cutting ſuch a one for the ſimples*; and I muſt own, after conſulting the paſſage in the *Humorous Lieutenant*, I have no reaſon to alter my ſuppoſition. The editors of Beaumont and Fletcher declare the phraſe to be unintelligible in that as well as in another play where it is introduced.

I find the ſame expreſſion in *Monſieur Thomas*:

"We'll bear the burthen: proceed to *inciſion*, fidler." STEEVENS.

I believe that Steevens has explained this paſſage juſtly, and am certain that Warburton has entirely miſtaken the meaning of that which he has quoted from *The Humourous Lieutenant*, which plainly alludes to the practice of the young gallants of the time, who uſed to cut themſelves in ſuch a manner as to make their blood flow, in order to ſhow their paſſion for their miſtreſſes, by drinking their healths, or writing verſes to them in blood. M. MASON.

5 i. e. thou art ignorant; unexperienced. MALONE.

6 *Wether* and *ram* had anciently the ſame meaning. JOHNSON.

7 i. e. moſt fairly *delineated*. Modern editors read—*limn'd*, but without authority, from the ancient copies. STEEVENS.

Touch. I'll rhime you ſo, eight years together; dinners, and ſuppers, and ſleeping hours excepted: it is the right butter-woman's rate to market.[8]

Roſ. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taſte:——

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him ſeek out Roſalind.
If the cat will after kind;
So, be ſure, will Roſalind.
Winter-garments muſt be lin'd,
So muſt ſlender Roſalind.
They that reap, muſt ſheaf and bind;
Then to cart with Roſalind.
Sweeteſt nut hath ſowreſt rind,
Such a nut is Roſalind.
He that ſweeteſt roſe will find,
Muſt find love's prick, and Roſalind.

This is the very falſe gallop of verſes;[9] Why do you infect yourſelf with them?

Roſ. Peace, you dull fool; I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Roſ. I'll graft it with you, and then I ſhall graft it with a medlar;

[8] So, Sir T. Hanmer. In the former editions—rank *to market*. JOHNSON.

Dr. Grey, as plauſibly, propoſes to read—*rant*. Gyll brawled like a *butter-whore*, is a line in an ancient medley. The ſenſe deſigned, however, might have been—"it is ſuch wretched rhime as the butter-woman ſings as ſhe is *riding to* market."

Rutt-rhyme, however, in Scotch, ſignifies ſome verſe *repeated by rote*. See Ruddiman's Gloſſary to G. Douglas's *Virgil*. STEEVENS.

The Clown is here ſpeaking in reference to the ambling pace of the metre, which, after giving a ſpecimen of, to prove his aſſertion, he affirms to be "the very falſe gallop of verſes." HENLEY.

I am now perſuaded that Sir T. Hanmer's emendation is right. The *hobbling* metre of theſe verſes, (ſays Touchſtone,) is like the *ambling*, *ſhuffling* pace of a butter-woman's *horſe*, going to market. MALONE.

[9] So, in Naſhe's *Apologie of Pierce Pennileſſe*, 4to. 1593: "I would trot a *falſe gallop* through the reſt of his ragged *verſes*, but that if I ſhould retort the rime doggrell aright, I muſt make my verſes (as he doth his) run *hobbling*, like a brewer's cart upon the ſtones, and obſerve no meaſure in their feet." MALONE.

medlar: then it will be the earlieſt fruit [9] in the country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

Touch. You have ſaid; but whether wiſely or no, let the foreſt judge.

Enter CELIA, *reading a paper.*

Roſ. Peace!
Here comes my ſiſter, reading; ſtand aſide.

Cel. *Why ſhould this deſert ſilent be?* [2]
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That ſhall civil ſayings ſhow, [3]
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage;
That the ſtretching of a ſpan
Buckles in his ſum of age.
Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the ſouls of friend and friend:
But upon the faireſt boughs,
Or at every ſentence' end,
Will I Roſalinda write;
Teaching all that read, to know

The

[9] Shakſpeare ſeems to have had little knowledge in gardening. The *medlar* is one of the *lateſt* fruits, being uneatable till the end of November. STEEVENS.

[2] This is commonly printed:

Why ſhould this a *deſert be?*

but although the metre may be aſſiſted by this correction, the ſenſe ſtill is defective; for how will the *hanging of tongues on every tree*, make it leſs a deſert? I am perſuaded we ought to read:

Why ſhould this deſert ſilent *be?* TYRWHITT.

The notice which this emendation deſerves, I have paid to it, by inſerting it in the text. STEEVENS.

[3] *Civil* is here uſed in the ſame ſenſe as when we ſay *civil* wiſdom or *civil* life, in oppoſition to a ſolitary ſtate, or to the ſtate of nature. This deſert ſhall not appear *unpeopled*, for every tree ſhall teach the maxims or incidents of ſocial life. JOHNSON.

Civil, I believe, is not deſignedly oppoſed to *ſolitary*. It means only *grave*, or *ſolemn*. STEEVENS.

The quinteſſence of every ſprite
Heaven would in little ſhow.[4]
Therefore heaven nature charg'd[5]
That one body ſhould be fill'd
With all graces wide enlarg'd:
Nature preſently diſtill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her heart;
Cleopatra's majeſty;
Atalanta's better part;[6]
Sad[7] *Lucretia's modeſty.*

Thus

[4] The alluſion is to a miniature-portrait. The current phraſe in our author's time was—"painted in *little*." MALONE.

[5] From the picture of Apelles, or the accompliſhment of Pandora:

Πανδώρην, ὅτι πάντες Ὀλύμπια δώματ' ἔχοντες
Δῶρον ἐδώρησαν——

So, before:

"——But thou
"So perfect, and ſo peerleſs, art created
"Of every creature's beſt." *Tempeſt.*

Perhaps from this paſſage Swift had his hint of Biddy Floyd. JOHNSON.

[6] I know not well what could be the *better part* of Atalanta here aſcribed to Roſalind. Of the Atalanta moſt celebrated, and who therefore muſt be intended here where ſhe has no epithet of diſcrimination, the *better part* ſeems to have been her heels, and the worſe part was ſo bad that Roſalind would not thank her lover for the compariſon. There is a more obſcure Atalanta, a huntreſs and a heroine, but of her nothing bad is recorded, and therefore I know not which was her better part. Shakſpeare was no deſpicable mythologiſt, yet he ſeems here to have miſtaken ſome other character for that of Atalanta. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the poet means her beauty and graceful elegance of ſhape, which he would prefer to her ſwiftneſs.

But cannot Atalanta's *better part* mean her virtue or virgin chaſtity, with which nature had graced Roſalind, together with Helen's beauty without her heart or lewdneſs, with Cleopatra's dignity of behaviour, and with Lucretia's modeſty, that ſcorned to ſurvive the loſs of honour? Pliny's *Natural Hiſtory*, B. XXXV. c. iii. mentions the portraits of *Atalanta* and *Helen, utraque excellentiſſima forma, ſed altera ut virgo*; that is, "both of them for beauty, incomparable, and yet a man may diſcerne the one [Atalanta] of them to be a *maiden*, for her modeſt and chaſte countenance," as Dr. P. Holland tranſlated the paſſage; of which probably our poet had taken notice, for ſurely he had judgement in painting. TOLLET.

I ſuppoſe Atalanta's *better part* is her *wit*, i. e. the *ſwiftneſs of her mind*. FARMER.

[7] *Sad*—] Is *grave, ſober*, not *light*. JOHNSON.

Thus Roſalind of many parts
By heavenly ſynod was devis'd;
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches[8] *deareſt priz'd.*
Heaven would that ſhe theſe gifts ſhould have,
And I to live and die her ſlave.

Roſ. O moſt gentle Jupiter!—what tedious homily of love have you wearied your pariſhioners withal, and never cry'd, *Have patience, good people!*

Cel. How now! back friends?—Shepherd, go off a little:—Go with him, ſirrah.

Touch. Come, ſhepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with ſcrip and ſcrippage. [*Exeunt* CORIN *and* TOUCHSTONE.

Cel. Didſt thou hear theſe verſes?

Roſ. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for ſome of them had in them more feet than the verſes would bear.

Cel. That's no matter; the feet might bear the verſes.

Roſ. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themſelves without the verſe, and therefore ſtood lamely in the verſe.

Cel. But didſt thou hear, without wondering how thy name ſhould be hang'd and carved upon theſe trees?

Roſ. I was ſeven of the nine days out of the wonder, before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree:[9] I was never ſo be-rhimed ſince Pythagoras' time, that I was an Iriſh rat,[2] which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you, who hath done this?

Roſ. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck: Change you colour?

Roſ.

[8] The features; *les traits.* JOHNSON.

[9] A *palm-tree*, in the foreſt of *Arden* is as much out of its place, as the *lioneſs* in a ſubſequent ſcene. STEEVENS.

[2] Roſalind is a very learned lady. She alludes to the Pythagorean doctrine, which teaches that ſouls tranſmigrate from one animal to another, and relates that in his time ſhe was an *Iriſh rat*, and by ſome metrical charm was rhymed to death. The power of killing rats with rhymes Donne mentions in his *Satires*, and Temple in his *Treatiſes*. JOHNSON.

Ros. I pr'ythee, who?

Cel. O lord, lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet;[3] but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.[4]

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I pray thee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping![5]

Ros. Good my complexion![6] dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea-off discovery.[7] I pr'ythee, tell me, who is it? quickly, and speak apace:

3 Alluding ironically to the proverb:

"Friends may meet, but mountains never greet."

See *Ray's Collection.* STEEVENS.

4 "Montes duo inter se concurretunt," &c. says Pliny, *Hist. Nat.* Lib. II. c. lxxxiii. or in Holland's translation: "Two *hills* (removed by an earthquake) *encountered* together, charging as it were, and with violence assaulting one another, and retyring again with a most mighty noise." TOLLET.

5 i. e. out of all measure, or reckoning. STEEVENS.

This appears to have been a phrase of the same import as another formerly in use, "out of all *cry*." The latter seems to allude to the custom of giving notice by a crier of things to be sold. MALONE.

An *outcry* is still a provincial term for an *auction*. STEEVENS.

6 *This is a mode of expression*, Mr. Theobald says, *which he cannot reconcile to common sense*, Like enough: and so too the Oxford editor. But the meaning is—*Hold good my complexion*, i. e. let me not blush. WARBURTON.

Good my complexion!] My native character, my female inquisitive disposition, can'st thou endure this!—For thus characterizing the most beautiful part of the creation, let our author answer. MALONE.

Good my complexion! is a little unmeaning exclamatory address to her beauty; in the nature of a small oath. RITSON.

7 The old copy reads—*is a South-sea* of *discoverie*. STEEVENS.

This is stark nonsense; we must read—*off* discovery, i. e. *from* discovery. "If you delay me one inch of time longer, I shall think this secret as far from discovery as the *South-sea* is." WARBURTON.

This sentence is rightly noted by the commentator as nonsense, but not so happily restored to sense. I read thus:

One inch of delay more is a South-sea. Discover, *I pr'ythee; tell me who*

is

apace: I would thou couldſt ſtammer, that thou might'ſt pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I pr'ythee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Roſ. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Roſ. Why, God will ſend more, if the man will be thankful: let me ſtay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando; that tripp'd up the wreſtler's heels, and your heart, both in an inſtant.

Roſ. Nay, but the devil take mocking; ſpeak ſad brow, and true maid.[8]

Cel. I'faith, coz, 'tis he.

Roſ. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Roſ. Alas the day! what ſhall I do with my doublet and hoſe?—What did he, when thou ſaw'ſt him? What ſaid he? How look'd he? Wherein went he?[9] What makes he here? Did

is it quickly!—When the tranſcriber had once made *diſcovery* from *diſcover I*, he eaſily put an article after South-ſea. But it may be read with ſtill leſs change, and with equal probability—*Every inch of delay more is a* South-ſea diſcovery: *Every delay* however ſhort, is to me tedious and irkſome as the longeſt voyage, as a voyage of *diſcovery* on the *South-ſea*. How much voyages to the South-ſea on which the Engliſh had then firſt ventured, engaged the converſation of that time, may be eaſily imagined. JOHNSON.

Of for *off*, is frequent in the elder writers. A *South-ſea of diſcovery* is a *diſcovery a South-ſea off*— as far as the South-ſea. FARMER.

Warburton's ſophiſtication ought to have been reprobated, and the old, which is the only reading that can preſerve the ſenſe of Roſalind, reſtored. A *South-ſea* of *diſcovery*, is not a diſcovery, *as* FAR OFF, but as COMPREHENSIVE as the South-ſea; which, being the largeſt in the world, affords the wideſt ſcope for exerciſing curioſity. HENLEY.

On a further conſideration of this paſſage I am ſtrongly inclined to think, with Dr. Johnſon, that we ſhould read—*a South-ſea diſcovery*. "Delay, however ſhort, is to me tedious tnd irkſome as the longeſt voyage, as a voyage of diſcovery on the South-Sea." MALONE.

[8] i. e. ſpeak with a grave countenance, and as truly as thou art a virgin; ſpeak ſeriouſly and honeſtly. RITSON.

[9] In what manner was he clothed? How did he go dreſſed? HEATH.

Did he aſk for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when ſhalt thou ſee him again? Anſwer me in one word.

Cel. You muſt borrow me Garagantua's mouth[2] firſt: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's ſize: To ſay, ay, and no, to theſe particulars, is more than to anſwer in a catechiſm.

Roſ. But doth he know that I am in this foreſt, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freſhly as he did the day he wreſtled?

Cel. It is as eaſy to count atomies,[3] as to reſolve the propoſitions of a lover:—but take a taſte of my finding him, and reliſh it with a good obſervance. I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn.

Roſ. It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops forth ſuch fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Roſ. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, ſtretch'd along, like a wounded knight.

Roſ. Though it be pity to ſee ſuch a ſight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry, holla! to thy tongue, I pr'ythee; it curvets very unſeaſonably. He was furniſh'd like a hunter.

Roſ. O ominous! he comes to kill my heart.[4]

Cel. I would ſing my ſong without a burden: thou bring'ſt me out of tune.

Roſ. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I muſt ſpeak. Sweet, ſay on.

Enter ORLANDO *and* JAQUES.

Cel. You bring me out:—Soft! comes he not here?

Roſ.

2 Roſalind requires nine queſtions to be anſwered in *one word*. Celia tells her that a word of ſuch magnitude is too big for any mouth but that of Garagantua the giant of Rabelais. JOHNSON.

Garagantua ſwallowed five pilgrims, their ſtaves and all, in a ſallad. STEEVENS.

3 *Atomies* are thoſe minute particles diſcernible in a ſtream of ſunſhine that breaks into a darkened room. HENLEY.

4 A quibble between *heart* and *hart*. STEEVENS.

Ros. 'Tis he; Slink by, and note him.

[CELIA *and* ROSALIND *retire.*

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myſelf alone.

Orl. And ſo had I; but yet, for faſhion ſake, I thank you too for your ſociety.

Jaq. God be with you; let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do deſire we may be better ſtrangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-ſongs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no more of my verſes with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. Roſalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, juſt.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleaſing you, when ſhe was chriſten'd.

Jaq. What ſtature is ſhe of?

Orl. Juſt as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty anſwers: Have you not been acquainted with goldſmiths' wives, and conn'd them out of rings?

Orl. Not ſo; but I anſwer you right painted cloth,[5] from whence you have ſtudied your queſtions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit; I think it was made of Atalanta's heels. Will you ſit down with me? and we two will rail againſt our miſtreſs the world, and all our miſery.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world, but myſelf; againſt whom I know moſt faults.

Jaq. The worſt fault you have, is to be in love.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your beſt virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was ſeeking for a fool, when I found you.

Orl.

5 This alludes to the faſhion in old tapeſtry hangings, of mottoes and moral ſentences from the mouths of the figures worked or painted in them. THEOBALD.

I anſwer you right painted cloth, may mean, I give you a true painted cloth anſwer; as we ſay, ſhe talks *right Billingſgate*: that is, exactly ſuch language as is uſed at Billingſgate. JOHNSON. 6

Orl. He is drown'd in the brook; look but in, and you ſhall ſee him.

Jaq. There I ſhall ſee mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool, or a cypher.

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good ſignior love.

Orl. I am glad of your departure; adieu, good monſieur melancholy.

[*Exit* JAQUES.—CELIA *and* ROSALIND *come forward.*

Roſ. I will ſpeak to him like a ſaucy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, foreſter?

Orl. Very well; What would you?

Roſ. I pray you, what is't a clock?

Orl. You ſhould aſk me, what time o'day; there's no clock in the foreſt.

Roſ. Then there is no true lover in the foreſt; elſe ſighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time, as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the ſwift foot of time? had not that been as proper?

Roſ. By no means, ſir: Time travels in divers paces with divers perſons: I'll tell you who time ambles withal, who time trots withal, who time gallops withal, and who he ſtands ſtill withal.

Orl. I pr'ythee, who doth he trot withal?

Roſ. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage,[6] and the day it is ſolemnized: if the interim be but a ſe'nnight, time's pace is ſo hard that it ſeems the length of ſeven years.

Orl. Who ambles time withal?

Roſ. With a prieſt that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout: for the one ſleeps eaſily, becauſe he cannot ſtudy; and the other lives merrily, becauſe he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and waſteful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury: Theſe time ambles withal.

[6] And yet in *Much ado about Nothing*, our author tells us, "*Time* goes on *crutches*, till love hath all his rites." In both paſſages, however, the interim is equally repreſented as tedious. MALONE.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Roſ. With a thief to the gallows: for though he go as ſoftly as foot can fall, he thinks himſelf too ſoon there.

Orl. Who ſtays it ſtill withal?

Roſ. With lawyers in the vacation: for they ſleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Roſ. With this ſhepherdeſs, my ſiſter; here in the ſkirts of the foreſt, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Roſ. As the coney, that you ſee dwell where ſhe is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is ſomething finer than you could purchaſe in ſo removed [7] a dwelling.

Roſ. I have been told ſo of many: but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to ſpeak, who was in his youth an in-land man; [8] one that knew courtſhip too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures againſt it; and I thank God, I am not a woman, to be touch'd with ſo many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole ſex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils, that he laid to the charge of women?

Roſ. There were none principal; they were all like one another, as half-pence are: every one fault ſeeming monſtrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orl. I pr'ythee, recount ſome of them.

Roſ. No; I will not caſt away my phyſick, but on thoſe that are ſick. There is a man haunts the foreſt, that abuſes our young plants with carving Roſalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forſooth, deifying the name of Roſalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him ſome good counſel, for he ſeems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is ſo love-ſhaked; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Roſ.

[7] ——*removed*—] i. e. remote, ſequeſtered. REED.

[8] ——in-land *man*;] Is uſed in this play for one *civiliſed*, in oppoſition to the *ruſtick* of the prieſt. JOHNSON.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek; which you have not: a blue eye,[9] and sunken; which you have not: an unquestionable spirit;[2] which you have not: a beard neglected; which you have not;—but I pardon you for that; for, simply, your having[3] in beard is a younger brother's revenue:—Then your hose should be ungarter'd,[4] your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man; you are rather point-device[5] in your accoutrements; as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it? you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do, than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhimes speak?

Orl. Neither rhime nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as

9 i. e. a blueness about the eyes. STEEVENS.

2 That is, a spirit not *inquisitive*, a mind indifferent to common objects, and negligent of common occurrences. Here Shakspeare has used a passive for an active mode of speech: so in a former scene, "The Duke is too *disputable* for me, *that is, too* disputatious." JOHNSON.

May it not mean, *unwilling to be conversed with?* CHAMIER.

Mr. Chamier is right in supposing that it means a spirit averse to conversation.

So, in *The Midsummer Night's-Dream*, Demetrius says to Helena—

"I will not stay your *question*." M. MASON.

3 Having is possession, estate. STEEVENS.

4 These seem to have been the established and characteristical marks by which the votaries of love were denoted in the time of Shakspeare. MALONE.

5 i. e. exact, drest with finical nicety. STEEVENS.

well a dark houſe and a whip, as madmen do: and the reaſon why they are not ſo puniſhed and cured, is, that the lunacy is ſo ordinary, that the whippers are in love too: Yet I profeſs curing it by counſel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any ſo?

Roſ. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his miſtreſs; and I ſet him every day to woo me: At which time would I, being but a mooniſh youth,[6] grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantaſtical, apiſh, ſhallow, inconſtant, full of tears, full of ſmiles; for every paſſion ſomething, and for no paſſion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the moſt part cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loath him; then entertain him, then forſwear him; now weep for him, then ſpit at him; that I drave my ſuitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madneſs;[7] which was, to forſwear the full ſtream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monaſtick: And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to waſh your liver as clean as a ſound ſheep's heart,[8] that there ſhall not be one ſpot of love in't.

Orl.

[6] ——*a* mooniſh *youth,*] i. e. variable. STEEVENS.

[7] If this be the true reading, we muſt by *living* underſtand *laſting*, or *permanent*, but I cannot forbear to think that ſome antitheſis was intended which is now loſt; perhaps the paſſage ſtood thus—*I drove my ſuitor from a* dying *humour of love to a living humour of madneſs.* Or rather thus—*From a mad humour of love to a* loving *humour of madneſs*, that is, "from a *madneſs* that was *love*, to a *love* that was *madneſs*." This ſeems ſomewhat harſh and ſtrained, but ſuch modes of ſpeech are not unuſual in our poet: and this harſhneſs was probably the cauſe of the corruption. JOHNSON.

Perhaps we ſhould read—*to a humour of* loving *madneſs.* FARMER.

Both the emendations appear to me inconſiſtent with the tenour of Roſalind's argument. Roſalind by her fantaſtick tricks did not drive her ſuitor either into a *loving* humour of madneſs, or a humour of *loving* madneſs; (in which he was originally without her aid;) but ſhe drove him *from* love into a ſequeſter'd and melancholy retirement. *A living humour of madneſs* is, I conceive, in our author's licentious language, a humour of *living madneſs*, a mad humour that operates on *the mode of living*; or, in other words, and more accurately, *a mad humour of life*; "—to forſwear the world, and to *live* in a nook merely monaſtick." MALONE.

[8] This is no very delicate compariſon, though produced by Roſalind in her aſſumed character of a ſhepherd. *A ſheep's heart*, before it is dreſt, is always ſplit and waſhed, that the blood within it may be diſlodged. STEEVENS.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Roſ. I would cure you, if you would but call me Roſalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will; tell me where it is.

Roſ. Go with me to it, and I'll ſhow it you: and, by the way, you ſhall tell me where in the foreſt you live: Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Roſ. Nay, you muſt call me Roſalind:—Come, ſiſter, will you go? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY;[9] JAQUES *at a diſtance, obſerving them.*

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey; I will fetch up your goats, Audrey: And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? Doth my ſimple feature content you?[2]

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the moſt capricious poet, honeſt Ovid, was among the Goths.[3]

[9] ——*Audrey*;] Is a corruption of *Etheldreda*. The ſaint of that name is ſo ſtyled in ancient calendars. STEEVENS.

[2] *Doth my ſimple* feature *content you?*] ſays the Clown to Audrey. "Your *features!* (replies the wench,) Lord warrant us! what *features?*" I doubt not, this ſhould be—your *feature!* Lord warrant us! *what's feature?* FARMER.

Feat and *feature*, perhaps had anciently the ſame meaning. The Clown aſks, if the *features of his* face content her, ſhe takes the word in another ſenſe, i. e. *feats, deeds*, and in her reply ſeems to mean, what *feats*, i. e. what have we done yet? The courtſhip of Audrey and her gallant had not proceeded further, as Sir William Witwood ſays, than a little mouth-glue; but ſhe ſuppoſes him to be talking of ſomething which as yet he had not performed. Or the jeſt may turn only on the Clown's pronunciation. In ſome parts, *features* might be pronounced, *faitors*, which ſignify *raſcals, low wretches*. STEEVENS.

[3] *Capricious* is not here humourſome, fantaſtical, &c. but *laſcivious*. HOR. Epod. 10. Libidinoſus immolabitur *caper*. The Goths are the Getæ. Ovid. Triſt. V. 7. *The thatch'd houſe* is that of Baucis and Philemon. Ovid. Met. VIII. 630. *Stipulis et canna tecta paluſtri*. UPTON.

Jaq. O knowledge ill-inhabited![4] worſe than Jove in a thatch'd houſe! [*Aſide.*

Touch. When a man's verſes cannot be underſtood, nor a man's good wit ſeconded with the forward child, underſtanding, it ſtrikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room;[5]—Truly, I would the Gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is: Is it honeſt in deed, and word? Is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly; for the trueſt poetry is the moſt feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they ſwear in poetry, may be ſaid, as lovers, they do feign.[6]

Aud. Do you wiſh then, that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly: for thou ſwear'ſt to me, thou art honeſt; now, if thou wert a poet, I might have ſome hope thou didſt feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honeſt?

Touch.

Mr. Upton is perhaps too refined in his interpretation of *capricious*. Our author remembered that *caper* was the Latin for a goat, and thence choſe this epithet. This, I believe, is the whole. There is a poor quibble between *goats* and *Goths*. MALONE.

4 i. e. ill-lodged. An unuſual ſenſe of the word. STEEVENS.

5 Nothing was ever wrote in higher humour than this ſimile. A great reckoning, in a little room, implies that the entertainment was mean, and the bill extravagant. The poet here alluded to the French proverbial phraſe *of the quarter of an hour of Rabelais:* who ſaid, there was only one quarter of an hour in human life paſſed ill, and that was between the calling for the reckoning and paying it. Yet the delicacy of our Oxford editor would correct this into *It ſtrikes a man more dead than a great* reeking *in a little room.* This is amending with a vengeance. When men are joking together in a merry humour, all are diſpoſed to laugh. One of the company ſays a good thing: the jeſt is not taken; all are ſilent, and he who ſaid it, quite confounded. This is compared to a tavern jollity interrupted by the coming in of a *great reckoning.* Had not Shakſpeare reaſon now in this caſe to apply his ſimile to his own caſe, againſt his critical editor? Who, it is plain, taking the phraſe to *ſtrike dead*, in a literal ſenſe, concluded, from his knowledge in philoſophy, that it could not be ſo effectually done by a *reckoning* as by a *reeking*. WARBURTON.

6 This ſentence ſeems perplexed and inconſequent: perhaps it were better read thus—*What they ſwear as lovers, they may be ſaid to feign as poets.* JOHNSON.

I would read—It *may be ſaid, as lovers they do feign.* M. MASON.

Touch. No truly, unleſs thou wert hard-favour'd: for honeſty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a ſauce to ſugar.

Jaq. A material fool![7] [*Aſide.*

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honeſt!

Touch. Truly, and to caſt away honeſty upon a foul ſlut, were to put good meat into an unclean diſh.

Aud. I am not a ſlut, though I thank the gods I am foul.[8]

Touch. Well, praiſed be the gods for thy foulneſs! ſluttiſhneſs may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee: and to that end, I have been with Sir Oliver Mar text, the vicar of the next village; who hath promiſed to meet me in this place of the foreſt, and to couple us.

Jaq. I would fain ſee this meeting. [*Aſide.*

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, ſtagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no aſſembly but horn-beaſts. But what though?[9]

[7] A fool with *matter* in him; a fool ſtocked with notions. JOHNSON.

[8] By *foul* is meant *coy* or *frowning*. HANMER.

I rather believe *foul* to be put for the ruſtick pronunciation of *full*. Audrey, ſuppoſing the Clown to have ſpoken of her as *a foul ſlut*, ſays, naturally enough, *I am not a ſlut, though, I thank the gods, I am* foul, i. e. full. She was more likely to *thank the gods* for a belly-full, than for her being *coy* or *frowning*. TYRWHITT.

In confirmation of Mr. Tyrwhitt's conjecture, it may be obſerved, that in the ſong at the end of *Love's Labour's Loſt*, inſtead of—"and ways be *foul*," we have in the firſt quarto, 1598, "—and ways be *full*," In that and other of our author's plays many words ſeem to have been ſpelled by the ear. MALONE.

Audrey ſays, ſhe is not *fair*, i. e. *handſome*, and therefore prays the gods to make her *honeſt*. The Clown tells her that to caſt *honeſty* away upon a *foul ſlut*, (i. e. an ill *favoured dirty creature*) is to put meat in an unclean diſh. She replies, ſhe is no *ſlut* (no *dirty drab*) though in her great ſimplicity, ſhe thanks the gods for her *foulneſs* (homelyneſs) i. e. for being as ſhe is. "Well, (adds he) praiſed be the gods for thy *foulneſs*, ſluttiſhneſs may come hereafter." RITSON.

I think that, by *foul*, Audrey means, *not fair*, or what we call *homely*. Audrey is neither coy or ill-humoured; but ſhe thanks God for her homelineſs, as it rendered her leſs expoſed to temptation. So, in the next ſcene but one, Roſalind ſays to Phebe—

"*Foul* is moſt *foul*, being *foul*, to be a ſcoffer" M. MASON.

[9] ——*what though?*] What then. JOHNSON.

Courage! As horns are odious, they are neceſſary. It is ſaid,—Many a man knows no end of his goods: right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even ſo:——Poor men alone?——No, no; the nobleſt deer hath them as huge the as raſcal. Is the ſingle man therefore bleſſed? No: as a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, ſo is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor: and by how much defence [2] is better than no ſkill, by ſo much is a horn more precious than to want.

Enter Sir OLIVER MAR-TEXT.

Here comes ſir Oliver: [3]—Sir Oliver Mar-text, you are well met: Will you deſpatch us here under this tree, or ſhall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Touch. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, ſhe muſt be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. [*Diſcovering himſelf.*] Proceed, proceed; I'll give her.

Touch.

[2] *Defence*, as here oppoſed to "no ſkill," ſignifies the *art of fencing*. STEEVENS.

[3] He that has taken his firſt degree at the univerſity, is in the academical ſtyle called *Dominus*, and in common language was heretofore termed *Sir*. This was not always a word of contempt; the graduates aſſumed it in their own writings; ſo Treviſa the hiſtorian writes himſelf *Syr* John de Treviſa. JOHNSON.

We find the ſame title beſtowed on many divines in our old comedies. So, in *Wily Beguiled*:

"——*Sir John* cannot tend to it at evening prayer; for there comes a company of players to town on Sunday in the afternoon, and *Sir John* is ſo good a fellow, that I know he'll ſcarce leave their company, to ſay evening prayer."

Again, "We'll go to church together, and ſo ſave *Sir John* a labour. STEEVENS.

Degrees were at this time conſidered as the higheſt dignities; and it may not be improper to obſerve, that a clergyman, who hath not been educated at the Univerſities, is ſtill diſtinguiſhed in ſome parts of North Wales, by the appellation of *Sir John*, *Sir William*, &c. Hence the Sir Hugh Evans of Shakſpeare is not a Welſh knight who hath taken orders, but only a Welſh clergyman without any regular degree from either of the Univerſities. See Barrington's *Hiſtory of the Guedir Family*. NICHOLS.

Touch. Good even, good master *What ye call't*: How do you, sir? You are very well met: God'ild you [4] for your last company: I am very glad to see you:—Even a toy in hand here, sir:—Nay; pray, be cover'd.

Jaq. Will you be married, motley?

Touch. As the ox hath his bow,[5] sir, the horse his curb, and the faulcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk pannel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Touch. I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it would be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife. [*Aside.*

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey;
We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.
Farewell, good master Oliver!

Not—O sweet Oliver,
O brave Oliver,[6]
Leave me not behi' thee;

4 i. e. God *yield* you, God reward you. STEEVENS.

5 The ancient *yoke* in form resembled a *bow*. STEEVENS.

6 Some words of an old ballad. WARBURTON.

Of this speech as it now appears, I can make nothing, and think nothing can be made. In the same breath he calls his mistress to be married, and sends away the man that should marry them. Dr. Warburton has very happily observed, that *O sweet Oliver* is a quotation from an old song; I believe there are two quotations put in opposition to each other. For *wind* I read *wend*, the old word for *go*. Perhaps the whole passage may be regulated thus:

Clo. *I am not in the mind, but it were better for me to be married of him than of another, for he is not like to marry me well, and not being well married, it will be a good excuse hereafter to leave my wife.—Come, sweet Audrey; we must be married, or we must live in bawdry.*

Jaq. *Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.* [They whisper.

Clo.

But—Wind away,
Begone, I ſay,
I will not to wedding wi' thee.
[*Exeunt* JAQUES, TOUCHSTONE, *and* AUDREY.

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantaſtical knave of them all ſhall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*

SCENE

Clo. *Farewel, good ſir Oliver, not* O ſweet Oliver, O brave Oliver, leave me not behind thee,——*but*

Wend away,
Begone, I ſay,
I will not to wedding with thee to-day.

Of this conjecture the reader may take as much as ſhall appear neceſſary to the ſenſe, or conducive to the humour. I have received all but the additional words. The ſong ſeems to be complete without them.

JOHNSON.

The Clown diſmiſſes ſir Oliver only becauſe Jaques had alarmed his pride, and raiſed his doubts, concerning the validity of a marriage ſolemnized by one who appears only in the character of an itinerant preacher. He intends afterwards to have recourſe to ſome other of more dignity in the ſame profeſſion. Dr. Johnſon's opinion, that the latter part of the Clown's ſpeech is only a repetition from ſome other ballad, or perhaps a different part of the ſame, is, I believe, juſt. STEEVENS.

O ſweet Oliver. The epithet of *ſweet* ſeems to have been peculiarly appropriated to *Oliver*, for which perhaps he was originally obliged to the old ſong before us. No more of it, however, than theſe two lines has as yet been produced. See Ben Jonſon's *Underwood*:

"All the *mad* Rolands and *ſweet* Olivers."

And, in *Every man in his Humour*, p. 88, is the ſame alluſion:

"Do not ſtink, *ſweet* Oliver." TYRWHITT.

I often find a part of this ſong applied to Cromwell. In a paper called, *A Man in the Moon, diſcovering a World of Knavery under the Sun*, "the *junćto* will go near to give us the *bagge*, if *O brave Oliver* come not ſuddenly to relieve them." The ſame alluſion is met with in *Cleiveland*. *Wind away*, and *wind off* are ſtill uſed *provincially*: and, I believe, nothing but the *provincial* pronunciation is wanting to join the parts together. I read:

Not—O ſweet Oliver!
O brave Oliver!
Leave me not behi' thee——
But—wind away,
Begone, I ſay,
I will not to wedding wi' thee. FARMER.

To produce the neceſſary rhyme, and conform to the pronunciation of Shakſpeare's native county, I have followed Dr. Farmer's direction.

STEEVENS.

SCENE IV.

The ſame. Before a Cottage.

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

Roſ. Never talk to me, I will weep.

Cel. Do, I pr'ythee; but yet have the grace to conſider, that tears do not become a man.

Roſ. But have I not cauſe to weep?

Cel. As good cauſe as one would deſire; therefore weep.

Roſ. His very hair is of the diſſembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's:[6] marry, his kiſſes are Judas's own children.

Roſ. I'faith, his hair is of a good colour.[7]

Cel. An excellent colour: your cheſnut was ever the only colour.

Roſ. And his kiſſing is as full of ſanctity as the touch of holy bread.[8]

Cel. He hath bought a pair of caſt lips of Diana:[9] a nun of winter's ſiſterhood[2] kiſſes not more religiouſly; the very ice of chaſtity is in them.

[6] *Judas* was conſtantly repreſented in ancient painting or tapeſtry, with *red hair* and *beard*. STEEVENS.

[7] There is much of nature in this pretty perverſeneſs of Roſalind; ſhe finds faults in her lover, in hope to be contradicted, and when Celia in ſportive malice too readily ſeconds her accuſations, ſhe contradicts herſelf rather than ſuffer her favourite to want a vindication. JOHNSON.

[8] We ſhould read *beard*, that is, as the kiſs of an holy ſaint or hermit, called the *kiſs of charity*. This makes the compariſon juſt and decent; the other impious and abſurd. WARBURTON.

[9] i. e. a pair left off by Diana. THEOBALD.

[2] This is finely expreſſed. But Mr. Theobald ſays, *the words give him no ideas*. And it is certain, that words will never give men what Nature has denied them. However, to mend the matter, he ſubſtitutes *Winifred's ſiſterhood*. And after ſo happy a thought, it was to no purpoſe to tell him there was no religious order of that denomination. The plain truth is, Shakſpeare meant *an unfruitful ſiſterhood*, which had devoted itſelf to chaſtity. For as thoſe who were of the ſiſterhood of the ſpring, were the votaries of Venus; thoſe of ſummer, the votaries of Ceres; thoſe of autumn

Ros. But why did he ſwear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think ſo?

Cel. Yes: I think he is not a pick-purſe, nor a horſe-ſtealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a cover'd goblet,[3] or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but, I think he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him ſwear downright, he was.

Cel. Was is not *is:* beſides, the oath of a lover is no ſtronger than the word of a tapſter; they are both the confirmers of falſe reckonings: He attends here in the foreſt on the duke your father.

Ros. I met the duke yeſterday, and had much queſtion with him: He aſked me, of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; ſo he laugh'd, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is ſuch a man as Orlando?

Cel.

autumn of Pomona: ſo theſe of the *ſiſterhood of winter* were the votaries of Diana; called, *of winter*, becauſe that quarter is not, like the other three, productive of fruit or increaſe. On this account it is, that when the poet ſpeaks of what is moſt *poor*, he inſtances it in *winter*, in theſe fine lines of *Othello*:

"But riches fineleſs is *as poor as winter*
"To him that ever fears he ſhall be poor."

The other property of winter that made him term them of its ſiſterhood, is its coldneſs. So, in *The Midſummer Night's Dream*:

"To be a *barren ſiſter* all your life,
"Chanting faint hymns to the *cold fruitleſs* moon."

WARBURTON.

There is certainly no need of Theobald's conjecture, as Dr. Warburton has moſt effectually ſupported the old reading. In one circumſtance, however, he is miſtaken. The *Golden Legend*, p. CCCI, &c. gives a full account of *St. Winifred* and her ſiſterhood. Edit. by *Wynkyn de Worde*, 1527. STEEVENS.

3 Why a *cover'd?* Becauſe a goblet is never kept *cover'd* but when *empty*. Shakſpeare never throws out his expreſſions at random. WARBURTON.

Mr. Warburton aſks, "Why a cover'd goblet?"—and anſwers, "Becauſe a goblet is never covered but when empty." If that be the caſe, the cover is of little uſe; for when empty, it may as well be uncovered. But it is the idea of hollowneſs, not that of emptineſs, that Shakſpeare wiſhes to convey; and a goblet is more completely hollow when covered, than when it is not. M. MASON.

Cel. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verſes, ſpeaks brave words, ſwears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverſe, athwart [4] the heart of his lover; [5] as a puny tilter, that ſpurs his horſe but on one ſide, breaks his ſtaff like a noble gooſe :—but all's brave, that youth mounts, and folly guides :—Who comes here?

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Miſtreſs, and maſter, you have oft enquired
After the ſhepherd that complain'd of love;
Who you ſaw ſitting by me on the turf,
Praiſing the proud diſdainful ſhepherdeſs
That was his miſtreſs.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor.

[4] An unexperienced lover is here compared to a *puny tilter*, to whom it was a diſgrace to have his lance broken acroſs, as it was a mark either of want of courage or addreſs. This happened when the horſe flew on one ſide, in the career: and hence, I ſuppoſe, aroſe the jocular proverbial phraſe *of ſpurring the horſe only on one ſide.* Now as breaking the lance againſt his adverſary's breaſt, in a direct line, was honourable, ſo the breaking it *acroſs* againſt his breaſt was, for the reaſon above, diſhonourable: hence it is, that Sidney, in his *Arcadia*, ſpeaking of the mock-combat of Clinias and Dametas ſays, "*The wind took ſuch hold of his ſtaff that it* croſt quite over his breaſt," &c.—And to *break acroſs* was the uſual phraſe, as appears from ſome wretched verſes of the ſame author, ſpeaking of an unſkilful tilter:

"Methought ſome ſtaves he miſt: if ſo, not much amiſs:
"For when he moſt did hit, he ever yet did miſs.
"One ſaid he *brake acroſs*, full well it ſo might be," &c.

This is the alluſion. So that Orlando, a young gallant, affecting the faſhion, (for *brave* is here uſed, as in other places, for faſhionable,) is repreſented either *unſkilful* in courtſhip, or *timorous*. The lover's meeting or appointment correſponds to the tilter's career; and as the one breaks ſtaves, the other breaks oaths. The buſineſs is only meeting fairly, and doing both with addreſs: and 'tis for the want of this, that Orlando is blamed. WARBURTON.

A puny tilter, that breaks his ſtaff like a noble *gooſe:*] Sir Thomas Hanmer altered this to a *noſe-quill'd* gooſe, but no one ſeems to have regarded the alteration. Certainly *noſe-quill'd* is an epithet likely to be corrupted: it gives the image wanted, and may in a great meaſure be ſupported by a quotation from Turberville's *Falconrie*: "Take with you a *ducke*, and ſlip one of her *wing feathers*, and having thruſt it through her *nares*, throw her out unto your hawke." FARMER.

[5] ——*of bis* lover;] i. e. of his miſtreſs. MALONE.

Cor. If you will ſee a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of ſcorn and proud diſdain,
Go hence a little, and I ſhall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Roſ. O, come, let us remove;
The ſight of lovers feedeth thoſe in love:—
Bring us unto this ſight, and you ſhall ſay
I'll prove a buſy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Another part of the Foreſt.

Enter SILVIUS *and* PHEBE.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not ſcorn me; do not, Phebe:
Say, that you love me not; but ſay not ſo
In bitterneſs: The common executioner,
Whoſe heart the accuſtom'd ſight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But firſt begs pardon; Will you ſterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops? [6]

Enter

[6] This is ſpoken of the executioner. He *lives* indeed by bloody drops, if you will: but how does he *die* by bloody drops? The poet muſt certainly have wrote:

——*that* deals *and lives*, &c.

i. e. that gets his bread by, and makes a trade of cutting off heads: but the Oxford editor makes it plainer. He reads:

Than he that lives *and* thrives *by bloody drops.* WARBURTON.

Either Dr. Warburton's emendation, except that the word *deals* wants its proper conſtruction, or that of Sir Tho. Hanmer, may ſerve the purpoſe; but I believe they have fixed corruption upon the wrong word, and ſhould rather read:

Than he that dies his lips *by bloody drops?*

Will you ſpeak with more ſternneſs than the executioner, whoſe *lips* are uſed to be *ſprinkled* with blood? The mention of *drops* implies ſome part that muſt be ſprinkled rather than dipped. JOHNSON.

I am afraid our bard is at his quibbles again. To *die*, means as well *to dip a thing in a colour foreign to its own*, as to *expire*. In this ſenſe, contemptible as it is, the executioner may be ſaid to *die* as well as *live* by *bloody drops*. Shakſpeare is fond of oppoſing theſe terms to each other.

He

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* CORIN, *at a diſtance.*

Phe. I would not be thy executioner;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'ſt me, there is murder in mine eye:
'Tis pretty, ſure,[7] and very probable,
That eyes,—that are the frail'ſt and ſofteſt things,
Who ſhut their coward gates on atomies,—
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee;
Now counterfeit to ſwoon; why now fall down;
Or, if thou canſt not, O, for ſhame, for ſhame,
Lie not, to ſay mine eyes are murderers,
Now ſhow the wound mine eye hath made in thee:
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some ſcar of it; lean but upon a ruſh,
The cicatrice and capable impreſſure[8]
Thy palm ſome moment keeps: but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nor, I am ſure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phebe,
If ever, (as that ever may be near,)
You meet in ſome freſh cheek the power of fancy,[9]
Then ſhall you know the wounds inviſible
That

He that lives and dies, i. e. he who to the very end of his life continues a common executioner. So, in the ſecond ſcene of the fifth Act of this play, "*live* and *die* a ſhepherd." TOLLET.

To *die and live* by a thing is to be conſtant to it, to perſevere in it to the end. *Lives* therefore does not ſignify *is maintained*, but the two verbs taken together mean, *who is all his life converſant with bloody drops.* MUSGRAVE.

7 *Sure* for *ſurely*. DOUCE.

8 *Cicatrice* is here not very properly uſed; it is the ſcar of a wound. *Capable impreſſure, hollow mark.* JOHNSON.

Capable, I believe, means here—*perceptible*. Our author often uſes the word for *intelligent*; hence, with his uſual licence, for *intelligible*, and then for *perceptible*. MALONE.

9 *Fancy* is here uſed for *love*, as before in *The Midſummer Night's Dream*. JOHNSON.

That love's keen arrows make.
Phe. But, till that time,
Come not thou near me: and, when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As, till that time, I ſhall not pity thee.
Roſ. And why, I pray you? [*Advancing*] Who might be your mother,[2]
That you inſult, exult, and all at once,[3]
Over the wretched? What though you have more beauty,
(As, by my faith, I ſee no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed,)
Muſt you be therefore proud and pitileſs?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I ſee no more in you, than in the ordinary
Of nature's ſale-work:[4]—Od's my little life!
I think, ſhe means to tangle my eyes too:—
No, 'faith, proud miſtreſs, hope not after it;
'Tis not your inky brows, your black-ſilk hair,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my ſpirits to your worſhip.—
You fooliſh ſhepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy ſouth, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thouſand times a properer man,
Than ſhe a woman: 'Tis ſuch fools as you,
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children:

'Tis

[2] It is common for the poets to expreſs cruelty by ſaying, of thoſe who commit it, that they were born of rocks, or ſuckled by tigreſſes. JOHNSON.

[3] If the ſpeaker intended to accuſe the perſon ſpoken to only for *inſulting* and exulting; then, inſtead of—*all at once*, it ought to have been, *both at once*. But by examining the crime of the perſon accuſed, we ſhall diſcover that the line is to be read thus:

That you inſult, exult, and rail at *once.*

For theſe three things Phebe was guilty of. But the Oxford editor improves it, and, for *rail at once*, reads *domineer*. WARBURTO.

I ſee no need of emendation. The ſpeaker may mean thus: *Who might be your mother, that you inſult, exult, and that too all in a breath?* Such is perhaps the meaning of *all at once*. STEEVENS.

[4] Thoſe works that nature makes up careleſsly and without exactneſs. The alluſion is to the practice of mechanicks, whoſe *work* beſpoke is more elaborate than that which is made up for chance-cuſtomers, or to ſell in quantities to retailers, which is called *ſale-work*. WARBURTON.

'Tis not her glaſs, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you ſhe ſees herſelf more proper,
Than any of her lineaments can ſhow her.—
But, miſtreſs, know yourſelf; down on your knees,
And thank heaven, faſting, for a good man's love:
For I muſt tell you friendly in your ear,—
Sell when you can; you are not for all markets:
Cry the man mercy: love him; take his offer;
Foul is moſt foul, being foul to be a ſcoffer.[5]
So, take her to thee, ſhepherd;—fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together;
I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.

Roſ. He's fallen in love with her foulneſs, and ſhe'll fall in love with my anger: If it be ſo, as faſt as ſhe anſwers thee with frowning looks, I'll ſauce her with bitter words.—
Why look you ſo upon me?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Roſ. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falſer than vows made in wine:
Beſides, I like you not: If you will know my houſe,
'Tis at the turf of olives, here hard by:—
Will you go, ſiſter?—Shepherd, ply her hard:—
Come, ſiſter:—Shepherdeſs, look on him better,
And be not proud: though all the world could ſee,
None could be ſo abus'd in ſight as he.[6]
Come, to our flock.

[*Exeunt* ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* CORIN.

Phe. Dead ſhepherd! now I find thy ſaw of might;
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at firſt ſight?

Sil. Sweet Phebe,—

Phe. Ha? what ſay'ſt thou, Silvius?

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am ſorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

Sil. Wherever ſorrow is, relief would be:
If you do ſorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your ſorrow and my grief

Were

[5] The ſenſe is, *The ugly ſeem moſt ugly, when,* though *ugly, they are ſcoffers.* JOHNSON.

[6] Though all mankind could look on you, none could be ſo *deceived* as to think you beautiful but he. JOHNSON.

Were both extermin'd.

Phe. Thou haſt my love; Is not that neighbourly?

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why, that were covetouſneſs.
Silvius, the time was, that I hated thee;
And yet it is not, that I bear thee love:
But ſince that thou canſt talk of love ſo well,
Thy company, which erſt was irkſome to me,
I will endure; and I'll employ thee too:
But do not look for further recompenſe,
Than thine own gladneſs that thou art employ'd.

Sil. So holy, and ſo perfect is my love,
And I in ſuch a poverty of grace,
That I ſhall think it a moſt plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harveſt reaps: looſe now and then
A ſcatter'd ſmile,[7] and that I'll live upon.

Phe. Know'ſt thou the youth that ſpoke to me ere while?

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage, and the bounds,
That the old carlot[8] once was maſter of.

Phe. Think not I love him, though I aſk for him;
'Tis but a peeviſh boy:[9]—yet he talks well;—
But what care I for words? yet words do well,
When he that ſpeaks them pleaſes thoſe that hear.
It is a pretty youth:—not very pretty:—
But, ſure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him:
He'll make a proper man: The beſt thing in him
Is his complexion; and faſter than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
He is not tall; yet for his years he's tall:
His leg is but ſo ſo; and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redneſs in his lip;
A little riper and more luſty red

Than

7 Perhaps Shakſpeare owed this image to the ſecond chapter of the book of *Ruth*:—"*Let fall* ſome handfuls of purpoſe for her, and leave them that ſhe may *glean* them." STEEVENS.

8 i. e. *peaſant*, from *carl* or *churl*; probably a word of Shakſpeare's coinage. DOUCE.

9 *Peeviſh*, in ancient language, ſignifies *weak, ſilly*. STEEVENS.

Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas juſt the difference
Betwixt the conſtant red, and mingled damaſk.[2]
There be ſome women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him: but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cauſe to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He ſaid, mine eyes were black, and my hair black;
And, now I am remember'd, ſcorn'd at me:
I marvel, why I anſwer'd not again:
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou ſhalt bear it; Wilt thou, Silvius?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. I'll write it ſtraight;
The matter's in my head, and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him, and paſſing ſhort:
Go with me, Silvius. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The ſame.

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* JAQUES.

Jaq. I pr'ythee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Roſ They ſay, you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am ſo; I do love it better than laughing.

Roſ. Thoſe, that are in extremity of either, are abominable fellows; and betray themſelves to every modern cenſure, worſe than drunkards.

Jaq.

2 "*Conſtant* red" is *uniform* red. "*Mingled* damaſk" is the ſilk of that name, in which, by a various direction of the threads, many lighter ſhades of the ſame colour are exhibited. STEEVENS.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be ſad and ſay nothing.

Roſ. Why then, 'tis good to be a poſt.

Jaq. I have neither the ſcholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the muſician's, which is fantaſtical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the ſoldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politick; nor the lady's, which is nice;[3] nor the lover's, which is all theſe: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many ſimples, extracted from many objects: and, indeed, the ſundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me, is a moſt humorous ſadneſs.

Roſ. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reaſon to be ſad: I fear, you have ſold your own lands, to ſee other men's; then, to have ſeen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gain'd my experience.

Enter ORLANDO.

Roſ. And your experience makes you ſad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me ſad; and to travel for it too.

Orl. Good day, and happineſs, dear Roſalind!

Jaq. Nay then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verſe. [*Exit.*

Roſ. Farewel, monſieur traveller: Look, you liſp, and wear ſtrange ſuits; diſable[4] all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almoſt chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will ſcarce think you have ſwam in a gondola.[5]—Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover?—

[3] ——*which is* nice;] i. e. ſilly, trifling. STEEVENS.

[4]——*diſable*—] i. e. undervalue. STEEVENS.

[5] That is, *been at* Venice, the ſeat at that time of all licentiouſneſs, where the young Engliſh gentlemen waſted their fortunes, debaſed their morals, and ſometimes loſt their religion.

The faſhion of travelling, which prevailed very much in our author's time, was conſidered by the wiſer men as one of the principal cauſes of corrupt manners. It was therefore gravely cenſured by Aſcham in his *Schoolmaſter*, and by biſhop Hall in his *Quo Vadis*; and is here, and in other paſſages, ridiculed by Shakſpeare. JOHNSON.

lover?—An you ſerve me ſuch another trick, never come in my ſight more.

Orl. My fair Roſalind, I come within an hour of my promiſe.

Roſ. Break an hour's promiſe in love? He that will divide a minute into a thouſand parts, and break but a part of the thouſandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be ſaid of him, that Cupid hath clap'd him o' the ſhoulder, but I warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Roſalind.

Roſ. Nay, an you be ſo tardy, come no more in my ſight; I had as lief be woo'd of a ſnail.

Orl. Of a ſnail?

Roſ. Ay, of a ſnail; for though he comes ſlowly, he carries his houſe on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you can a make a woman: Beſides, he brings his deſtiny with him.

Orl. What's that?

Roſ. Why, horns; which ſuch as you are fain to be beholden to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the ſlander of his wife.

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Roſalind is virtuous.

Roſ. And I am your Roſalind.

Cel. It pleaſes him to call you ſo; but he hath a Roſalind of a better leer than you.[6]

Roſ. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to conſent:—What would you ſay to me now, an I were your very very Roſalind?

Orl. I would kiſs, before I ſpoke.

Roſ. Nay, you were better ſpeak firſt; and when you were gravell'd for lack of matter, you might take occaſion to kiſs. Very good orators, when they are out, they will ſpit; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us![7]) matter, the cleanlieſt ſhift is to kiſs.

Orl.

[6] i. e. of a better feature, complexion, or colour than you. TOLLET.
In the notes on the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer, Vol. IV. p. 320, *lere* is ſuppoſed to mean ſkin. STEEVENS.

[7] ——(*God* warn *us!*)] If this exclamation is not a corruption of—"God *ward* us," i. e. *defend* us, it muſt mean, "*ſummon* us to himſelf." STEEVENS.

Orl. How if the kiſs be denied?

Roſ. Then ſhe puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved miſtreſs?

Roſ. Marry, that ſhould you, if I were your miſtreſs; or I ſhould think my honeſty ranker than my wit.

Orl. What, of my ſuit?

Roſ. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your ſuit. Am not I your Roſalind?

Orl. I take ſome joy to ſay you are, becauſe I would be talking of her.

Roſ. Well, in her perſon, I ſay—I will not have you.

Orl. Then, in my own perſon, I die.

Roſ. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almoſt ſix thouſand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own perſon, *videlicet*, in a love-cauſe. Troilus had his brains daſh'd out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turn'd nun, if it had not been for a hot midſummer night: for, good youth, he went but forth to waſh him in the Helleſpont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drown'd; and the fooliſh chroniclers of that age [8] found it was—Hero of Seſtos. But theſe are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Roſalind of this mind; for, I proteſt, her frown might kill me.

Roſ.

[8] Sir T. Hanmer reads—*coroners*, by the advice, as Dr. Warburton hints, of ſome anonymous critick. JOHNSON.

Mr. Edwards propoſes the ſame emendation, and ſupports it by a paſſage in *Hamlet*: "The *coroner* hath ſat on her, and *finds it*—*Chriſtian burial*." I believe, however, the old copy is right; though *found* is undoubtedly uſed in its forenſick ſenſe. MALONE.

I am ſurpriſed that Sir T. Hanmer's juſt and ingenious amendment ſhould not be adopted as ſoon as ſuggeſted. The alluſion is evidently to a coroner's inqueſt, which Roſalind ſuppoſes to have ſat upon the body of Leander, who was drowned in croſſing the Helleſpont, and that their verdict was, that Hero of Seſtos was the cauſe of his death. The word *found* is the legal term on ſuch occaſions. We ſay, that a jury *found* it lunacy, or *found* it manſlaughter; and the verdict is called the *finding* of the jury. M. MASON.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly: But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, faith will I, fridays, and saturdays, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orl. What say'st thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando:—What do you say, sister?

Orl Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin,—*Will you, Orlando,*—

Cel. Go to:——Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind.

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say,—*I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.*

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but,—I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: There a girl goes before the priest; [9] and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are wing'd.

Ros. Now tell me, how long you would have her, after you have possess'd her.

Orl. For ever, and a day.

Ros. Say a day, without the ever: No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will

[9] The old copy reads—"There's a girl," &c. The emendation in the text was proposed to me long ago by Dr. Farmer. STEEVENS.

I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain,[2] and I will do that when you are diſpos'd to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen,[3] and that when thou art inclined to ſleep.

Orl. But will my Roſalind do ſo?

Roſ. By my life, ſhe will do as I do.

Orl. O, but ſhe is wiſe.

Roſ. Or elſe ſhe could not have the wit to do this: the wiſer, the waywarder: Make the doors [4] upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the caſement; ſhut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; ſtop that, 'twill fly with the ſmoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with ſuch a wit, he might ſay,—*Wit, whither wilt?* [5]

Roſ. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuſe that?

Roſ. Marry, to ſay,—ſhe came to ſeek you there. You ſhall never take her without her anſwer,[6] unleſs you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her huſband's occaſion,[7] let her never nurſe her child herſelf, for ſhe will breed it like a fool.

Orl.

[2] The alluſion is to the croſs in Cheapſide; the religious images with which it was ornamented, being defaced, (as we learn from Stowe,) in 1596, "There was then ſet up, a curious wrought tabernacle of gray marble, and in the ſame an alabaſter image of *Diana*, and water conveyed from the Thames, prilling from her naked breaſt." *Stowe, in Cheap Ward.*

Statues, and particularly that of *Diana*, with water conveyed through them to give them the appearance of weeping figures, were anciently a frequent ornament of fountains. WHALLEY.

[3] The bark of the hyena was anciently ſuppoſed to reſemble a loud laugh. STEEVENS.

[4] This is an expreſſion uſed in ſeveral of the midland counties, inſtead of *bar the doors*. STEEVENS.

[5] This muſt be ſome alluſion to a ſtory well known at that time, though now perhaps irretrievable. JOHNSON.

This was an exclamation much in uſe, when any one was either talking nonſenſe, or uſurping a greater ſhare in converſation than juſtly belonged to him. STEEVENS.

[6] See Chaucer's *Marchantes Tale*, ver. 10,138—10,149. TYRWHITT.

[7] That is, repreſent her fault as occaſioned by her huſband. Sir T. Hanmer reads, *her huſband's* accuſation. JOHNSON.

Orl. For theſe two hours Roſalind, I will leave thee.

Roſ. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orl. I muſt attend the duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Roſ. Ay, go your ways, go your ways;—I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no leſs:—that flattering tongue of yours won me:—'tis but one caſt away, and ſo,—come, death.—Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, ſweet Roſalind.

Roſ. By my troth, and in good earneſt, and ſo God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promiſe, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the moſt pathetical break-promiſe,[8] and the moſt hollow lover, and the moſt unworthy of her you call Roſalind, that may be choſen out of the groſs band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my cenſure, and keep your promiſe.

Orl. With no leſs religion, than if thou wert indeed my Roſalind: So, adieu.

Roſ. Well, time is the old juſtice that examines all ſuch offenders, and let time try: Adieu! [*Exit* ORLANDO.

Cel. You have ſimply miſus'd our ſex in your love-prate: we muſt have your doublet and hoſe pluck'd over your head, and ſhow the world what the bird hath done to her own neſt.

Roſ. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didſt know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be ſounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomleſs; that as faſt as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Roſ. No, that ſame wicked baſtard of Venus, that was begot of thought,[9] conceiv'd of ſpleen, and born of madneſs; that blind raſcally boy, that abuſes every one's eyes, becauſe his own are out, let him be judge, how deep I am in love:—

[8] I believe, by *pathetical* break-promiſe, Roſalind means a lover whoſe falſehood would moſt *deeply affect* his miſtreſs. MALONE.

[9] ——*begot of* thought,] i. e. of melancholy. STEEVENS.

I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the ſight of Orlando: I'll go find a ſhadow, and ſigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll ſleep. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another part of the Foreſt.

Enter JAQUES *and* Lords, *in the habit of Foreſters.*

Jaq. Which is he that kill'd the deer?

1 *Lord.* Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's preſent him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to ſet the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory:—Have you no ſong, forester, for this purpoſe?

2 *Lord.* Yes, ſir.

Jaq. Sing it; 'tis no matter how it be in tune, ſo it make noiſe enough.

SONG.

1. *What ſhall he have, that kill'd the deer?*
2. *His leather ſkin, and horns to wear.*[2]
1. *Then ſing him home:*
Take thou no ſcorn, to wear the horn; } The reſt ſhall
It was a creſt ere thou waſt born. } bear this bur-
1. *Thy father's father wore it;* } den.
2. *And thy father bore it:*
All. *The horn, the horn, the luſty horn,*
Is not a thing to laugh to ſcorn. [Exeunt.

[2] Shakſpeare ſeems to have formed this ſong on a hint afforded by the novel which furniſhed him with the plot of his play. "What news, Forreſter? Haſt thou wounded ſome deere, and loſt him in the fall? Care not, man, for ſo ſmall a loſſe; thy fees was but the *ſkinne*, the ſhoulders, and the *horns*." *Lodge's Roſalinde, or Euphues's Golden Legacie*, 1592. For this quotation the reader is indebted to Mr. Malone.

So likewiſe in an ancient MS. entitled *The Boke of Huntyng, that is cleped Mayſter of Game*: "And as of fees, it is to wite t hat what man that *ſmyte a dere atte his tree with a dethes ſtroke*, and he be re couered by ſome g ing doune, he ſhall haue the *ſkyn*, &c." STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE III.[3]

The Foreſt.

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

Roſ. How ſay you now? Is it not paſt two o'clock? and here much Orlando![4]

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love, and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth—to ſleep: Look, who comes here.

Enter SILVIUS.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth;—
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this: [*Giving a letter.*
I know not the contents; but, as I gueſs,
By the ſtern brow, and waſpiſh action
Which ſhe did uſe as ſhe was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenour: pardon me,
I am but as a guiltleſs meſſenger.

Roſ. Patience herſelf would ſtartle at this letter,
And play the ſwaggerer; bear this, bear all:
She ſays, I am not fair; that I lack manners;

3 The foregoing noiſy ſcene was introduced only to fill up an interval, which is to repreſent two hours. This contraction of the time we might impute to poor Roſalind's impatience, but that a few minutes after we find Orlando ſending his excuſe. I do not ſee that by any probable diviſion of the acts this abſurdity can be obviated. JOHNSON.

4 The word *much* ſhould be explained. It is an expreſſion of latitude, and taken in various ſenſes. Here's *much* Orlando—i. e. Here is no Orlando, or we may look for him. We have ſtill this uſe of it, as when we ſay, ſpeaking of a perſon who we ſuſpect will not keep his appointment, "Ay, you will be ſure to ſee him there *much!*" WHALLEY.

So the vulgar yet ſay, "I ſhall get *much* by that no doubt," meaning that they ſhall get nothing. MALONE.

Here much Orlando! is ſpoken ironically on Roſalind perceiving that Orlando had failed in his engagement. HOLT WHITE.

Much, in our author's time, was an expreſſion denoting admira ion. MALONE.

Much! was more frequently uſed to indicate diſdain. STEEVENS.

She calls me proud; and, that she could not love me
Were man as rare as phœnix; Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:
Why writes she so to me?—Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents;
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colour'd hand; [4] I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands;
She has a huswife's hand: but that's no matter:
I say, she never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel stile,
A stile for challengers; why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian: woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance:—Will you hear the letter?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebes me: Mark how the tyrant writes.

[Reads.

Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. *Why, thy godhead laid apart,*
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?

Did you ever hear such railing?—

Whiles

4 As this passage now stands the metre of the first line is imperfect, and the sense of the whole; for why should Rosalind dwell so much upon Phebe's hands, unless Silvius had said something about them?—I have no doubt but the line originally ran thus:

Phebe did write it with her own fair hand.

And then Rosalind's reply will naturally follow. M. Mason.

Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance [5] *to me.*—

Meaning me a beaſt.—

If the ſcorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raiſe ſuch love in mine,
Alack, in me what ſtrange effect
Would they work in mild aſpect?
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move?
He, that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this love in me:
And by him ſeal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind [6]
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make; [7]
Or elſe by him my love deny,
And then I'll ſtudy how to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor ſhepherd!

Roſ. Do you pity him? no, he deſerves no pity.—Wilt thou love ſuch a woman?—What, to make thee an inſtrument, and play falſe ſtrains upon thee! not to be endured!—Well, go your way to her, (for, I ſee, love hath made thee a tame ſnake,) [8] and ſay this to her;—That if ſhe love me, I charge her to love thee: if ſhe will not, I will never have her, unleſs thou entreat for her.—If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company.

[*Exit* SILVIUS.

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Good-morrow, fair ones: Pray you, if you know

[5] ——*vengeance*—] is uſed for *miſchief*. JOHNSON.

[6] *Kind* is the old word for *nature*. JOHNSON.

[7] i. e. raiſe as profit from any thing. STEEVENS.

[8] This term was, in our author's time, frequently uſed to expreſs a poor contemptible fellow. MALONE.

Where, in the purlieus[9] of this foreſt, ſtands
A ſheep-cote, fenc'd about with olive-trees?

Cel. Weſt of this place, down in the neighbour bottom,
The rank of oſiers, by the murmuring ſtream,
Left on your right hand,[2] brings you to this place:
But at this hour the houſe doth keep itſelf,
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then I ſhould know you by deſcription;
Such garments, and ſuch years: *The boy is fair,*
Of female favour, and beſtows himſelf
Like a ripe ſiſter: but the woman low,
And browner than her brother. Are not you
The owner of the houſe I did enquire for?

Cel. It is no boaſt, being aſk'd, to ſay, we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both;
And to that youth, he calls his Roſalind,
He ſends this bloody napkin;[3] Are you he?

Roſ. I am: What muſt we underſtand by this?

Oli. Some of my ſhame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was ſtain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When laſt the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promiſe to return again
Within an hour;[4] and, pacing through the foreſt,
Chewing

[9] *Purlieu*, ſays Manwood's *Treatiſe on the Foreſt Laws*, c. xx. "Is a certaine territorie of ground adjoyning unto the foreſt, meared and bounded with unmoveable marks, meeres, and boundaries: which territories of ground was alſo foreſt, and afterwards diſaforeſted againe by the perambulations made for the ſevering of the new foreſt from the old." REED.

Bullokar, in his *Expoſitor*, 1616, deſcribes a *purlieu* as "a place neere joining to a foreſt, where it is lawful for the owner of the ground to hunt, if he can diſpend fortie ſhillings by the yeere, of freeland." MALONE.

[2] i. e. paſſing by the rank of oziers, and *leaving* them on your right hand, you will reach the place. MALONE.

[3] i. e. *handkerchief*. Ray ſays, that a pocket handkerchief is ſo called about Sheffield in Yorkſhire. STEEVENS.

[4] We muſt read—*within two hours*. JOHNSON.

May not *within an hour* ſignify *within a certain time*? TYRWHITT.

Chewing the food of ſweet and bitter fancy,[5]
Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aſide,
And, mark, what object did preſent itſelf!
Under an oak,[6] whoſe boughs were moſs'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay ſleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded ſnake had wreath'd itſelf,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but ſuddenly
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itſelf,
And with indented glides did ſlip away
Into a buſh: under which buſh's ſhade
A lioneſs, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
When that the ſleeping man ſhould ſtir; for 'tis
The royal diſpoſition of that beaſt,
To prey on nothing that doth ſeem as dead:
This ſeen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him ſpeak of that ſame brother;
And he did render him[7] the moſt unnatural
That liv'd 'mongſt men.

Oli. And well he might ſo do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

Roſ. But, to Orlando;—Did he leave him there,
Food to the ſuck'd and hungry lioneſs?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd ſo:
But kindneſs, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, ſtronger than his juſt occaſion,
Made him give battle to the lioneſs,
Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling[8]

5 i. e. *love*, which is always thus deſcribed by our poets, as compoſed of contraries. MALONE.

6 The ancient copy reads,—Under an *old* oak; but as this epithet hurts the meaſure, without improvement of the ſenſe, (for we are told in the ſame line that its "boughs were moſs'd with *age*," and afterwards, that its top was "bald with dry *antiquity*,") I have omitted *old*, as an unqueſtionable interpolation. STEEVENS.

7 i. e. deſcribe him. MALONE.

8 To *hurtle* is to move with impetuoſity and tumult. STEEVENS.

From miſerable ſlumber I awak'd.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Roſ. Was it you he reſcu'd?

Cel. Was't you that did ſo oft contrive to kill him?

Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not ſhame
To tell you what I was, ſince my converſion
So ſweetly taſtes, being the thing I am.

Roſ. But, for the bloody napkin?—

Oli. By, and by.
When from the firſt to laſt, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had moſt kindly bath'd,
As, how I came into that deſert place;[9]——
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me freſh array, and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me inſtantly unto his cave,
There ſtripp'd himſelf, and here upon his arm
The lioneſs had torn ſome fleſh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cry'd, in fainting, upon Roſalind.
Brief, I recover'd him; bound up his wound;
And, after ſome ſmall ſpace, being ſtrong at heart,
He ſent me hither, ſtranger as I am,
To tell this ſtory, that you might excuſe
His broken promiſe, and to give this napkin,
Dy'd in this blood; unto the ſhepherd youth
That he in ſport doth call his Roſalind.

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede? ſweet Ganymede?

[ROSALIND *faints.*

Oli. Many will ſwoon when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is more in it:—Couſin—Ganymede![2]

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Roſ. I would, I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither:—

I pray

[9] I believe, a line following this has been loſt. MALONE.
As, in this place, ſignifies—*as for inſtance*. So, in *Hamlet*:
"*As*, ſtars with trains of fire," &c.
I ſuſpect no omiſſion. STEEVENS.

[2] Celia in her firſt fright forgets Roſalind's character and diſguiſe, and calls out *couſin*, then recollects herſelf, and ſays, Ganymede.
JOHNSON.

pray you will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth:—You a man? You lack a man's heart.

Roſ. I do ſo, I confeſs it. Ah, ſir, a body would think this was well counterfeited: I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited.—Heigh ho!—

Oli. This was not counterfeit; there is too great teſtimony in your complexion, that it was a paſſion of earneſt.

Roſ. Counterfeit, I aſſure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Roſ. So I do: but, i'faith I ſhould have been a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler; pray you, draw homewards:—Good ſir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I muſt bear anſwer back How you excuſe my brother, Roſalind.

Roſ. I ſhall deviſe ſomething: But, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him;—Will you go? [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The ſame.

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

Touch. We ſhall n d a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. 'Faith, the prieſt was good enough, for all the old gentleman's ſaying.

Touch. A moſt wicked ſir Oliver, Audrey, a moſt vile Mar-text. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the foreſt lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no intereſt in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

Enter WILLIAM.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to ſee a clown: By my troth, we that have good wits, have much to anſwer for; we ſhall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Will. And good even to you, ſir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend: Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, pr'ythee, be cover'd. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five and twenty, ſir.

Touch. A ripe age: Is thy name, William?

Will. William, ſir.

Touch. A fair name: Waſt born i'the foreſt here?

Will. Ay, ſir, I thank God.

Touch. Thank God;—a good anſwer. Art rich?

Will. 'Faith, ſir, ſo, ſo.

Touch. So, ſo, is good, very good, very excellent good:—and yet it is not; it is but ſo ſo. Art thou wiſe?

Will. Ay, ſir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou ſay'ſt well. I do now remember a ſaying: *The fool doth think he is wiſe, but the wiſe man knows himſelf to be a fool.* The heathen philoſopher, when he had a deſire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth;[3] meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?[4]

Will. I do, ſir.

Touch. Give me your hand: Art thou learned?

Will. No, ſir.

Touch. Then learn this of me; To have, is to have: For it is a figure in rhetorick, that drink, being pour'd out of

[3] This was deſigned as a ſneer on the ſeveral trifling and inſignificant ſayings and actions, recorded of the ancient philoſophers, by the writers of their lives, ſuch as Diogenes Laertius, Philoſtratus, Eunapius, &c. as appears from its being introduced by one of their *wiſe ſayings*. WARBURTON.

[4] Part of this dialogue ſeems to have grown out of the novel on which the play is formed: "Phebe is no latice for your *lips*, and her *grapes* hang ſo hie, that gaze at them you may, but touch them you cannot." MALONE.

of a cup into a glaſs, by filling the one doth empty the other: For all your writers do conſent, that *ipſe* is he: now you are not *ipſe*, for I am he.

Will. Which he, ſir?

Touch. He, ſir, that muſt marry this woman: Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar, leave,—the ſociety,—which in the booriſh is, company,—of this female, —which in the common is,—woman, which together is, abandon the ſociety of this female; or, clown thou periſheſt; or, to thy better underſtanding, dieſt; to wit, I kill thee,[5] make thee away, tranſlate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poiſon with thee, or in baſtinado, or in ſteel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God reſt you merry, ſir. [*Exit.*

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Our maſter and miſtreſs ſeek you; come, away, away.

Touch. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey;—I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame.

Enter ORLANDO *and* OLIVER.

Orl. Is't poſſible,[6] that on ſo little acquaintance you ſhould

[5] The old copy reads—"*or* to wit, I kill thee." I have omitted the impertinent conjunction *or*, by the advice of Dr. Farmer. STEEVENS.

[6] Shakſpeare, by putting this queſtion into the mouth of Orlando, ſeems to have been aware of the impropriety which he had been guilty of by deſerting his original. In Lodge's novel, the elder brother is inſtrumental in ſaving Aliena from a band of ruffians, who "thought to ſteal her away, and to give her to the king for a preſent, hoping, becauſe the king was a great leacher, by ſuch a gift to purchaſe all their pardons." Without the intervention of this circumſtance, the paſſion of Aliena appears to be very haſty indeed. STEEVENS.

like her? that, but ſeeing, you ſhould love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing, ſhe ſhould grant? And will you perſéver to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddineſs of it in queſtion, the poverty of her, the ſmall acquaintance, my ſudden wooing, nor her ſudden conſenting; but ſay with me, I love Aliena; ſay with her, that ſhe loves me: conſent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it ſhall be to your good; for my father's houſe, and all the revenue that was old ſir Rowland's, will I eſtate upon you, and here live and die a ſhepherd.

Enter ROSALIND.

Orl. You have my conſent. Let your wedding be tomorrow: thither will I invite the duke, and all his contented followers: Go you, and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Roſalind.

Roſ. God ſave you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair ſiſter.[7]

Roſ. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to ſee thee wear thy heart in a ſcarf.

Orl. It is my arm.

Roſ. I thought, thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Roſ. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to ſwoon, when he ſhow'd me your handkerchief?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Roſ. O, I know where you are:—Nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing ſo ſudden, but the fight of two rams,[8] and Cæſar's thraſonical brag of—I *came, ſaw, and overcame*: For your brother and my ſiſter no ſooner met, but they look'd; no ſooner look'd, but they lov'd; no ſooner lov'd, but

[7] I know not why Oliver ſhould call Roſalind ſiſter. He takes her yet to be a man. I ſuppoſe we ſhould read—*And you*, and your *fair ſiſter*. JOHNSON.

Oliver ſpeaks to her in the character ſhe aſſumed, of a woman courted by Orlando his brother. CHAMIER.

[8] So, in Laneham's *Account of Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment at Kenelworth Caſtle*, 1575: "—outrageous in their race, as *rams* at their rut." STEEVENS.

but they ſigh'd; no ſooner ſigh'd, but they aſk'd one another the reaſon; no ſooner knew the reaſon, but they ſought the remedy: and in theſe degrees have they made a pair of ſtairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or elſe be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them.[9]

Orl. They ſhall be married to-morrow; and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happineſs through another man's eyes! By ſo much the more ſhall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heavineſs, by how much I ſhall think my brother happy, in having what he wiſhes for.

Roſ. Why then, to-morrow I cannot ſerve your turn for Roſalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Roſ. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, (for now I ſpeak to ſome purpoſe,) that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I ſpeak not this, that you ſhould bear a good opinion of my knowledge, inſomuch, I ſay, I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater eſteem than may in ſome little meaſure draw a belief from you, to do yourſelf good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you pleaſe, that I can do ſtrange things: I have, ſince I was three years old, converſed with a magician, moſt profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Roſalind ſo near the heart as your geſture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, you ſhall marry her: I know into what ſtraits of fortune ſhe is driven; and it is not impoſſible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to ſet her before your eyes to-morrow, human as ſhe is,[2] and without any danger.

Orl.

[9] It appears from many of our old dramas, that, in our author's time, it was a common cuſtom, on the breaking out of a fray, to call out "*Clubs!—Clubs!*" to part the combatants. MALONE.

So, in the Firſt part of *K. Henry VI.* when the Mayor of London is endeavouring to put a ſtop to the combat between the partiſans of Gloceſter and Wincheſter, he ſays,

"I'll call for *clubs*, if you will not away." M. MASON.

[2] That is, not a phantom, but the real Roſalind, without any of the danger generally conceived to attend the rites of incantation. JOHNSON.

Orl. Speak'ſt thou in ſober meanings?

Roſ. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I ſay I am a magician:[3] Therefore, put you in your beſt array, bid your friends;[4] for if you will be married to-morrow, you ſhall; and to Roſalind, if you will.

Enter SILVIUS *and* PHEBE.

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleneſs,
To ſhow the letter that I writ to you.

Roſ. I care not, if I have: it is my ſtudy,
To ſeem deſpiteful and ungentle to you:
You are there follow'd by a faithful ſhepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worſhips you.

Phe. Good ſhepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be all made of ſighs and tears;—
And ſo am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Roſalind.

Roſ. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and ſervice;—
And ſo am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Roſalind.

Roſ. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantaſy,
All made of paſſion, and all made of wiſhes;
All adoration, duty and obſervance,
All humbleneſs, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all obſervance;[5]—

And

[3] *Though I pretend to be a magician*, and therefore might be ſuppoſed able to elude death. MALONE.

This explanation cannot be right, as no magician was ever ſuppoſed to poſſeſs the art of *eluding death*. Dr. Warburton properly remarks, that this play "was written in King James's time, when there was a ſevere inquiſition after witches and magicians." It was natural therefore for one who called herſelf a magician, to allude to the danger, in which her avowal, had it been a ſerious one, would have involved her. STEEVENS.

[4] i. e. *invite* your friends. REED.

[5] I ſuſpect our author wrote—all *obedience*. It is highly probable that the

And ſo am I for Phebe.

Phe. And ſo am I for Ganymede.

Orl. And ſo am I for Roſalind.

Roſ. And ſo am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be ſo, why blame you me to love you?

[*To* ROSALIND.

Sil. If this be ſo, why blame you me to love you?

[*To* PHEBE.

Orl. If this be ſo, why blame you me to love you?

Roſ. Who do you ſpeak to, *why blame you me to love you?*

Orl. To her, that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Roſ. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Iriſh wolves againſt the moon.—I will help you, [*To* SILVIUS] if I can:—I would love you, [*To* PHEBE] if I could.—To-morrow meet me all together.—I will marry you, [*To* PHEBE] if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow:—I will ſatisfy you, [*To* ORLANDO] if ever I ſatisfy'd man, and you ſhall be married to-morrow:—I will content you, [*To* SILVIUS] if what pleaſes you contents you, and you ſhall be married to-morrow.—As you [*To* ORLANDO] love Roſalind, meet;—as you, [*To* SILVIUS] love Phebe, meet:—And as I love no woman, I'll meet.—So, fare you well; I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The ſame.

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

Aud.

the compoſitor caught *obſervance* from the line above; and very unlikely that the ſame word ſhould have been ſet down twice by Shakſpeare ſo cloſe to each other. MALONE.

Read—*obeiſance*. The word *obſervance* is evidently repeated by an error of the preſs. RITSON.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart: and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world.[6] Here come two of the banish'd duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

1 *Page.* Well met, honest gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met: Come, sit, sit, and a song.

2. *Page.* We are for you: sit i'the middle.

1 *Page.* Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse; which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

2 *Page.* I'faith, i'faith; and both in a tune, like two gypsies on a horse.

SONG.[7]

I.

It was a lover, and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In the spring time, the only pretty rank time.[8]
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

II.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, &c.

This

[6] To *go to the world*, is to be married. An anonymous writer supposes, that in this phrase there is an allusion to Saint *Luke*'s Gospel, xx. 34: "The children of this *world marry*, and are given in marriage."

STEEVENS.

[7] The stanzas of this song are in all the editions evidently transposed: as I have regulated them, that which in the former copies was the second stanza is now the last.

The same transposition of these stanzas is made by Dr. Thirlby, in a copy containing some notes on the margin, which I have perused by the favour of Sir Edward Walpole. JOHNSON.

[8] ——*the only pretty* rank *time*,] Thus the modern editors.

III.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, &c.

IV.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time, &c.

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.[9]

1 *Page.* You are deceiv'd, sir; we kept time, we lost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be with you; and God mend your voices!—Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt.*

The old copy reads:

In the spring time, the onely pretty rang *time.*

I think we should read:

In the spring time, the only pretty ring *time.*

i. e. the apteſt ſeaſon for marriage; or, the word *only*, for the ſake of equality of metre, may be omitted. STEEVENS.

In confirmation of Mr. Steevens's reading, it appears from the old calendars that the ſpring was the ſeaſon of marriage. DOUCE.

[9] Though it is thus in all the printed copies, it is evident from the ſequel of the dialogue, that the poet wrote as I have reform'd in my text, *untimeable.*—*Time* and *tune*, are frequently miſprinted for one another in the old editions of Shakſpeare. THEOBALD.

This emendation is received, I think very undeſervedly, by Dr. Warburton. JOHNSON.

The reply of the Page proves to me, beyond any poſſibility of doubt, that we ought to read *untimeable*, inſtead of *untuneable*, notwithſtanding Johnſon rejects the amendment as unneceſſary. A miſtake of a ſimilar nature occurs in *Twelfth Night*. M. MASON.

The ſenſe of the old reading ſeems to be—*Though the words of the ſong were trifling, the muſic was not (as might have been expected) good enough to compenſate their defect.* STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Another part of the Foreſt.

Enter Duke *ſenior*, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, *and* CELIA.

Duke S. Doſt thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promiſed?
Orl. I ſometimes do believe, and ſometimes do not;
As thoſe that fear they hope, and know they fear.[2]

Enter

[2] This ſtrange nonſenſe ſhould be read thus:

As thoſe that fear their hap, *and know* their *fear.*

i. e. As thoſe that fear the iſſue of a thing when they know their fear to be well grounded. WARBURTON.

The depravation of this line is evident, but I do not think the learned commentator's emendation very happy. I read thus:

As thoſe that fear with *hope*, *and hope* with *fear.*

Or thus, with leſs alteration:

As thoſe that fear, they *hope*, *and* now *they fear.* JOHNSON.

The author of *The Reviſal* would read:

As thoſe that fear their *hope*, *and know* their *fear.* STEEVENS.

Perhaps we might read:

As thoſe that feign *they hope*, *and know they fear.*

BLACKSTONE.

I would read:

As thoſe that fear, then *hope*; *and know*, then *fear.*

MUSGRAVE.

I have little doubt but it ſhould run thus:

As thoſe who fearing *hope*, *and* hoping *fear.*

This ſtrongly expreſſes the ſtate of mind which Orlando was in at that time; and if the words *fearing* and *hoping* were contracted in the original copy, and written thus:—*fearg*—*hopg* (a practice not unuſual at this day) the *g* might eaſily have been miſtaken for *y*, a common abbreviation of *they*. M. MASON.

I believe this line requires no other alteration than the addition of a ſemi-colon:

As thoſe that fear; *they hope*, *and know they fear.* HENLEY.

The meaning, I think, is, *As thoſe who fear*,—*they*, even thoſe very perſons, entertain *hopes*, that their fears will not be realized; *and* yet at the ſame time they well *know* that there is reaſon for *their fears.*

MALONE.

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, *and* PHEBE.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd:—
You say, if I bring in your Rosalind, [*To the* DUKE.
You will bestow her on Orlando here?
Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.
Ros. And you say, you will have her, when I bring her?
[*To* ORLANDO.
Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.
Ros. You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing?
[*To* PHEBE.
Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.
Ros. But, if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?
Phe. So is the bargain.
Ros. You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will?
[*To* SILVIUS.
Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.
Ros. I have promis'd to make all this matter even.
Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;—
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:
Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me;
Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd:—
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,
If she refuse me:—and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even.
[*Exeunt* ROSALIND *and* CELIA.
Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd-boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.
Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him,
Methought he was a brother to your daughter:
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born;
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

Jaq. There is, ſure, another flood toward, and theſe couples are coming to the ark! Here comes a pair of very ſtrange beaſts, which in all tongues are call'd fools.[3]

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome: This is the motley-minded gentleman, that I have ſo often met in the foreſt: he hath been a courtier, he ſwears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a meaſure;[4] I have flatter'd a lady; I have been politick with my friend, ſmooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

Touch. 'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the ſeventh cauſe.[5]

Jaq. How ſeventh cauſe?—Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God'ild you, ſir;[6] I deſire you of the like.[7] I preſs

[3] What *ſtrange beaſts?* and yet ſuch as have a name in all languages? Noah's ark is here alluded to; into which the *clean* beaſts entered by *ſevens*, and the unclean by *two*, male and female. It is plain then that Shakſpeare wrote, *here come a pair of* unclean *beaſts*, which is highly humorous. WARBURTON.

Strange beaſts are only what we call *odd* animals. There is no need of any alteration. JOHNSON.

[4] ——*trod a meaſure*;] So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Act V. ſc. ii:

"To *tread a meaſure* with you on this graſs." REED.

Touchſtone to prove that he has been a courtier, particularly mentions a *meaſure*, becauſe it was a very ſtately ſolemn dance. So, in *Much ado about Nothing*: "—the wedding mannerly modeſt, as a *meaſure* full of ſtate and ancientry." MALONE.

[5] So all the copies; but it is apparent from the ſequel that we muſt read—*the quarrel was* not *upon the ſeventh cauſe.* JOHNSON.

By the *ſeventh cauſe*, Touchſtone, I apprehend, means the lie *ſeven times removed*; i. e. the *retort courteous*, which is *removed* ſeven times (counting backwards) from the *lie direct*, the laſt and moſt aggravated ſpecies of lie. See the ſubſequent note on the words "—a lie ſeven times removed." MALONE.

[6] i. e. *God yield* you, reward you. STEEVENS.

[7] We ſhould read—*I deſire* of you *the like*. On the Duke's ſaying,

I like

prefs in here, ſir, amongſt the reſt of the country copulatives, to ſwear, and to forſwear; according as marriage binds, and blood breaks:[8]—A poor virgin, ſir, an ill-favour'd thing, ſir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, ſir, to take that that no man elſe will: Rich honeſty dwells like a miſer, ſir, in a poor houſe; as your pearl, in your foul oyſter.

Duke. S. By my faith, he is very ſwift and ſententious.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, ſir, and ſuch dulcet diſeaſes.[9]

Jaq. But, for the ſeventh cauſe; how did you find the quarrel on the ſeventh cauſe?

Touch. Upon a lie ſeven times removed;[2]—Bear your body

I like him very well, he replies, I deſire you will give me cauſe, that I may like you too. WARBURTON.

I have not admitted the alteration, becauſe there are other examples of this mode of expreſſion. JOHNSON.

[8] *To ſwear according as marriage binds,* is to take the oath enjoined in the ceremonial of marriage. JOHNSON.

A man by the marriage ceremony SWEARS that *he will keep only to his wife*; when therefore, to *gratify his luſt*, he *leaves her for another*, BLOOD BREAKS his *matrimonial obligation*, and he is FORSWORN.

HENLEY.

[9] This I do not underſtand. For *diſeaſes* it is eaſy to read *diſcourſes*: but, perhaps, the fault may lie deeper. JOHNSON.

Perhaps he calls a proverb a *diſeaſe*. Proverbial ſayings may appear to him as the *ſurfeiting diſeaſes* of converſation. They are often the plague of commentators.

Dr. Farmer would read—*in* ſuch dulcet diſeaſes; i. e. in the ſweet uneaſineſſes of love, a time when people uſually talk nonſenſe.

STEEVENS.

Without ſtaying to examine how far the poſition laſt advanced is founded in truth, I ſhall only add, that I believe the text is right, and that this word is *capriciouſly* uſed for *ſayings*, though neither in its primary or figurative ſenſe it has any relation to that word. In *The Merchant of Venice* the Clown talks in the ſome ſtyle, but more intelligibly:—"the young gentleman (*according* to the fates and deſtinies, and *ſuch* odd *ſayings*, the ſiſters three, and *ſuch* branches of learning) is indeed deceaſed."

MALONE.

[2] Touchſtone here enumerates ſeven kinds of lies, from the *Retort courteous* to the *ſeventh* and moſt aggravated ſpecies of lie, which he calls the *lie direct*. The courtier's anſwer to his intended affront, he expreſsly tells us, was the *Retort courteous*, the *firſt* ſpecies of lie. When therefore he ſays, that they *found the quarrel* was *on the lie ſeven times* REMOVED, we muſt underſtand by the latter word, the lie removed ſeven times, counting backwards, (as the word *removed* ſeems to intimate,) from the laſt and moſt

body more ſeeming,[3] Audrey:—as thus, ſir. I did diſlike the cut of a certain courtier's beard; [4] he ſent me word, if I ſaid his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: This is called the *Retort courteous*. If I ſent him word again, it was not well cut, he would ſend me word, he cut it to pleaſe himſelf: This is called the *Quip modeſt*. If again, it was not well cut, he diſabled my judgement: This is call'd the *Reply churliſh*. If again, it was not well cut, he would anſwer, I ſpake not true: This is call'd the *Reproof valiant*. If again, it was not well cut, he would ſay, I lie: This is called the *Countercheck quarrelſome*: and ſo to the *Lie circumſtantial*, and the *Lie direct*.

Jaq. And how oft did you ſay, his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durſt go no further than the *Lie circumſtantial*, nor he durſt not give me the *Lie direct*; and ſo we meaſured ſwords, and parted.

Jaq. Can yon nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touch.

moſt aggravated ſpecies of lie, namely, the *lie direct*. So, in *All's well that end's well:*

" Who hath ſome four or five *removes* come ſhort
" To tender it herſelf."

Again, in the play before us: " Your accent is ſomething finer than you could purchaſe in ſo *removed* a dwelling," i. e. ſo *diſtant* from the haunts of men.

When Touchſtone and the courtier met, they found their quarrel *originated* on the *ſeventh cauſe*, i. e. on *the Retort courteous*, or the lie *ſeven times removed*. In the courſe of their altercation, *after* their meeting, Touchſtone did not dare to go farther than the ſixth ſpecies, (counting in regular progreſſion from the firſt to the laſt,) the *lie circumſtantial*; and the courtier was afraid to give him the *lie direct*; ſo they parted. In a ſubſequent enumeration of the degrees of a lie, Touchſtone expreſsly names the *Retort courteous*, as the *firſt*; calling it therefore here " the *ſeventh* cauſe," and " the lie *ſeven* times removed," he muſt mean, *diſtant* ſeven times from the moſt offenſive lie, the *lie direct*. There is certainly therefore no need of reading with Dr. Johnſon in a former paſſage—" We found the quarrel was *not* on the ſeventh cauſe."

The miſapprehenſion of that moſt judicious critick relative to theſe paſſages muſt apologize for my having employed ſo many words in explaining them. MALONE.

[3] i. e. ſeemly. *Seeming* is often uſed by Shakſpeare for becoming, or fairneſs of appearance. STEEVENS.

[4] This folly is touched upon with high humour by Fletcher, in his *Queen of Corinth*. WARBURTON.

Touch. O ſir, we quarrel in print, by the book;[6] as you have books for good manners:[7] I will name you the degrees. The firſt, the Retort courteous; the ſecond, the Quip modeſt; the third Reply churliſh; the fourth, the Reproof valiant; the

[6] The poet has, in this ſcene, rallied the mode of formal duelling, then ſo prevalent, with the higheſt humour and addreſs: nor could he have treated it with a happier contempt than by making his Clown ſo knowing in the forms and preliminaries of it. The particular book here alluded to is a very ridiculous treatiſe of one Vincentio Saviolo, intitled, *Of Honour and honourable Quarrels*, in quarto, printed by Wolf, 1594. The firſt part of this tract he entitles, *A diſcourſe moſt neceſſary for all gentlemen that have in regard their honours, touching the giving and receiving the lie, whereupon the* Duello *and the* Combat *in divers forms doth enſue, and many other inconveniences for lack only of true knowledge of honour, and the* right underſtanding of words, *which here is ſet down.* The contents of the ſeveral chapters are as follows. I. *What the reaſon is that the party unto whom the lie is given ought to become challenger, and of the nature of lies.* II. *Of the manner and diverſity of lies.* III. *Of lies certain,* [or direct.] IV. *Of conditional lies,* [or the lie circumſtantial.] V. *Of the lie in general.* VI. *Of the lie in particular.* VII. *Of fooliſh lies.* VIII. *A concluſion touching the wreſting or returning back of the lie,* [or the countercheck quarrelſome.] In the chapter of *conditional lies,* ſpeaking of the particle *if,* he ſays, "—*Conditional lies be ſuch as are given conditionally, as if a man ſhould ſay or write theſe wordes:*—if *thou haſt ſaid that I have offered my lord abuſe, thou lieſt; or* if *thou ſayeſt ſo hereafter, thou ſhalt lie. Of theſe kind of lies, given in this manner, often ariſe much contention in wordes,—whereof no ſure concluſion can ariſe.*" By which he means, they cannot proceed to cut one another's throat, while there is an *if* between. Which is the reaſon of Shakſpeare making the Clown ſay, "*I knew when ſeven juſtices could not make up a quarrel: but when the parties were met themſelves, one of them thought but of an* if; *as,* if you ſaid ſo, then I ſaid ſo, *and they ſhook hands, and ſwore brothers. Your* if *is the only peace-maker; much virtue in* if." Caranza was another of theſe authentick authors upon the Duello. Fletcher, in his laſt Act of *Love's Pilgrimage,* ridicules him with much humour. WARBURTON.

The words which I have included within the crotchets are Dr. Warburton's. They have been hitherto printed in ſuch a manner as might lead the reader to ſuppoſe that they made a part of Saviolo's work. The paſſage was very inaccurately printed by Dr. Warburton in other reſpects, but has here been corrected by the original. MALONE.

[7] One of theſe books I have. It is entitled *The Boke of Nurture, or Schole of good Manners, for Men, Servants, and Children,* with *ſtans puer ad menſam*; 12mo. black letter, without date. It was written by Hugh Rhodes, a gentleman, or muſician, of the Chapel Royal; and was firſt publiſhed in 4to. in the reign of King Edward VI. STEEVENS.

the fifth, the Countercheck quarrelſome; the ſixth, the Lie with circumſtance; the ſeventh, the Lie direct. All theſe you may avoid, but the Lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an *If*. I knew when ſeven juſtices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themſelves, one of them thought but of an *If*, as, *If you ſaid ſo, then I ſaid ſo*; and they ſhook hands, and ſwore brothers. Your *If* is the only peace-maker; much virtue in *If*.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uſes his folly like a ſtalking-horſe, and under the preſentation of that, he ſhoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN,[8] *leading* ROSALIND *in woman's clothes; and* CELIA.

Still Muſick.

HYM. *Then is there mirth in heaven,*
When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good duke receive thy daughter,
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither;
That thou might'ſt join her hand with his,
Whoſe heart within her boſom is.

Roſ. To you I give myſelf, for I am yours.
[*To* DUKE S.

To you I give myſelf, for I am yours. [*To* ORLANDO.

Duke S.

Another is, *Galateo of Maiſter John Caſa, Archbiſhop of Benevento; or rather, a Treatiſe of the Manners and Behaviours it behoveth a Man to uſe and eſchewe in his familiar Converſation. A Work very neceſſary and profitable for all Gentlemen or other*; tranſlated from the Italian by Robert Peterſon of Lincoln's Inn, 4to. 1576. REED.

[8] Roſalind is imagined by the reſt of the company to be brought by enchantment, and is therefore introduced by a ſuppoſed aerial being in the character of Hymen. JOHNSON.

In all the allegorical ſhews exhibited at ancient weddings, *Hymen* was a conſtant perſonage. Ben Johnſon, in his "*Hymenæi*, or the Solemnities of Maſque and Barriers, at a Marriage," has left us inſtructions how to dreſs this favourite character. "On the other hand entered *Hymen*, the god of Marriage, in a *ſaffron-coloured* robe, his under veſtures white, his ſockes yellow, a yellow veile of ſilke on his left arme, his head crowned with roſes and marjoram, in his right hand a *torch*." STEEVENS.

Duke S. If there be truth in ſight, you are my daughter.
Orl. If there be truth in ſight,[9] you are my Roſalind.
Phe. If ſight and ſhape be true,
Why then,—my love adieu!
Roſ. I'll have no father, if you be not he:—[*To* DUKE S.
I'll have no huſband, if you be not he:— [*To* ORLANDO.
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not ſhe. [*To* PHEBE.
Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confuſion:
'Tis I muſt make concluſion
Of theſe moſt ſtrange events:
Here's eight that muſt take hands,
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents.[2]
You and you no croſs ſhall part;
[*To* ORLANDO *and* ROSALIND.
You and you are heart in heart:
[*To* OLIVER *and* CELIA.
You [*To* PHEBE] to his love muſt accord,
Or have a woman to your lord:—
You and you are ſure together,
[*To* TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.
As the winter to foul weather.
Whiles a wedlock-hymn we ſing,
Feed yourſelves with queſtioning,[3]
That reaſon wonder may diminiſh,
How thus we met, and theſe things finiſh.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown;[4]
O bleſſed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;

High

[9] The anſwer of Phebe makes it probable that Orlando ſays:
If there be truth in ſhape:——
that is, *if a form may be truſted*; if one cannot uſurp the form of another. JOHNSON.

[2] That is, if there be *truth in truth*, unleſs truth fails of veracity. JOHNSON.

[3] Though Shakſpeare frequently uſes *queſtion* for *converſation*, in the preſent inſtance *queſtioning* may have its common and obvious ſignification. STEEVENS.

High wedlock then be honoured:
Honour, high honour and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me;
Even daughter, welcome in no leſs degree.

Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.[5] [*To* SILVIUS.

Enter JAQUES DE BOIS.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word, or two;
I am the ſecond ſon of old ſir Rowland,
That bring theſe tidings to this fair aſſembly:—
Duke Frederick,[6] hearing how that every day
Men of great worth reſorted to this foreſt,
Addreſs'd a mighty power; which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purpoſely to take
His brother here, and put him to the ſword:
And to the ſkirts of this wild wood he came;
Where, meeting with an old religious man,
After ſome queſtion with him, was converted
Both from his enterprize, and from the world:
His crown bequeathing to his baniſh'd brother,
And all their lands reſtor'd to them again
That were with him exil'd: This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'ſt fairly to thy brothers' wedding:

To

[4] Catullus, addreſſing himſelf to Hymen, has this ſtanza:

Quæ tuis careat ſacris,
Non queat dare præſides
Terra finibus: at queat
Te volente. Quis huic deo
Compararier auſit? JOHNSON.

[5] Shakſpeare is licentious in his uſe of this verb, which here, as in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, only ſignifies to *bind*:

"I am *combined* by a ſacred vow,
"And ſhall be abſent." STEEVENS.

[6] In Lodge's novel the uſurping Duke is not diverted from his purpoſe tby the pious counſels of a hermit, but is ſubdued and killed by the welve peers of France, who were brought by the third brother of *Roſader* (the *Orlando* of this play) to aſſiſt him in the recovery of his right. STEEVENS.

To one, his lands with-held; and to the other,
A land itſelf at large, a potent dukedom.
Firſt, in this foreſt, let us do thoſe ends
That here were well begun, and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endur'd ſhrewd days and nights with us
Shall ſhare the good of our returned fortune,
According to the meaſure of their ſtates.
Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our ruſtick revelry:—
Play, muſick;—and you brides and bridegrooms all,
With meaſure heap'd in joy, to the meaſures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience:—If I heard you rightly,
The duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: out of theſe convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—
You to your former honour I bequeath; [*To* DUKE S.
Your patience, and your virtue, well deſerve it:—
You [*To* ORLANDO] to a love, that your true faith doth merit:—
You [*To* OLIVER] to your land, and love, and great allies:—
You [*To* SILVIUS] to a long and well deſerved bed;—
And you [*To* TOUCHSTONE] to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victual'd:—So to your pleaſures;
I am for other than for dancing meaſures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, ſtay.

Jaq. To ſee no paſtime, I:—what you would have
I'll ſtay to know at your abandon'd cave.[7] [*Exit.*

Duke S.

[7] Amidſt this general feſtivity, the reader may be ſorry to take his leave of Jaques, who appears to have no ſhare in it, and remains behind unreconciled to ſociety. He has, however, filled with a gloomy ſenſibility the ſpace allotted to him in the play, and to the laſt preſerves that reſpect which is due to him as a conſiſtent character, and an amiable though ſolitary moraliſt.

It may be obſerved, with ſcarce leſs concern, that Shakſpeare has on this occaſion forgot old Adam, the ſervant of Orlando, whoſe fidelity

Duke S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights. [*A dance.*

EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue: but it is no more unhandsome, than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true, that *good wine needs no bush*,[8] 'tis true, that a good play needs no epilogue: Yet to good wine they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then,[9] that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play? I am not furnish'd like a beggar,[2] therefore to beg will not become me: my way is, to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please them: and so I charge you, O

men,

should have entitled him to notice at the end of the piece, as well as to that happiness which he would naturally have found, in the return of fortune to his master. STEEVENS.

It is the more remarkable, that old Adam is forgotten; since at the end of the novel, Lodge makes him *captain of the king's guard*. FARMER.

[8] It appears formerly to have been the custom to hang a *tuft of ivy* at the door of a vintner. I suppose *ivy* was rather chosen than any other plant, as it has relation to Bacchus. So, in *Summer's last Will and Testament*, 1600:

"Green *ivy-bushes* at the vintners' doors." STEEVENS.

The practice is still observed in Warwickshire and the adjoining counties, at statute-hirings, wakes, &c. by people who sell ale at no other time. And hence, I suppose, the *Bush* tavern at Bristol, and other places. RITSON.

[9] Here seems to be a chasm, or some other depravation, which destroys the sentiment here intended. The reasoning probably stood thus: *Good wine needs no bush, good plays need no epilogue*; but bad wine requires a good bush, and a bad play a good epilogue. *What case am I in then?* To restore the words is impossible; all that can be done without copies is, to note the fault. JOHNSON.

Johnson mistakes the meaning of this passage. Rosalind says, that good plays need no epilogue; yet even good plays do prove the better for a good one. What a case then was she in, who had neither presented them with a good play, nor had a good epilogue to prejudice them in favour of a bad one? M. MASON.

[2] That is, *dressed*: so before, "he was *furnished* like a huntsman." JOHNSON.

men, for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive by your ſimpering, none of you hate them,) that between you and the women, the play may pleaſe.[3] If I were a woman,[4] I would kiſs as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me,[5] and breaths that I defy'd not: [6] and, I am ſure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or ſweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curt'ſy, bid me farewell. [*Exeunt.*[7]

3 The old copy reads—*I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleaſe* you: *and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women,*——*that between you and the women,* &c. STEEVENS.

This paſſage ſhould be read thus: *I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleaſes* them; *and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women,*——to like as much as pleaſes them, *that between you and the women,* &c. Without the alteration of *You* into *Them,* the invocation is nonſenſe; and without the addition of the words, *to like as much as pleaſes them,* the inference of, *that between you and the women the play may paſs,* would be unſupported by any precedent premiſes. The words ſeem to have been ſtruck out by ſome ſenſeleſs player, as a vicious redundancy. WARBURTON.

The words *you* and *ym* written as was the cuſtom in that time, were in manuſcript ſcarcely diſtinguiſhable. The emendation is very judicious and probable. JOHNSON.

I read—"and *ſo* I charge you, O men," &c. This trivial addition, (as Dr. Farmer joins with me in thinking,) clears the whole paſſage. STEEVENS.

4 Note, that in this author's time, the parts of women were always performed by men or boys. HANMER.

5 i. e. that I liked. So again in *Hamlet:* "This *likes* me well." STEEVENS.

6 This paſſage ſerves to manifeſt the indelicacy of the time in which the plays of Shakſpeare were written. Such an idea, ſtarted by a modern dramatiſt, and put into the mouth of a female character, would be hooted with indignation from the ſtage. STEEVENS.

7 Of this play the fable is wild and pleaſing. I know not how the ladies will approve the facility with which both Roſalind and Celia give away their hearts. To Celia much may be forgiven for the heroiſm of her friendſhip. The character of Jaques is natural and well preſerved. The comick dialogue is very ſprightly, with leſs mixture of low buffoonery than in ſome other plays; and the graver part is elegant and harmonious. By haſtening to the end of his work, Shakſpeare ſuppreſſed the dialogue between the uſurper and the hermit, and loſt an opportunity of exhibiting a moral leſſon in which he might have found matter worthy of his higheſt powers. JOHNSON.

See pp. 484-5. *Is but a* quintaine, *&c.*] Dr. Warburton's explanation would, I think, have been less exceptionable, had it been more ſimple: yet he is here charged with a fault of which he is ſeldom guilty, want of refinement. "This (ſays Mr. Guthrie) is but an imperfect (to call it no worſe) explanation of a beautiful paſſage."

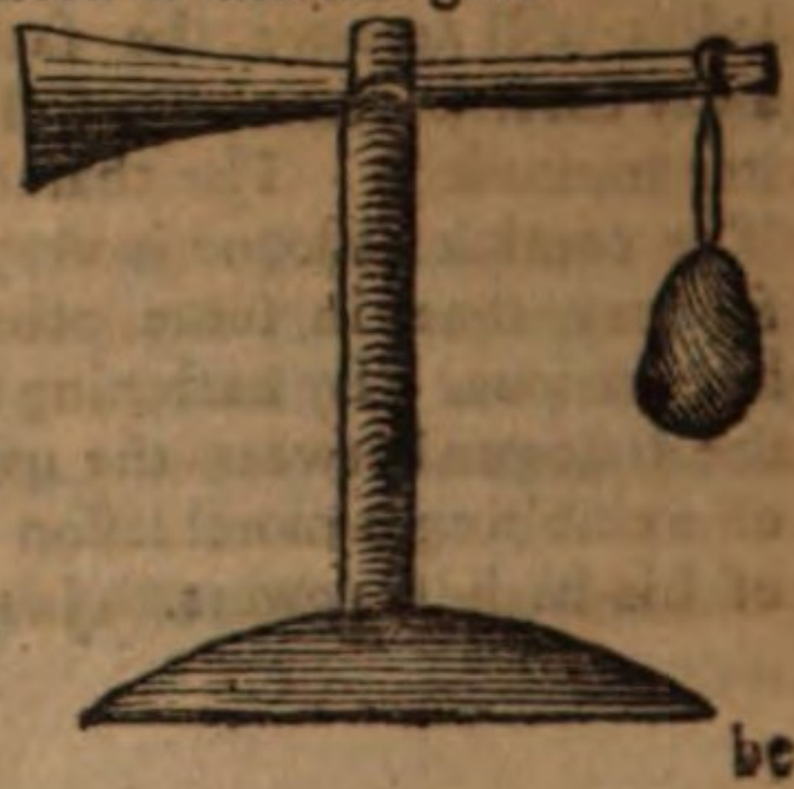
In the preſent edition I have avoided as much as poſſible all kind of controverſy; but in thoſe caſes where errors by having been long adopted are become inveterate, it becomes in ſome meaſure neceſſary to the enforcement of truth.

It is a common but a very dangerous miſtake, to ſuppoſe, that the interpretation which gives moſt ſpirit to a paſſage is the true one. In conſequence of this notion two paſſages of our author, one in *Macbeth*, and another in *Othello*, have been refined, as I conceive, into a meaning that I believe was not in his thoughts. If the moſt ſpirited interpretation that can be imagined, happens to be inconſiſtent with his general manner, and the phraſeology both of him and his contemporaries, or to be founded on a cuſtom which did not exiſt in his age, moſt aſſuredly it is a falſe interpretation. Of the latter kind is Mr. Guthrie's explanation of the paſſage before us.

The military exerciſe of the *quintaine* is as ancient as the time of the Romans; and we find from Matthew Paris, that it ſubſiſted in England in the thirteenth century. *Tentoria variis ornamentorum generibus veneuſtantur; terræ infixis ſudibus ſcuta apponuntur, quibus in craſtinum* quintanæ *ludus, ſcilicet equeſtris, exercerctur.* M. Paris, *ad ann.* 1253. Theſe probably were the very words that Mr. Guthrie had in contemplation. But Matthew Paris made no part of Shakſpeare's library; nor is it at all material to our preſent point what were the cuſtoms of any century preceding that in which he lived. In his time, without any doubt, the *quintaine* was not a military exerciſe of tilting, but a mere ruſtic ſport. So Minſheu, in his DICT. 1617: "A *quintaine* or quintelle, a game in requeſt at marriages, when Jac and Tom, Dic, Hob and Will, ſtrive for the gay garland." So alſo, Randolph at ſomewhat a later period [Poems, 1642]:

"Foot-ball with us may be with them [the Spaniards] balloone;
"As they at *tilts*, ſo we at *quintaine* runne;
"And thoſe old paſtimes reliſh beſt with me,
"That have leaſt art and moſt ſimplicitie."

But old Stowe has put this matter beyond a doubt; for in his SURVEY OF LONDON, printed only two years before this play appeared, he has given us the figure of a quintaine, as repreſented in the margin.



"I have ſeen (ſays he) a *quinten* ſet up on Cornehill, by the Leaden Hall, where the attendants on the lords of merry diſports have runne, and made greate paſtime; for hee that hit not the broad end of the quinten was of all men laughed to ſcorne; and hee that hit it full, if he rid not the faſter, had a ſound blow in the necke with a bagge full of ſand hanged on the other end." Here we ſee were no ſhields hung, no trophies of war to

be

be thrown down. "The great deſign of the ſport, (ſays Dr. Plott in his *Hiſtory of Oxfordſhire*) is to try both man and horſe, and to *break the board*; which whoever does, is for the time *Princeps juventutis*."—Shakſpeare's ſimiles ſeldom correſpond on both ſides. "My better parts being all thrown down, *my youthful ſpirit being ſubdued by the power of beauty*, I am now, (ſays Orlando) as inanimate as a wooden quintaine is (not when its better parts are thrown down, but as that lifeleſs block is at all times)." Such, perhaps, is the meaning. If however the words "better parts," are to be applied to the quintaine, as well as to the ſpeaker, the *board* abovementioned, and not any *ſhield* or *tropby*, muſt have been alluded to.

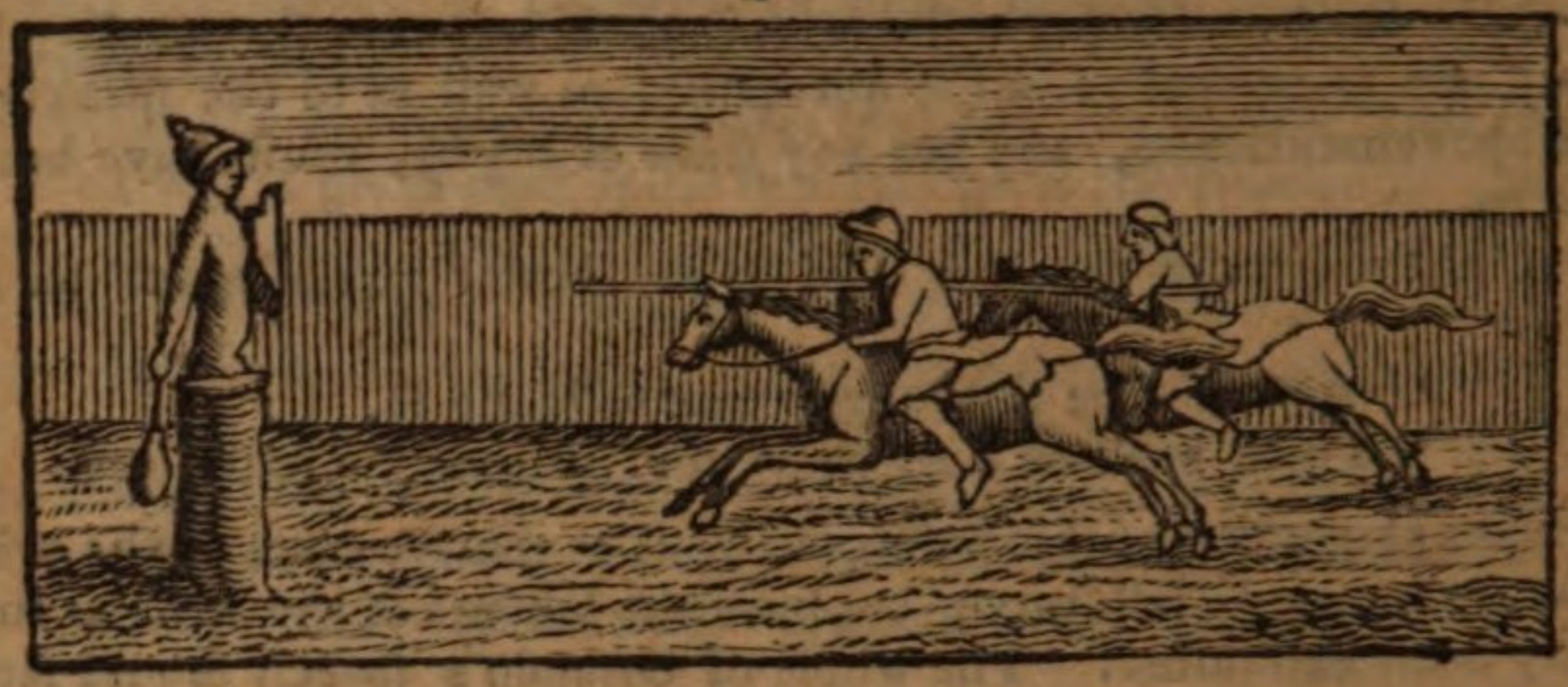
Our author has in *Macbeth* uſed "my better part of man" for *manly ſpirit*:

"Accurſed be the tongue that tells me ſo,
"For it has cow'd *my better part* of man." MALONE.

The explanations of this paſſage as well as the accounts of the *quintain*, are by no means ſatisfactory; nor have the labours of the critic or the antiquary been exhauſted. The whole of Orlando's ſpeech ſhould ſeem to refer to the quintain, but not to ſuch a one as has been deſcribed in any of the preceding notes. Mr. Guthrie is accuſed of having borrowed *his* account from Matthew Paris, an author with whom, as it has been already obſerved, Shakſpeare was undoubtedly not acquainted; but this charge is erroneous, for no ſuch paſſage as that above cited is to be found in M. Paris. This writer does indeed ſpeak of the quintain under the year 1253, but in very different words. *Eodem tempore juvenes Londinenſes ſtatuto pavone pro bravio ad ſtadium quod* quintena *vulgariter dicitur, vires proprias & equorum curſus ſunt experti.* He then proceeds to ſtate that ſome of the King's pages, and others belonging to the houſhold, being offended at theſe ſports, abuſed the Londoners with foul language, calling them ſcurvy clowns and greaſy raſcals, and ventured to diſpute the prize with them; the conſequence of which was, that the Londoners received them very briſkly, and ſo belaboured their backs with the broken lances, that they were either put to flight, or tumbled from their horſes and moſt terribly bruiſed. They afterwards went before the King, the tears ſtill trickling from their eyes, and complained of their treatment, beſeeching that he would not ſuffer ſo great an offence to remain unpuniſhed; and the King, with his uſual ſpirit of revenge, extorted from the citizens a very large fine. So far M. Paris; but Mr. Malone has through ſome miſtake cited Robert Monachus, who wrote before M. Paris, and has left an extremely curious account of the Cruſades. He is deſcribing the arrival of ſome meſſengers from Babylon, who upon entering the Chriſtian camp, find, to their great aſtoniſhment (for they had heard that the Chriſtians were periſhing with fear and hunger) the tents curiouſly ornamented, and the young men practiſing themſelves and their horſes in tilting againſt ſhields hung upon poles. In the oldeſt edition of this writer, inſtead of "*quintanæ ludus*" it is "*ludus equeſtris.*" However, this is certainly not the quintain that is here wanted, and therefore Mr. Malone has

has ſubſtituted another, copied indeed from a contemporary writer, but ſtill not illuſtrative of the paſſage in queſtion. I ſhall beg leave then to preſent the reader with ſome others, from which it will appear, that the quintain *was* a military exerciſe in Shakſpeare's time, and not a mere ruſtic ſport, as Mr. Malone imagines.

1



2

3

No. 1. is copied from an initial letter in an Italian book printed in 1560. Here is the figure of a man placed upon the trunk of a tree, holding in one hand a ſhield, in the other a bag of ſand. No. 2. is the *Saracen* quintain from *Pluvinel's inſtruction du Roi Louis XIII. dans l'exerciſe de monter à cheval.* This ſort of quintain, according to Meneſtrier, was invented by the Germans, who, from their frequent wars with the Turks, accuſtomed their ſoldiers to point their lances againſt the figure of their enemy. The ſkill conſiſted in ſhivering the lance to pieces, by ſtriking it againſt the head of the man, for if it touched the ſhield, the figure turned round and generally ſtruck the horſeman a violent blow with his ſword. No. 3. is the Flemiſh quintain, copied from a print after Wouvermans; it is called *La bague Flamande*, from the ring which the figure holds in his right hand: and here the object was to take away the

ring with the point of the lance, for if it ſtruck any other part, the man turned round and hit the rider with his ſand-bag. This is a mixture of the quintain and running at the ring, which two ſports have been ſome how or other in like manner confounded by the Italians, who ſometimes expreſs the running at the ring by *correre alla quintana*. The principle of all theſe was the ſame, viz. to avoid the blow of the ſword or ſand-bag, by ſtriking the quintain in a particular place.

It might have been expected that ſome inſtance had been given of the uſe of the quintains in England; and for want of it an objection may be taken to this method of illuſtrating the preſent ſubject: but let it be remembered, that Shakſpeare has indiſcriminately blended the uſages of all nations; that he has oftentimes availed himſelf of hearſay evidence; and again, that as our manners and cuſtoms have at all times been borrowed from the French and other nations, there is every reaſon to infer that this ſpecies of the quintain had found its way into England. It is hardly needful to add, that a knowledge of very many of our ancient ſports and domeſtic employments is not now to be attained. Hiſtorians have contented themſelves to record the vices of kings and princes, and the minutiæ of battles and ſieges; and with very few exceptions, they have conſidered the diſcuſſion of private manners (a theme perhaps equally intereſting to poſterity) as beneath their notice and of little or no importance.

As a military ſport or exerciſe, the uſe of the quintain is very ancient, and may be traced even among the Romans. It is mentioned in Juſtinian's Code, Lib. III. Tit. 43; and its moſt probable etymology is from "*Quintus*," the name of its inventor. In the days of chivalry it was the ſubſtitute or rehearſal of tilts and tournaments, and was at length adopted, though in a ruder way, by the common people, becoming amongſt them a very favourite amuſement. Many inſtances occur of its uſe in ſeveral parts of France, particularly as a ſeignorial right exacted from millers, watermen, new-married men, and others; when the party was obliged, under ſome penalty, to run at the quintain on Whitſunday and other particular times, at the lord's caſtle for his diverſion. Sometimes it was practiſed upon the water, and then the quintain was either placed in a boat, or erected in the middle of the river. Something of this kind is deſcribed from Fitzſtephen by Stowe in his *Survey*, p. 143, edit. 1618, 4to. and ſtill continues to be practiſed upon the Seine at Paris. Froiſſart mentions, that the ſhield quintain was uſed in Ireland in the reign of Richard II. In Wales it is ſtill practiſed at weddings, and at the village of Offham, near Town Malling in Kent, there is now ſtanding a quintain, reſembling that copied from Stowe, oppoſite the dwelling houſe of a family that is obliged under ſome tenure to ſupport it, but I do not find that any uſe has been ever made of it within the recollection of the inhabitants.

Shakſpeare then has moſt probably alluded to that ſort of quintain which reſembled the human figure; and if this be the caſe, the ſpeech of Orlando may be thus explained: "I am unable to thank you; for ſurprized and ſubdued by love, my intellectual powers, which are my better parts,

parts, fail me; and I resemble the quintain, whose human or active part being thrown down, there remains nothing but the lifeless trunk or block which once upheld it."

Or, if *better parts* do *not* refer to the quintain, "that which here stands up" means the *human part* of the quintain, which may be also not unaptly called a lifeless block. Dover.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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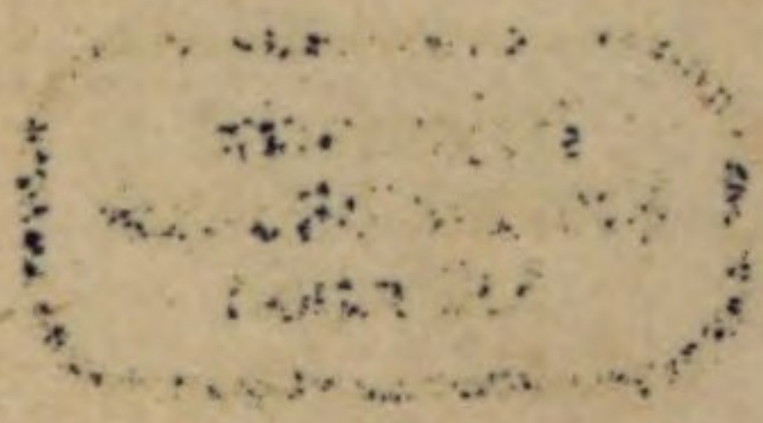

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